

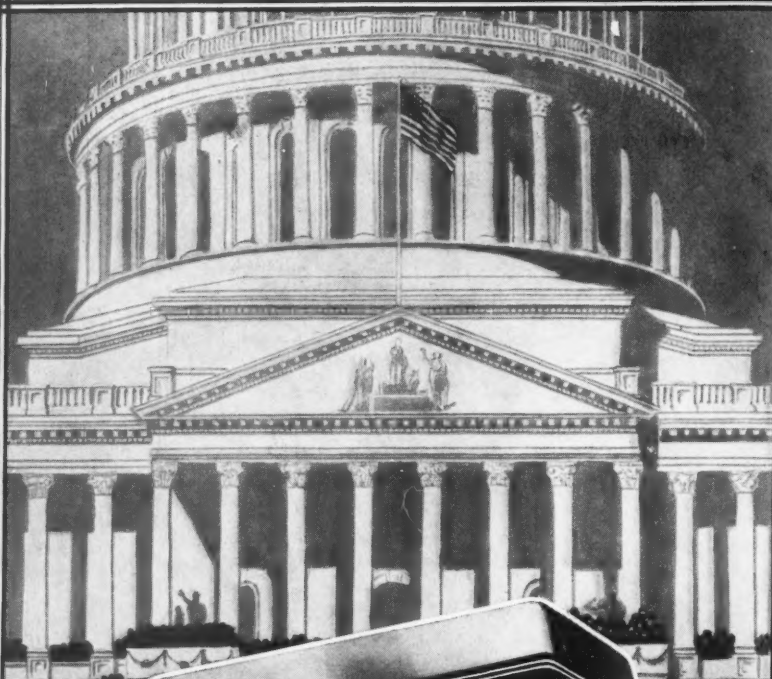
April Cosmopolitan

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Don't Fail to
Begin the Great
New Novel by
**JACK
LONDON**
"The Valley
of the Moon"



BLUE
BAND



SILVER
WRAPPER

The inauguration of the home-cleaning season brings Sapollo to the front. That big cake serves a big nation because it Cleans, Scours, Polishes. Under its administration woman has equal right to "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It saves strength and time and

WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

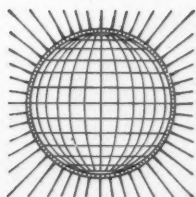
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No. 5



A five-year contract with Jack London exclusively in Cosmopolitan—the first big novel beginning in this issue; a five-year contract with Rex Beach exclusively in Cosmopolitan—contract just signed, first story ready. Pretty good going? We think so—even for Cosmopolitan—especially when you think of the “big ones” who have already joined the Cosmopolitan family. And the best of it is, it is bound to keep on going. There is no other answer to the aggressive following out of the policy of “the best—and only the best—at any price.” It simply means continuing to beat our own record as

America's Greatest Magazine

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Seeing By Drawing by

Lafcadio Hearn once applied to an editor for a job as reporter.

The editor looked at the strange figure, and laughed.

Hearn was then just nineteen. He was slender, stooped, awkward, yellow. His clothes were hanging on his bony frame, as if to dry.

But the most peculiar thing about him was his eyes. They seemed of different hues, and bulged in a glassy, gibbous way. He wore double convex glasses, but this did not materially help his sight.

He lifted his feet high to keep from stumbling, and put out his hands to prevent bumping into things.

"I want a job as reporter on your newspaper," said the youth, as he rolled his hat in embarrassment.

"What did you say?" asked the editor, as he took his feet off the desk, and removed the stump of cigar from his mouth.

He saw jealousy, hate, revenge, greed, plotting pride, vaulting ambition. He saw homesick girls and boys lost in

the Unseen

Elbert Hubbard

Charles A. Winter

"I want a job as reporter!" repeated the strange young man.

The editor laughed. It wasn't the laughter of mirth—it was a chitter of derision, an explosion of contempt.

And then the editor said: "Say, now, you're hired—and here's your first assignment. Go across the street there, and climb that church steeple, clear to the top. Then come down and write a description of what you saw. Go!"

The youth half felt his way out of the room. He went down the stairs, and across the street. He climbed the high steeple, up, up, up, to the gilded cross.

He touched it, kissed it, and then slipped, slid, crawled, slowly, slowly, down.

He had not seen anything. First, he was too much frightened to see, and then, he hadn't the seeing ability. He just heard a hum, and a buzz, and a roar. All around was an impenetrable, gray, ghostlike fog.

He got back to earth, went to his little room at a boarding-house, and began to write.

And he wrote an immortal essay.

He told of the streets, the wide avenues, the narrow alleys, the winding river, the canal, the bridges, the stores, the shops, the factories, the hotels, the churches, the railroads, the wide-stretching park, the forest beyond, the ravines, and the great green hills that met the horizon. Not only these, but he saw inside the houses.

He saw the suicide clutching a smoking revolver, his eyes bursting from their sockets.

He saw men exultant, drunk on success, boasting, bragging, telling of what they were going to do.

He saw coffins, and the quiet, peaceful dead, while near at hand

stood fatherless children and praying, sobbing women.

He saw girls clothed in scarlet, sipping the red wine of life. He saw women, old, ragged, unkempt, muttering toothless jargon and curses on life and what it had brought them.

He saw the bride clothed in white satin. He saw a wedding breakfast; and out in the alley beyond, he saw a shivering tramp picking with cold fingers in a garbage-barrel for a morsel of food to keep starvation at bay.

He saw the children with tutors, maids, governesses. And he saw other children playing on fire-escapes, in sub-cellars, in alleys.

He saw drunkards reeling home, and children hiding under the bed to escape their violence.

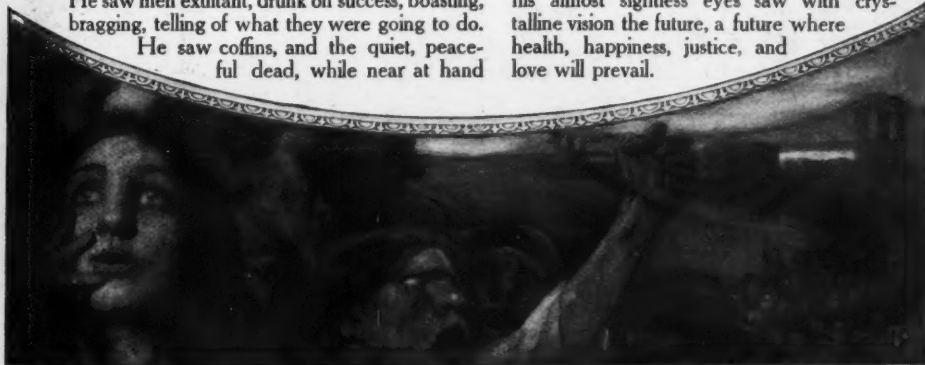
He saw jealousy, hate, revenge, greed, plotting pride, vaulting ambition. He saw homesick girls and boys lost in the maze of the city streets.

He saw, in fact, that feverish, seething, anxious, restless mass that we call "humanity."

He saw it in its hideousness, in its imperfection, saturated with superstition, proud of its ignorance, defiant, merciless, ungrateful, grasping. And he saw, too, glimpses of the love that suffereth long and is kind.

Not only did he see the city as it was, but he saw the city as it was to be—cleanly, orderly, respectable, beautiful, filled with the desire of co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality, and right intent. He saw a city void of saloons, gambling-dens, hospitals, insane asylums, jails, prisons.

He saw the past. He saw the present. And his almost sightless eyes saw with crystalline vision the future, a future where health, happiness, justice, and love will prevail.



a maze of the city streets. He saw, in fact, that feverish, seething, anxious, restless mass that we call "humanity"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Saxon took off her hat, then suddenly sat down on the bed. She sobbed softly, with considered repression, but the weak-latched door swung noiselessly open, and she was startled by her sister-in-law's voice: "Now what's the matter with you? If you didn't like them beans—" "No, no," Saxon explained hurriedly. "I'm just tired, that's all, and my feet hurt. I wasn't hungry, Sarah. I'm just beat out"

The Valley of the Moon

THE STORY OF A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS FOR LOVE AND A HOME

By Jack London

Author of "Martin Eden," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

"YOU hear me, Saxon. Come on along. What if it is the Bricklayers? I'll have gentlemen friends there, and so'll you. The Al Vista band'll be along, an' you know it plays heavenly. An' you just love dancin'—"

Twenty feet away, a stout elderly woman interrupted the girl's persuasions. The elderly woman's back was turned, and the back—loose, bulging, and misshapen—began a convulsive heaving. "Gawd!" she cried out. "O Gawd!"

She flung wild glances, like those of an entrapped animal, up and down the big whitewashed room that panted with heat and that was thickly humid with the steam that sizzled from the damp cloths under the irons of the many ironers. From the girls and women near her, all swinging irons steadily but at high pace, came quick glances, and labor efficiency suffered to the extent of a score of suspended or inadequate movements. The elderly woman's cry had caused a tremor of money-loss to pass among the piece-work ironers of fancy starch.

The girl gripped herself and her iron with a visible effort, and dabbed futilely at the frail, frilled garment on the board under her hand. "I thought she'd got 'em again, didn't you?" she said.

"It's a shame, a woman of her age," Saxon answered, as she frilled a lace ruffle with a hot fluting-iron. Her movements were delicate, safe, and swift, and though her face was wan with fatigue and exhausting heat, there was no slackening in her pace.

"An' her with seven, an' two of 'em in reform school," the girl at the next board sniffed sympathetic agreement. "But you just got to come to Weasel Park to-morrow, Saxon. The Bricklayers is always lively—tugs-of-war, fat-man races, real Irish jiggin',

an'—an' everything. An' the floor of the pavilion's swell."

But the elderly woman brought another interruption. She dropped her iron on the shirt-waist, clutched at the board, fumbled it, caved in at the knees and hips, and like a half-empty sack collapsed on the floor, her long shriek rising in the pent room to the acrid smell of scorching cloth. The women at the boards near to her scrambled, first to the hot iron to save the cloth, and then to her, while the forewoman hurried belligerently down the aisle. The women farther away continued unsteadily at their work, losing movements to the extent of a minute's set-back to the totality of the efficiency of the fancy-starch room.

"Enough to kill a dog," the girl muttered, thumping her iron down on its rest with reckless determination. "Workin' girls' life ain't what it's cracked up. Me to quit—that's what I'm comin' to."

"Mary!" Saxon uttered the other's name with a reproach so profound that she was compelled to rest her own iron for emphasis and so lose a dozen movements.

Mary flashed a half-frightened look across, at the same time piteous and defiant. "I didn't mean it, Saxon," she whimpered. "Honest to God, I didn't. I wouldn't never go that way. But I leave it to you if a day like this don't get on anybody's nerves. Listen to that!"

The stricken woman, on her back, drumming her heels on the floor, was shrieking persistently and monotonously, like a mechanical siren. Two women, clutching her under the arms, were dragging her down the aisle. She drummed and shrieked the length of it. The door opened, and a vast muffled roar of machinery burst in; and in the roar of it the drumming and the shrieking were drowned ere the door swung shut. Remained of the episode only

the scorch of cloth drifting ominously through the air.

"It's sickenin'," said Mary.

And thereafter, for a long time, the many irons rose and fell, the pace of the room in no wise diminished; while the forewoman strode the aisles with a threatening eye for incipient breakdown and hysteria. Occasionally an ironer lost the stride for an instant, gasped or sighed, then caught it up again with weary determination. The long summer day waned, but not the heat, and under the raw flare of electric light the work went on.

By nine o'clock the first women began to go home. The mountain of fancy starch had been demolished—all save the few remnants, here and there, on the boards, where the ironers still labored.

Saxon finished ahead of Mary, at whose board she paused on the way out.

"Saturday night, an' another week gone," Mary said mournfully, her young cheeks pallid and hollowed, her black eyes blue shadowed and tired. "What d'you think you've made, Saxon?"

"Twelve and a quarter," was the answer, just touched with pride. "And I'd a-made more if it wasn't for that fake bunch of starchers."

"My! I got to pass it to you," Mary congratulated. "You're a sure fierce hustler—just eat it up. Me—I've only ten an' a half, an' for a hard week. See you on the nine-forty. Sure now. We can just fool around until the dancin' begins. A lot of my gentlemen friends 'll be there in the afternoon."

Two blocks from the laundry, where an arc-light showed a gang of toughs on the corner, Saxon quickened her pace. Unconsciously her face set and hardened as she passed. She did not catch the words of the muttered comment, but the rough laughter it raised made her guess and warmed her cheeks with resentful blood. Three blocks more, turning once to left and once to right, she walked on through the night that was already growing cool. On either side were workingmen's houses, of weathered wood, rented, the ancient paint grimed with the dust of years, conspicuous only for cheapness and ugliness.

Dark it was, but she made no mistake, the familiar sag and screeching reproach of the front gate welcome under her hand. She went along the narrow walk to the rear,

avoided the missing step without thinking about it, and entered the kitchen, where a solitary gas-jet flickered. She turned it up to the best of its flame. It was a small room, not disorderly because of lack of furnishings to disorder it. The plaster, discolored by the steam of many wash-days, was crisscrossed with cracks from the big earthquake of the previous spring. The floor was ridged, wide cracked, and uneven, and in front of the stove it was worn through and repaired with a five-gallon oil-can hammered flat and double. A sink, a dirty roller-towel, several chairs, and a wooden table completed the picture.

An apple-core crunched under her foot as she drew a chair to the table. On the frayed oilcloth, a supper waited. She attempted the cold beans, thick with grease, but gave them up, and buttered a slice of bread.

The rickety house shook to a heavy, prideless tread, and through the inner door came Sarah, middle-aged, lop-breasted, hair tousled, her face lined with care and fat petulance.

"Huh, it's you," she grunted a greeting. "I just couldn't keep things warm. Such a day! I near died of the heat. An' little Henry cut his lip awful. The doctor had to put four stitches in it."

Sarah came over and stood mountainously by the table.

"What's the matter with them beans?" she challenged.

"Nothing, only"—Saxon caught her breath and avoided the threatened outburst—"only I'm not hungry. It's been so hot all day. It was terrible in the laundry."

Recklessly she took a mouthful of the cold tea that had been steeped so long that it was like acid in her mouth, and recklessly, under the eye of her sister-in-law, she swallowed it and the rest of the cupful. She wiped her mouth on her handkerchief and got up.

"I guess I'll go to bed."

"Wonder you ain't out to a dance," Sarah sniffed. "Funny, ain't it, you come home so dead tired every night, an' yet any night in the week you can get out an' dance unearthly hours."

Saxon started to speak, suppressed herself with tightened lips, then lost control and blazed out, "Wasn't you ever young?"

Without waiting for reply, she turned to her bedroom, which opened directly off the kitchen. It was a small room, eight by twelve, and the earthquake had left its

marks upon the plaster. A bed and chair of cheap pine and a very ancient chest of drawers constituted the furniture. Saxon had known this chest of drawers all her life. The vision of it was woven into her earliest recollections. She knew it had crossed the plains with her people in a prairie-schooner. It was of solid mahogany. One end was cracked and dented from the capsize of the wagon in Rock Canyon. A bullet-hole, plugged, in the face of the top drawer, told of the fight with the Indians at Little Meadow. Of these happenings her mother had told her; also, had she told that the chest had come with the family originally from England in a day even earlier than the day on which George Washington was born.

Above the chest of drawers, on the wall, hung a small looking-glass. Thrust under the molding were photographs of young men and women, and of picnic groups wherein the young men, with hats rakishly on the backs of their heads, encircled the girls with their arms. Farther along on the wall were a colored calendar and numerous colored advertisements and sketches torn out of magazines. Most of these sketches were of horses. From the gas-fixture hung a tangled bunch of well-scribbled dance-programs.

Saxon took off her hat, then suddenly sat down on the bed. She sobbed softly, with considered repression, but the weak-latched door swung noiselessly open, and she was startled by her sister-in-law's voice.

"Now what's the matter with you? If you didn't like them beans—"

"No, no," Saxon explained hurriedly. "I'm just tired, that's all, and my feet hurt. I wasn't hungry, Sarah. I'm just beat out."

"If you took care of this house," came the retort, "an' cooked an' baked, an' washed, an' put up with what I put up, you'd have something to be beat out about. You've got a snap, you have. But just wait." Sarah broke off to cackle gloatingly. "Just wait, that's all, an' you'll be fool enough to get married some day, like me, an' then you'll get yours—an' it'll be brats, an' brats, an' brats, an' no more dancin', an' silk stockin's, an' three pairs of shoes at one time. You've got a cinch—nobody to think of but your own precious self—an' a lot of young hoodlums makin' eyes at you an' tellin' you how beautiful your eyes are. Huh! Some fine day you'll tie up to one of 'em, an' then, mebbe, on occasion, you'll wear black eyes for a change."

"Don't say that, Sarah," Saxon protested. "My brother never laid hands on you. You know that."

"No more he didn't. He never had the gumption. Just the same he's better stock than that tough crowd you run with, if he can't make a livin' an' keep his wife in three pairs of shoes. Just the same he's oodles better'n your bunch of hoodlums that no decent woman'd wipe her one pair of shoes on. How you've missed trouble this long is beyond me. Mebbe the younger generation is wiser in such things—I don't know. But I do know that a young woman that has three pairs of shoes ain't thinkin' of anything but her own enjoyment, an' she's goin' to get hers, I can tell her that much. When I was a girl there wasn't such doin's. My mother'd taken the hide off me if I done the things you do. An' she was right, just as everything in the world is wrong now. Look at your brother, a-runnin' around to socialist meetin's, an' chewin' hot air, an' diggin' up extra strike dues to the union, that means so much bread out of the mouths of his children, instead of makin' good with his bosses. Why, the dues he pays would keep me in seventeen pairs of shoes if I was nannygoat enough to want 'em. Some day, mark my words, he'll get his time, an' then what'll we do? What'll I do, with five mouths to feed an' nothin' comin' in?" She stopped, out of breath, but seething with the tirade yet to come.

"Oh, Sarah, please won't you shut the door?" Saxon pleaded.

The door slammed violently, and Saxon, ere she fell to crying again, could hear her sister-in-law lumbering about the kitchen and talking loudly to herself.

II

EACH bought her own ticket at the entrance to Weasel Park. And each, as she laid her half-dollar down, automatically reckoned how many pieces of fancy starch were represented by the coin. It was too early for the crowd, but bricklayers and their families, laden with huge lunch-baskets and armfuls of babies, were already going in—a healthy, husky race of workmen, well paid and robustly fed. And with them, here and there, undisguised by their decent American clothing, smaller in bulk and stature, wizened not alone by age but by the pinch of lean years and early



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

On a grassy slope, tree surrounded, they spread a newspaper and sat down on the short grass already tawny-six days of insistent motion, half in conservation for the hours of dancing to come. "Bert Wanhope'll all the fellows call him. He's just a big boy, but he's awfully tough. He's a prize-fighter, an' all he just slides and glides around. You wants have a dance with'm anyway.



dry under the California sun. Half were they minded to do this because of the grateful indolence after he sure to come," Mary chattered. "An' he said he was going to bring Billy Roberts—'Big Bill,' the girls run after him. You won't like him, but he's a swell dancer. He's heavy, you know, an' He's a good spender, too. Never pinches. But my!—he's got one temper"

hardship, were grandfathers and mothers who had patently first seen the light of day on old Irish soil. Their faces showed content and pride as they limped along with this lusty progeny of theirs that had fed on better food.

Not with these did Mary and Saxon belong. They knew them not, had no acquaintances among them. It did not matter whether the festival were Irish, German, or Slavonian; whether the picnic was the Bricklayers', the Brewers', or the Butchers'. They, the girls, were of the dancing crowd that swelled by a certain constant percentage the gate receipts of all the picnics.

They strolled about among the booths where peanuts were grinding and popcorn was roasting in preparation for the day, and went on and inspected the dance-floor of the pavilion. Saxon, clinging to an imaginary partner, essayed a few steps of the dip-waltz. Mary clapped her hands.

"My!" she cried. "You're just swell! An' them stockin's is peaches."

Saxon smiled with appreciation, pointed out her foot, velvet slippered with high Cuban heels, and slightly lifted the tight black skirt, exposing a trim ankle and delicate swell of calf, the white flesh gleaming through the thinnest and flimsiest of fifty-cent black silk stockings. She was slender, not tall, yet the due round lines of womanhood were hers. On her white shirt-waist was a pleated jabot of cheap lace, caught with a large novelty pin of imitation coral. Over the shirt-waist was a natty jacket, elbow sleeved, and to the elbows she wore gloves of imitation suede. The one essentially natural touch about her appearance were the few curls, strangers to curling-irons, that escaped from under the little naughty hat of black velvet pulled low over the eyes.

Mary's dark eyes flashed with joy at the sight, and with a swift little run she caught the other girl in her arms and kissed her in a breast-crushing embrace. She released her, blushing at her own extravagance. "You look good to me," she cried, in extenuation. "If I was a man I couldn't keep my hands off you. I'd eat you, I sure would."

They went out of the pavilion hand in hand, and on through the sunshine they strolled, swinging hands gaily, reacting exuberantly from the week of deadening toil. They hung over the railing of the bear-pit, shivering at the huge and lonely denizen, and

passed quickly on to ten minutes of laughter at the monkey-cage. Crossing the grounds, they looked down into the little race-track on the bed of a natural amphitheater where the early afternoon games were to take place. After that they explored the woods, threaded by countless paths, ever opening out in new surprises of green-painted rustic tables and benches in leafy nooks, many of which were already preempted by family parties. On a grassy slope, tree surrounded, they spread a newspaper and sat down on the short grass already tawny-dry under the California sun. Half were they minded to do this because of the grateful indolence after six days of insistent motion, half in conservation for the hours of dancing to come.

"Bert Wanhope'll be sure to come," Mary chattered. "An' he said he was going to bring Billy Roberts—'Big Bill,' all the fellows call him. He's just a big boy, but he's awfully tough. He's a prize-fighter, an' all the girls run after him. I'm afraid of him. He ain't quick in talkin'. He's more like that big bear we saw. Brr-rr! Brr-rr!—bite your head off, just like that. He ain't really a prize-fighter. He's a teamster—belongs to the union. Drives for Corberly and Morrison. But sometimes he fights in the clubs. Most of the fellows are scared of him. He's got a bad temper, an' he'd just as soon hit a fellow as eat, just like that. You won't like him, but he's a swell dancer. He's heavy, you know, an' he just slides and glides around. You wanta have a dance with 'm anyway. He's a good spender, too. Never pinches. But my! he's got one temper."

The talk wandered on, a monologue on Mary's part, that centered always on Bert Wanhope.

"You and he are pretty thick," Saxon ventured tentatively.

"I'd marry 'm to-morrow," Mary flashed out impulsively. Then her face went bleakly forlorn, hard almost, in its helpless pathos. "Only, he never asks me. He's—" Her pause was broken by sudden passion. "You watch out for him, Saxon, if he ever comes foolin' around you. He's no good. Just the same, I'd marry him to-morrow. He'll never get me any other way." Her mouth opened, but instead of speaking she drew a long sigh. "It's a funny world, ain't it?" She added: "More like a scream. And all the stars are worlds, too. I wonder

where God hides. Bert Wanhope says there ain't no God. But he's just terrible. He says the most terrible things. I believe in God. Don't you? What do you think about God, Saxon?"

Saxon shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"But if we do wrong we get ours, don't we?" Mary persisted. "That's what they all say, except Bert. He says he don't care what he does, he'll never get his, because when he dies he's dead, an' when he's dead he'd like to see anyone put anything across on him that'd wake him up. Ain't he terrible, though? But it's all so funny. Sometimes I get scared when I think God's keepin' an eye on me all the time. Do you think he knows what I'm sayin' now? What do you think he looks like, anyway?"

"I don't know," Saxon answered. "He's just a funny proposition."

"Oh!" the other gasped.

"He is just the same, from what all people say of him," Saxon went on stoutly. "My brother thinks he looks like Abraham Lincoln. Sarah thinks he has whiskers."

A strain of music from the dancing-pavilion brought both girls scrambling to their feet.

"We can get a couple of dances in before we eat," Mary proposed. "An' then it'll be afternoon an' all the fellows'll be here. Most of them are pinchers—that's why they don't come early, so as to get out of taking the girls to dinner. But Bert's free with his money, an' so is Billy. If we can beat the other girls to it, they'll take us to the restaurant. Come on, hurry, Saxon."

There were few couples on the floor when they arrived at the pavilion, and the two girls essayed the first waltz together.

"There's Bert now," Saxon whispered, as they came around the second time.

"Don't take any notice of them," Mary whispered back. "We'll just keep on goin'." They needn't think we're chasin' after them."

But Saxon noted the heightened color in the other's cheek, and felt her quicker breathing.

"Did you see that other one?" Mary asked, as she backed Saxon in a long slide across the far end of the pavilion. "That was Billy Roberts. Bert said he'd come. He'll take you to dinner, and Bert'll take me. It's goin' to be a swell day, you'll see. My! I only wish the music'll hold out till we can get back to the other end."

Down the long floor they danced, on man-trapping and dinner-getting intent, two fresh young things that undeniably danced well and that were delightfully surprised when the music stranded them perilously near to their desire.

Bert and Mary addressed each other with their given names, but to Saxon Bert was "Mr. Wanhope," though he called her by her first name. The only introduction was of Saxon and Billy Roberts. Mary carried it off with a flurry of nervous carelessness.

"Mr. Roberts—Miss Brown. She's my best friend. Her first name's Saxon. Ain't it a scream of a name?"

"Sounds good to me," Billy retorted, hat off and hand extended. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Brown."

As their hands clasped and she felt the teamster callous spots on his palm, her quick eyes saw a score of things. About all that he saw was her eyes, and then it was with a vague impression that they were blue. Not till later in the day did he realize that they were gray. She, on the contrary, saw his eyes as they really were—deep blue, wide, and handsome in a sullen, boyish way. She saw that they were straight looking, and she liked them, as she had liked the glimpse she had caught of his hand, and as she liked the contact of his hand itself. Then, too, but not sharply, she had perceived the short, square-set nose, the rosi-ness of cheek, and the firm, short upper lip, ere delight centered her flash of gaze on the well-modeled, large clean mouth where red lips smiled clear of the white, enviable teeth. *A boy, a great big man-boy*, was her thought; and, as they smiled at each other and their hands slipped apart, she was startled by a glimpse of his hair—short and crisp and sandy, hinting almost of palest gold, save that it was too flaxen to hint of gold at all.

So blond was he that she was reminded of stage-types she had seen, such as Ole Oleson and Yon Yonson; but there resemblance ceased. It was a matter of color only, for the eyes were dark lashed and dark browed, and were cloudy with temperament rather than staring a child-gaze of wonder, and the suit of smooth brown cloth had been made by a tailor. Saxon appraised the suit on the instant, and her secret judgment was, *not a cent less than fifty dollars*. Further, he had none of the awkwardness of the Scandinavian immigrant. On the contrary, he was one of those rare individuals that radi-

The Valley of the Moon

ate muscular grace through the ungraceful man-garments of civilization. Every movement was supple, slow, and apparently automatically considered. This she did not see nor analyze. She saw only a clothed man with grace of carriage and movement. She felt, rather than perceived, the calm and certitude of all the muscular play of him, and she felt, too, the promise of easement and rest that was especially grateful and craved for by one who had incessantly, for six days and at top speed, ironed fancy starch. As the touch of his hand had been good, so, to her, this subtler feel of all of him, body and mind, was good.

As he took her program and skirmished and joked after the way of young men, she realized the immediacy of delight she had taken in him. Never in her life had she been so affected by any man. She wondered to herself, *Is this the man?*

He danced beautifully. The joy was hers that good dancers take when they have found a good dancer for a partner. The grace of those slow-moving certain muscles of his accorded perfectly with the rhythm of the music. There was never doubt, never a betrayal of indecision. She glanced at Bert, dancing "tough" with Mary, caroming down the long floor with more than one collision with the increasing couples. Graceful himself in his slender, tall, lean-stomached way, Bert was accounted a good dancer; yet Saxon did not remember ever having danced with him with keen pleasure. Just a bit of a jerk spoiled his dancing—a jerk that did not occur, usually, but that always impended. There was something spasmodic in his mind. He was too quick, or he continually threatened to be too quick. He always seemed just on the verge of over-running the time. It was disquieting. He made for unrest.

"You're a dream of a dancer," Billy Roberts was saying to her. "I've heard lots of the fellows talk about your dancing."

"I love it," she answered.

But from the way she said it he sensed her reluctance to speak, and danced on in silence, while she warmed with the appreciation of a woman for gentle consideration. Gentle consideration was a thing rarely encountered in the life she lived. *Is this the man?* She remembered Mary's "I'd marry him to-morrow," and caught herself speculating on marrying Billy Roberts by the next day—if he asked her.

With eyes that dreamily desired to close, she moved on in the arms of this masterful, guiding pressure. A *prize-fighter!* She experienced a thrill of wickedness as she thought of what Sarah would say could she see her now. Only he wasn't a prize-fighter, but a teamster.

Came an abrupt lengthening of step, the guiding pressure grew more compelling, and she was caught up and carried along, though her velvet-shod feet never left the floor. Then came the sudden control down to the shorter step again, and she felt herself being held slightly from him so that he might look into her face and laugh with her in joy at the exploit. At the end, as the band slowed in the last bars, they, too, slowed, their dance fading with the music in a lengthening glide that ceased with the last lingering tone.

"We're sure cut out for each other when it comes to dancin'," he said, as they made their way to rejoin the other couple.

"It was a dream," she replied.

So low was her voice that he bent to hear, and saw the flush in her cheeks that seemed communicated to her eyes, which were softly warm and sensuous. He took the program from her and gravely and gigantically wrote his name across all the length of it.

"An' now it's no good," he dared. "Ain't no need for it."

He tore it across and tossed it aside.

"Me for you, Saxon, for the next," was Bert's greeting, as they came up. "You take Mary for the next whirl, Bill."

"Nothin' doin', Bo," was the retort. "Me an' Saxon's framed up to last the day."

"Watch out for him, Saxon," Mary warned facetiously. "He's liable to get a crush on you."

"I guess I know a good thing when I see it," Billy responded gallantly.

"And so do I," Saxon aided and abetted.

"I'd 'a' known you if I'd seen you in the dark," Billy added.

Mary regarded them with mock alarm, and Bert said good-naturedly:

"All I got to say is you ain't wastin' any time gettin' together. Just the same, if you can spare a few minutes from each other after a couple more whirls, Mary an' me'd be complimented to have your presence at dinner."

"Just like that," chimed Mary.

"Quit your kiddin'," Billy laughed back, turning his head to look into Saxon's eyes.

"Don't listen to 'em. They're grouched because they got to dance together. Bert's a rotten dancer, and Mary ain't so much. Come on, there she goes. See you after two more dances."

III

THEY had dinner in the open-air, tree-walled dining-room, and Saxon noted that it was Billy who paid the reckoning for the four. They knew many of the young men and women at the other tables, and greetings and fun flew back and forth. Bert was very possessive with Mary, almost roughly so, resting his hand on hers, catching and holding it, and, once, forcibly slipping off her two rings and refusing to return them for a long while. At times, when he put his arm around her waist, Mary promptly disengaged it; and at other times, with elaborate obliviousness that deceived no one, she allowed it to remain.

And Saxon, talking little but studying Billy Roberts very intently, was satisfied that there would be an utter difference in the way he would do such things—if ever he would do them. Anyway, he'd never paw a girl as Bert and lots of the other fellows did. She measured the breadth of Billy's heavy shoulders.

"Why do they call you 'Big Bill'?" she asked. "You're not so very tall."

"Nope," he agreed. "I'm only five feet eight an' three-quarters. I guess it must be my weight."

"He fights at a hundred an' eighty," Bert interjected.

"Oh, cut it," Billy said quickly, a cloud-rift of displeasure showing in his eyes. "I ain't a fighter. I ain't fought in six months. I've quit it. It don't pay."

"You got two hundred the night you put the Frisco Slasher to the bad," Bert urged proudly.

"Cut it. Cut it now. . . . Say, Saxon, you ain't so big yourself, are you? But you're built just right if anybody should ask you. You're round an' slender at the same time. I bet I can guess your weight."

"Everybody guesses over it," she warned, while inwardly she was puzzled that she should at the same time be glad and regretful that he did not fight any more.

"Not me," he was saying. "I'm a wooz at weight-guessin'. Just you watch me." He regarded her critically, and it was patent

that warm approval played its little rivalry with the judgment of his gaze. "Wait a minute."

He reached over to her and felt her arm at the biceps. The pressure of the encircling fingers was firm and honest, and Saxon thrilled to it. There was magic in this man-boy. She would have known only irritation had Bert or any other man felt her arm. But this man! *Is he the man?* she was questioning, when he voiced his conclusion.

"Your clothes don't weigh more'n seven pounds. And seven from—hum—say one hundred an' twenty-three—one hundred an' sixteen is your stripped weight."

But at the penultimate word, Mary cried out with sharp reproof,

"Why, Billy Roberts, people don't talk about such things."

He looked at her with slow-growing, uncomprehending surprise. "What things?" he demanded finally.

"There you go again! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Look! You've got Saxon blushing!"

"I am not," Saxon denied indignantly.

"An' if you keep on, Mary, you'll have me blushing," Billy growled. "I guess I know what's right an' what ain't. It ain't what a guy says, but what he thinks. An' I'm thinkin' right, an' Saxon knows it. How near did I come to it, Saxon?"

"One hundred and twenty-two," she answered, looking deliberately at Mary. "One twenty-two—with my clothes."

Billy burst into hearty laughter, in which Bert joined.

"I don't care," Mary protested. "You're terrible, both of you—an' you, too, Saxon. I'd never a-thought it of you."

"Listen to me, kid," Bert began soothingly, as his arm slipped around her waist.

Billy discreetly began to make conversation with Saxon. "Say, you know, your name is a funny one. I never heard it tagged on anybody before. But it's all right. I like it."

"My mother gave it to me. She was educated, and knew all kinds of words. She was always reading books, almost until she died. And she wrote lots and lots. I've got some of her poetry, published in a San Jose newspaper long ago. The Saxons were a race of people—she told me all about them when I was a little girl. They were wild, like Indians, only they were white. And they had blue eyes, and yellow hair, and they were awful fighters."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

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The Valley of the Moon

As she talked, Billy followed her solemnly, his eyes steadily turned on hers. "Never heard of them," he confessed. "Did they live anywhere around here?"

She laughed. "No. They lived in England. They were the first English, and you know the Americans came from the English. We're Saxons, you an' me, an' Mary, an' Bert, and all the Americans that are real Americans, you know, and not Dagoes and Japs and such."

"My folks lived in America a long time," Billy said slowly, digesting the information she had given and relating himself to it. "Anyway, my mother's folks did. They crossed to Maine hundreds of years ago."

"My father was state of Maine," she broke in, with a little gurgle of joy. "And my mother was born in Ohio, or where Ohio is now. She used to call it the 'Great Western Reserve.' What was your father?"

"Don't know." Billy shrugged his shoulders. "He didn't know himself. Nobody ever knew, though he was American, all right all right."

"His name's regular old American," Saxon suggested. "There's a big English general right now whose name is Roberts. I've read it in the papers."

"But Roberts wasn't my father's name. He never knew what his name was. Roberts was the name of a gold-miner who adopted him. You see, it was this way. When they was Indian-fightin' up there with the Modoc Indians, a lot of the miners an' settlers took a hand. Roberts was captain of one outfit, and once, after a fight, they took a lot of prisoners—squaws an' kids an' babies. An' one of the kids was my father. They figured he was about five years old. He didn't know nothin' but Indian."

Saxon clapped her hands, and her eyes sparkled, as she cried, "He'd been captured on an Indian raid!"

"That's the way they figured it," Billy nodded. "They recollected a wagon-train of Oregon settlers that'd been killed by the Modocs four years before. Roberts adopted him, and that's why I don't know his real name. But you can bank on it he crossed the plains just the same."

"So did my father," Saxon said proudly.

"An' my mother, too," Billy added, pride touching his own voice. "Anyway, she came pretty close to crossin' the plains, because she was born in a wagon on the River Platte on the way out."

"My mother, too," said Saxon. "She was eight years old, an' she walked most of the way after the oxen began to give out."

Billy thrust out his hand. "Put her there, kid," he said. "We're just like old friends, what with the same kind of folks behind us."

With shining eyes, Saxon extended her hand to his, and gravely they shook. "Isn't it wonderful?" she murmured. "We're both old American stock. And if you ain't a Saxon there never was one—your hair, your eyes, your skin, everything. And you're a fighter, too."

"I guess all our old folks was fighters when it comes to that. It come natural to 'em, an' dog-gone it they just had to fight or they'd never come through."

"What are you two talkin' about so seriously?" Mary broke in upon them.

"They're thicker'n mush in no time," Bert girded. "You'd think they'd known each other a week already."

"Oh, we knew each other longer than that," Saxon returned. "Before ever we were born our folks were walkin' across the plains together."

"When your folks was waitin' for the railroad to be built an' all the Indians killed off before they dasted to start for California," was Billy's way of proclaiming the new alliance. "We're the real goods, Saxon an' me, if anybody should ride up on a buzz-wagon an' ask you."

"Oh, I don't know," Mary boasted with quick petulance. "My father stayed behind to fight in the Civil War. He was a drummer-boy. That's why he didn't come to California until afterward."

"And my father went back to fight in the Civil War," Saxon said.

"And mine, too," said Billy.

They looked at each other gleefully. Again they had found a new contact.

"Well, they're all dead, ain't they?" was Bert's saturnine comment. "There ain't no difference dyin' in battle or in the poorhouse. The thing is they're deado. I wouldn't care a rap if my father'd been hanged. It's all the same in a thousand years. This braggin' about folks makes me tired. Besides, my father couldn't 'a' fought. He wasn't born till two years after the war. Just the same, two of my uncles were killed at Gettysburg. Guess we done our share."

"Just like that," Mary applauded.

Bert's arm went around her waist again. "We're here, ain't we?" he said. "An' that's what counts. The dead are dead, an' you can bet your sweet life they just keep on stayin' dead."

Mary put her hand over his mouth and began to chide him for his awfulness, whereupon he kissed the palm of her hand and put his head closer to hers.

The merry noise and clatter of dishes was increasing as the dining-room filled up. Here and there voices were raised in snatches of song. There were shrill squeals and screams and bursts of heavier male laughter as the everlasting skirmishing between the young men and girls played on. Among some of the men the signs of drink were already manifest. At a near table girls were calling out to Billy. And Saxon, the sense of temporary possession already strong on her, noted with jealous eyes that he was a favorite and desired object to them.

"Ain't they awful!" Mary voiced her disapproval. "They got a nerve. I know who they are. No respectable girl'd have a thing to do with them. Listen to that!"

"Oh, you, Bill, you!" one of them was calling. "Hope you ain't forgotten me, Bill."

"Oh, you chicken!" he called back gallantly.

Saxon flattered herself that he showed vexation, and she conceived an immense dislike for the other girl.

"Goin' to dance?" the latter called.

"Mebbe," he answered, and turned abruptly to Saxon. "Say, we old Americans oughta stick together, don't you think? They ain't many of us left. The country's fillin' up with all kinds of foreigners."

He talked on steadily, in a low, confidential voice, head close to hers, as advertisement to the other girl that he was occupied.

From the next table on the opposite side, a young man had singled out Saxon. His dress was tough. His companions, male and female, were tough. His face was inflamed, his eyes touched with wildness. "Hey, you," he called—"you with the velvet slippers. Me for you."

The girl beside him put her arm around his neck and tried to hush him, and through the mufflement of her embrace they could hear him gurgling:

"I tell you she's some goods. Watch me go across an' win her from them cheap skates."

"Butchertown hoodlums," Mary sniffed.

Saxon's eyes encountered the eyes of the girl, who glared hatred across at her. And in Billy's eyes she saw moody anger smoldering. The eyes were more sullen, more handsome, than ever, and clouds and veils and lights and shadows shifted and deepened in the blue of them until they gave her a sense of unfathomable depth. He had stopped talking, and he made no effort to talk.

"Don't start a rough-house, Bill," Bert cautioned. "They're from across the bay, an' they don't know you, that's all."

Bert stood up suddenly, stepped over to the other table, whispered briefly, and came back. Every face at the table was turned on Billy. The offender arose brokenly, shook off the detaining hand of his girl, and came over. He was a large man, with a hard, malignant face and bitter eyes. Also, he was a subdued man.

"You're Big Bill Roberts," he said thickly, clinging to the table as he reeled. "I take my hat off to you. I apologize. I admire your taste in skirts, an' take it from me, that's a compliment; but I didn't know who you was. If I'd knowed you was Bill Roberts there wouldn't been a peep from my fly-trap. D'ye get me? I apologize. Will you shake hands?"

Gruffly, Billy said, "It's all right, forget it, sport"; and sullenly he shook hands and with a slow, massive movement thrust the other back toward his own table.

Saxon was glowing. Here was a man, a protector, something to lean against, of whom even the Butchertown toughs were afraid as soon as his name was mentioned.

IV

At eight o'clock the Al Vista band played "Home, Sweet Home," and, following the hurried rush through the twilight to the picnic train, the four managed to get double seats facing each other. When the aisles and platforms were packed by the hilarious crowd, the train pulled out for the short run from the suburbs into Oakland. All the car was singing a score of songs at once, and Bert, his head pillowed on Mary's breast with her arms around him, started "On the Banks of the Wabash." And he sang the song through, undeterred by the bedlam of two general fights, one on the adjacent platform, the other at the opposite

end of the car, both of which were finally subdued by special policemen to the screams of women and the crash of glass.

Billy sang a lugubrious song of many stanzas about a cowboy, the refrain of which was, "Bury me out on the lone prairie."

"That's one you never heard before; my father used to sing it," he told Saxon, who was glad that it was ended.

She had discovered the first flaw in him. He was tone-deaf. Not once had he been on the key.

"I don't sing often," he added.

"You bet your sweet life he don't," Bert explained. "His friends'd kill him if he did."

"They all make fun of my singin'," he complained to Saxon. "Honest, now, do you find it as rotten as all that?"

"It's—it's maybe flat a bit," she admitted reluctantly.

"It don't sound flat to me," he protested.

"It's a regular josh on me. I'll bet Bert put you up to it. You sing something, now, Saxon. I bet you sing good. I can tell it from lookin' at you."

She began "When the Harvest Days are Over." Bert and Mary joined in; but when Billy attempted to add his voice he was dissuaded by a shin-kick from Bert. Saxon sang in a clear, true soprano, thin but sweet, and she was aware that she was singing to Billy.

"Now *that* is singing what is," he proclaimed, when she had finished. "Sing it again. Aw, go on. You do it just right. It's great."

His hand slipped to hers and gathered it in, and as she sang again she felt the tide of his strength flood warmly through her.

"Look at 'm holdin' hands!" Bert jeered. "Just a-holdin' hands like they was afraid. Look at Mary an' me. Come on an' kick in, you cold-feets. Get together."

"Get onto yourself, Bert," Billy reproved.

"Shut up!" Mary added the weight of her indignation. "You're awfully raw, Bert Wanhope, an' I won't have anything more to do with you—there!" She withdrew her arms and shoved him away, only to receive him forgivingly half a dozen seconds afterward.

"Come on, the four of us," Bert went on irrepressibly. "The night's young. Let's make a time of it—Pabst's Café first, and then some. What you say, Bill? What you say, Saxon? Mary's game."

Saxon waited and wondered, half sick with apprehension of this man beside her whom she had known so short a time.

"Nope," he said slowly. "I got to get up to a hard day's work to-morrow, and I guess the girls have got to, too."

Saxon forgave him his tone-deafness in her gratitude. Here was the kind of man she always had known existed. It was for some such man that she had waited. She was twenty-two, and her first marriage offer had come when she was sixteen. The last had occurred only the month before, from the foreman of the washing-room, and he had been good and kind, but not young. But this one beside her—he was strong and kind and good and *young*. She was too young herself not to desire youth. There would have been rest from fancy starch with the foreman, but there would have been no warmth. But this man beside her—She caught herself on the verge involuntarily of pressing his hand that held hers.

"No, Bert, don't tease; he's right," Mary was saying. "We've got to get some sleep. It's fancy starch to-morrow, and all day on our feet."

It came to Saxon with a chill pang that she was surely older than Billy. She stole glances at the smoothness of his face, and the essential boyishness of him, so much desired, shocked her. Of course, he would marry some girl years younger than himself, than herself. How old was he? Could it be that he was too young for her? As he seemed to grow inaccessible, she was drawn toward him more compellingly. He was so strong, so gentle. She lived over the events of the day. There was no flaw there. He had considered her, and Mary, always. And he had torn the program up and danced only with her. Surely he had liked her, or he would not have done it.

She slightly moved her hand in his and felt the harsh contact of his callous palm. The sensation was exquisite. He, too, moved his hand, to accommodate the shift of hers, and she waited fearfully. She did not want him to prove like other men, and she could have hated him had he dared to take advantage of that slight movement of her fingers and put his arm around her. He did not, and she flamed toward him. There was fineness in him. He was neither rattle brained, like Bert, nor coarse like other men she had encountered. For she had had experiences, not nice, and she had

been made to suffer by the lack of what was termed chivalry, though she, in turn, lacked that word to describe what she divined and desired.

And he was a prize-fighter. The thought of it almost made her gasp. Yet he answered not at all to her conception of a prize-fighter. But then, he wasn't a prize-fighter. He had said he was not. She resolved to ask him about it some time if—if he took her out again. Yet there was little doubt of that, for when a man danced with one girl a whole day he did not drop her immediately. Almost she hoped that he was a prize-fighter. There was a delicious tickle of wickedness about it. Prize-fighters were such terrible and mysterious men. In so far as they were out of the ordinary and were not mere common workingmen such as carpenters and laundrymen, they represented romance. Power, also, they represented. They did not work for bosses, but spectacularly and magnificently, with their own might, grappled with the great world and wrung a splendid living from its reluctant hands. Some of them even owned automobiles and traveled with a retinue of trainers and servants. Perhaps it had been only Billy's modesty that made him say he had quit fighting. And yet, there were the callous spots on his hands. That showed he had quit.

V

THEY said good-by at the gate. Billy betrayed awkwardness that was sweet to Saxon. He was not one of the take-it-for-granted young men. There was a pause, while she feigned desire to go into the house, yet waited in secret eagerness for the words she wanted him to say.

"When am I goin' to see you again?" he asked, holding her hand in his.

She laughed consentingly.

"I live 'way up in East Oakland," he explained. "You know there's where the stable is, an' most of our teaming is done in that section, so I don't knock around down this way much. But, say," his hand tightened on hers, "we just got to dance together some more. I'll tell you, the Orindore Club has its dance Wednesday. If you haven't a date—have you?"

"No," she said.

"Then Wednesday. What time'll I come for you?"

And when they had arranged the details, and he had agreed she should dance some of the dances with the other fellows, and said good night again, his hand closed more tightly on hers and drew her toward him. She resisted slightly, but honestly. It was the custom, but she felt she ought not for fear he might misunderstand. And yet she wanted to kiss him as she had never wanted to kiss a man. When it came, her face upturned to his, she realized that on his part it was an honest kiss. There hinted nothing behind it. Rugged and kind as himself, it was virginal, almost, and betrayed no long practice in the art of saying good-by. All men were not brutes, after all, was her thought.

"Good-night," she murmured, the gate screeched under her hand, and she hurried along the narrow walk that led around to the corner of the house.

"Wednesday," he called.

"Wednesday," she answered.

But in the shadow of the narrow alley between the two houses she stood still and pleased in the ring of his footfalls down the cement sidewalk. Not until they had quite died away did she go on. She crept up the back stairs and across the kitchen to her room, registering her thanksgiving that Sarah was asleep.

She lighted the gas, and, as she removed the little velvet hat, she felt her lips still tingling with the kiss. Yet it had meant nothing. It was the way of the young men. They all did it. Yet their good-night kisses had never tingled, while this one tingled in her brain as well as on her lips. What was it? What did it mean? With a sudden impulse she looked at herself in the glass. The eyes were happy and bright. The color that tinted her cheeks so easily was in them and glowing. It was a pretty reflection, and she smiled, partly in joy, partly in appreciation, and the smile grew at sight of the even rows of strong white teeth. Why shouldn't Billy like that face? was her unvoiced query. Other men had liked it. Other men did like it. Even the other girls admitted she was a good-looker. Charley Long certainly liked it from the way he made life miserable for her.

She glanced aside to the rim of the looking-glass where his photograph was wedged, shuddered, and made a *moue* of distaste. There was cruelty in those eyes, and brutishness. He was a brute. For a year, now, he

had bullied her. Other fellows were afraid to go with her. He warned them off. She had been forced into almost slavery to his attentions. She remembered the young bookkeeper at the laundry—not a working-man, but a soft-handed, soft-voiced gentleman—whom Charley had beaten up at the corner because he had been bold enough to come to take her to the theater. And she had been helpless. For his own sake she had never dared accept another invitation to go out with him.

And now, Wednesday night, she was going with Billy. Billy! Her heart leaped. There would be trouble, but Billy would save her from him. She'd like to see him try to beat Billy up.

With a quick movement, she jerked the photograph from its niche and threw it face downward upon the chest of drawers. It fell beside a small square case of dark and tarnished leather. With a feeling as of profanation, she again seized the offending photograph and flung it across the room into a corner. At the same time she picked up the leather case. Springing it open, she gazed at the daguerreotype of a worn little woman with steady gray eyes and a hopeful, pathetic mouth. Opposite, on the velvet lining, done in gold lettering, was, CARLTON: FROM DAISY. She read it reverently, for it represented the father she had never known, and the mother she had so little known, though she could never forget that those wise sad eyes were gray.

Despite lack of conventional religion, Saxon's nature was deeply religious. Her thoughts of God were vague and nebulous, and there she was frankly puzzled. She could not vision God. Here, in the daguerreotype, was the concrete; much she had grasped from it, and always there seemed an infinite more to grasp. She did not go to church. This was her high altar and holy of holies. She came to it in trouble, in loneliness, for counsel, divination, and comfort. In so far as she found herself different from the girls of her acquaintance, she quested here to try to identify her characteristics in the pictured face. Her mother had been different from other women, too. This, forsooth, meant to her what God meant to others. To this she strove to be true, and not to hurt nor vex. And how little she really knew of her mother, and of how much was conjecture and surmise, she was unaware; for it was

through many years she had erected this mother-myth.

With dewy eyes Saxon kissed the daguerreotype passionately, and closed the case, abandoning the mystery and godhead of mother and all the strange enigma of living.

In bed, she projected against her closed eyelids the few rich scenes of her mother that her child-memory retained. It was her favorite way of wooing sleep. She had done it all her life—sunk into the death-blackness of sleep with her mother limned to the last on her fading consciousness. But this mother was not the Daisy of the plains nor of the daguerreotype. They had been before Saxon's time. This that she saw nightly was an older mother, broken with insomnia and brave with sorrow, who crept, always crept, a pale, frail creature, gentle and unfaltering, dying from lack of sleep, living by will, and by will refraining from going mad, who, nevertheless, could not will sleep, and whom not even the whole tribe of doctors could make sleep. Crept, always she crept, about the house, from weary bed to weary chair and back again, through long days and weeks of torment, never complaining, though her unfailing smile was twisted with pain, and the wise gray eyes, still wise and gray, were grown unutterably large and profoundly deep.

But on this night, Saxon did not win to sleep quickly; the little creeping mother came and went; and in the intervals the face of Billy, with the cloud-drifted sullen-handsome eyes, burned against her eyelids. And once again, as sleep welled up to smother her, she put to herself the question: *Is this the man?*

VI

THE work in the ironing-room slipped off, but the three days until Wednesday night were very long. She hummed under the fancy starch that flew under the iron at an astounding clip.

"I can't see how you do it," Mary admired. "You'll make thirteen or fourteen this week at that rate."

Saxon laughed, and in the steam from the iron she saw dancing golden letters that spelled *Wednesday*.

"What do you think of Billy?" Mary asked.

"I like him," was the frank answer.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

In the shadow of the narrow alley between the two houses she stood still and pleased in the ring of Billy's footfalls down the cement sidewalk. Not until they had quite died away did she go on

"Well, don't let it go farther than that."

"I will if I want to," Saxon retorted gaily.

"Better not," came the warning. "You'll only make trouble for yourself. He ain't marryin'. Many a girl's found that out. They just throw themselves at his head, too."

"I'm not going to throw myself at him, or any other man."

"Just thought I'd tell you," Mary concluded. "A word to the wise."

Saxon had become grave. "He's not—not—?" she began, then looked the significance of the question she could not complete.

"Oh, nothin' like that—though there's nothin' to stop him. He's straight, all right. But he just won't fall for anything in skirts. He dances, an' runs around, an' has a good time, an' beyond that—nitsky. A lot of 'em's got fooled on him. I bet you there's a dozen girls in love with him right now. An' he just goes on turnin' 'em down. There was Lily Sanderson, you know her. You seen her at that picnic last summer at Shellmound—that tall, nice-lookin' blonde that was with Butch Willows?"

"Yes, I remember her," Saxon said. "What about her?"

"Well, she'd been runnin' with Butch Willows pretty steady, an', just because she could dance, Billy dances a lot with her. Butch ain't afraid of nothin'. He wades right in for a show-down, an' nails Billy outside, before everybody, an' reads the riot act. An' Billy listens in that slow, sleepy way of his, an' Butch gets hotter an' hotter, an' everybody expects a scrap. An' then Billy says to Butch, 'Are you done?' 'Yes,' Butch says; 'I've said my say, an' what are you goin' to do about it?' An' Billy says—an' what d'ye think he said, with everybody lookin' on an' Butch with blood in his eye? Well, he said, 'I guess nothin,' Butch.' Just like that. Butch was that surprised you could 'a' knocked him over with a feather. 'An' never dance with her no more?' he says. 'Not if you say I can't, Butch,' Billy says. Just like that.

"Well, you know any other man to take water the way he did from Butch—why, everybody'd despise him. But not Billy. You see, he can afford to. He's got a rep as a fighter, an' when he just stood back an' let Butch have his way, everybody knew he wasn't scared, or backin' down, or anything. He didn't care a rap for Lily Sanderson, that

was all, an' anybody could see she was just crazy after him."

The telling of this episode caused Saxon no little worry. Hers was the average woman's pride, but in the matter of man-conquering prowess she was not unduly conceited. Billy had enjoyed her dancing, and she wondered if that was all. If Charley Long bullied up to him would he let her go as he had let Lily Sanderson go? He was not a marrying man; nor could Saxon blind her eyes to the fact that he was eminently marriageable. No wonder the girls ran after him. And he was a man-subduer as well as a woman-subduer. Men liked him. Bert Wanhope seemed actually to love him. She remembered the Butchertown tough in the dining-room at Weasel Park who had come over to the table to apologize, the moment he learned his identity.

A very much spoiled young man, was a thought that flitted frequently through Saxon's mind, and each time she condemned it as ungenerous. He was gentle in that tantalizing slow way of his. Despite his strength, he did not walk rough-shod over others. There was the affair with Lily Sanderson. Saxon analyzed it over and again. He had not cared for the girl, and he had immediately stepped from between her and Butch. It was just the thing that Bert, out of sheer wickedness and love of trouble, would not have done. There would have been a fight, hard feelings, Butch turned into an enemy, and nothing profited to Lily. But Billy had done the right thing—done it slowly and imperturbably and with the least hurt to everybody. All of which made him more desirable to Saxon and less possible.

She bought another pair of silk stockings that she had hesitated at for weeks, and on Tuesday night sewed and drowsed wearily over a new shirt-waist, and earned complaint from Sarah concerning her extravagant use of gas.

Wednesday night, at the Orindore dance, all was not undiluted pleasure. It was shameless the way the girls made up to Billy, and, at times, she found his easy consideration for them almost irritating. Yet she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that he hurt none of the other fellows' feelings in the way the girls hurt hers. They all but asked him outright to dance with them, and little of their open pursuit of him escaped her eyes. She resolved that

she would not be guilty of throwing herself at him, and withheld dance after dance, and yet was secretly and thrillingly aware that she was pursuing the right tactics. She deliberately demonstrated that she was desirable to other men, as he involuntarily demonstrated his own desirableness to the women.

Her happiness came when he coolly overrode her objections and insisted on two dances more than she had allotted him. And she was pleased, as well as angered, when she chanced to overhear two of the strapping young cannery girls. "The way that little sawed-off is monopolizin' him," said one. And the other, "You'd think she might have the good taste to run after somebody of her own age." "Cradle-snatcher," was the final sting that sent the angry blood into Saxon's cheeks as the two girls moved away, unaware that they had been overheard.

Billy saw her home, kissed her at the gate, and got her consent to go with him to the dance at Germania Hall on Friday night.

"I wasn't thinkin' of goin'," he said. "But if you'll say the word—Bert's goin' to be there."

Next day, at the ironing-boards, Mary told her that she and Bert were dated for Germania Hall. "Are you goin'?" Mary asked.

Saxon nodded.

"Billy Roberts?"

The nod was repeated, and Mary, with suspended iron, gave her a long and curious look.

"Say, an' what if Charley Long butts in?"

Saxon shrugged her shoulders. They ironed swiftly and silently for a quarter of an hour.

"Well," Mary decided, "if he does butt in maybe he'll get his. I'd like to see him get it—the big stiff! It all depends how Billy feels—about you, I mean."

"I'm no Lily Sanderson," Saxon answered indignantly. "I'll never give Billy Roberts a chance to turn me down."

"You will, if Charley Long butts in. Take it from me, Saxon, he ain't no gentleman. Look what he done to Mr. Moody. That was a awful beatin'. An' Mr. Moody only a quiet little man that wouldn't harm a fly. Well, he won't find Billy Roberts a sissy by a long shot."

That night, outside the laundry entrance,

Saxon found Charley Long waiting. As he stepped forward to greet her and walk alongside, she felt the sickening palpitation that he had so thoroughly taught her to know. The blood ebbed from her face with the apprehension and fear his appearance caused. She was afraid of the rough bulk of the man; of the heavy brown eyes, dominant and confident; of the big blacksmith-hands and the thick, strong fingers with the hair-pads on the backs to every first joint. He was unlovely to the eye, and he was unlovely to all her finer sensibilities. It was not his strength itself, but the quality of it and the misuse of it, that affronted her. The beating he had given the gentle Mr. Moody had meant half-hours of horror to her afterward. Always did the memory of it come to her accompanied by a shudder.

"You're lookin' white an' all beat to a frazzle," he was saying. "Why don't you cut the work? You got to some time anyway. You can't lose me, kid."

"I wish I could," she replied.

He laughed with harsh joviality. "Nothin' to it, Saxon. You're just cut out to be Mrs. Long, an' you're sure goin' to be."

"I wish I was as certain about all things as you are," she said with mild sarcasm that missed.

"Take it from me," he went on, "there's just one thing you can be certain of—an' that is that I am certain." He was pleased with the cleverness of his idea and laughed approvingly. "When I go after anything, I get it, an' if anything gets in between it gets hurt. D'ye get that? It's me for you, an' that's all there is to it, so you might as well make up your mind and go to workin' in my home instead of the laundry. Why, it's a snap. There wouldn't be much to do. I make good money, an' you wouldn't want for anything. You know, I just washed up from work an' skinned over here to tell it to you once more so you wouldn't forget. I ain't ate yet, an' that shows how much I think of you."

"You'd better go and eat then," she advised, though she knew the futility of attempting to get rid of him.

She scarcely heard what he said. It had come upon her suddenly that she was very tired and very small and very weak alongside this Colossus of a man. Would he dog her always? she asked despairingly, and seemed to glimpse a vision of all her future life stretched out before her, with always

the form and face of the burly blacksmith pursuing her.

"Come on, kid, an' kick in," he continued. "It's the good old summer time, an' that's the time to get married."

"But I'm not going to marry you," she protested. "I've told you a thousand times already."

"Aw, forget it. You want to get them ideas out of your think-box. Of course you're goin' to marry me. It's a pipe. An' I'll tell you another pipe. You an' me's goin' acrost to Frisco Friday night. There's goin' to be big doin's with the Horse-shoers."

"Only I'm not," she contradicted.

"Oh, yes, you are," he asserted with absolute assurance. "We'll catch the last boat back, an' you'll have one fine time. An' I'll put you next to some of the good dancers. Oh, I ain't a pincher, an' I know you like dancin'."

"But I tell you I can't," she reiterated.

He shot a glance of suspicion at her from under the black thatch of brows that met above his nose and were as one brow. "Why can't you?"

"A date," she said.

"Who's the bloke?"

"None of your business, Charley Long. I've got a date, that's all."

"I'll make it my business. Remember that lah-de-dah bookkeeper rummy? Well, just keep on rememberin' him an' what he got."

"I wish you'd leave me alone," she pleaded resentfully. "Can't you be kind just for once?"

The blacksmith laughed unpleasantly. "If any rummy thinks he can butt in on you an' me he'll learn different, an' I'm the little boy that'll learn 'm. Friday night, eh?"

"I won't tell you."

"Where?" he repeated.

Her lips were drawn in tight silence, and in her cheeks were little angry spots of blood.

"Huh! As if I couldn't guess! Germania Hall. Well, I'll be there, an' I'll take you home afterward. D'ye get that? An' you'd better tell the rummy to beat it unless you want to see 'm get his face hurt."

Saxon, hurt as a prideful woman can be hurt by cavalier treatment, was tempted to cry out the name and prowess of her newfound protector. And then came fear. This was a big man, and Billy was only a boy. That was the way he affected her.

She remembered her first impression of his hands and glanced quickly at the hands of the man beside her. They seemed twice as large as Billy's, and the mats of hair seemed to advertise a terrible strength. No; Billy could not fight this big brute. He must not. And then to Saxon came a wicked little hope that by the mysterious and unthinkable ability that prize-fighters possessed, Billy might be able to whip this bully and rid her of him. With the next glance doubt came again, for her eye dwelt on the blacksmith's broad shoulders, the cloth of the coat muscle wrinkled and the sleeves bulging above the biceps.

"If you lay a hand on anybody I'm going with again—" she began.

"Why, they'll get hurt, of course," Long grinned. "And they'll deserve it, too. Any rummy that comes between a fellow an' his girl ought to get hurt."

"But I'm not your girl, and all your saying so doesn't make it so."

"That's right, get mad," he approved. "I like you for that, too. You've got spunk an' fight. I like to see it. It's what a man needs in his wife."

She stopped before the house and put her hand on the gate. "Good-by," she said. "I'm going in."

"Come on out afterward for a run to Idora Park," he suggested.

"No, I'm not feeling good, and I'm going straight to bed as soon as I eat supper."

"Huh!" he sneered. "Gettin' in shape for the fling to-morrow night, eh?"

With an impatient movement she opened the gate and stepped inside.

"I've given it to you straight," he went on. "If you don't go with me to-morrow night somebody'll get hurt."

"I hope it will be you," she cried vindictively.

He laughed as he threw his head back, stretched his big chest, and half-lifted his heavy arms. The action reminded her disgustingly of a big lion she had once seen in a circus.

"Well, good-by," he said. "See you to-morrow night at Germania Hall."

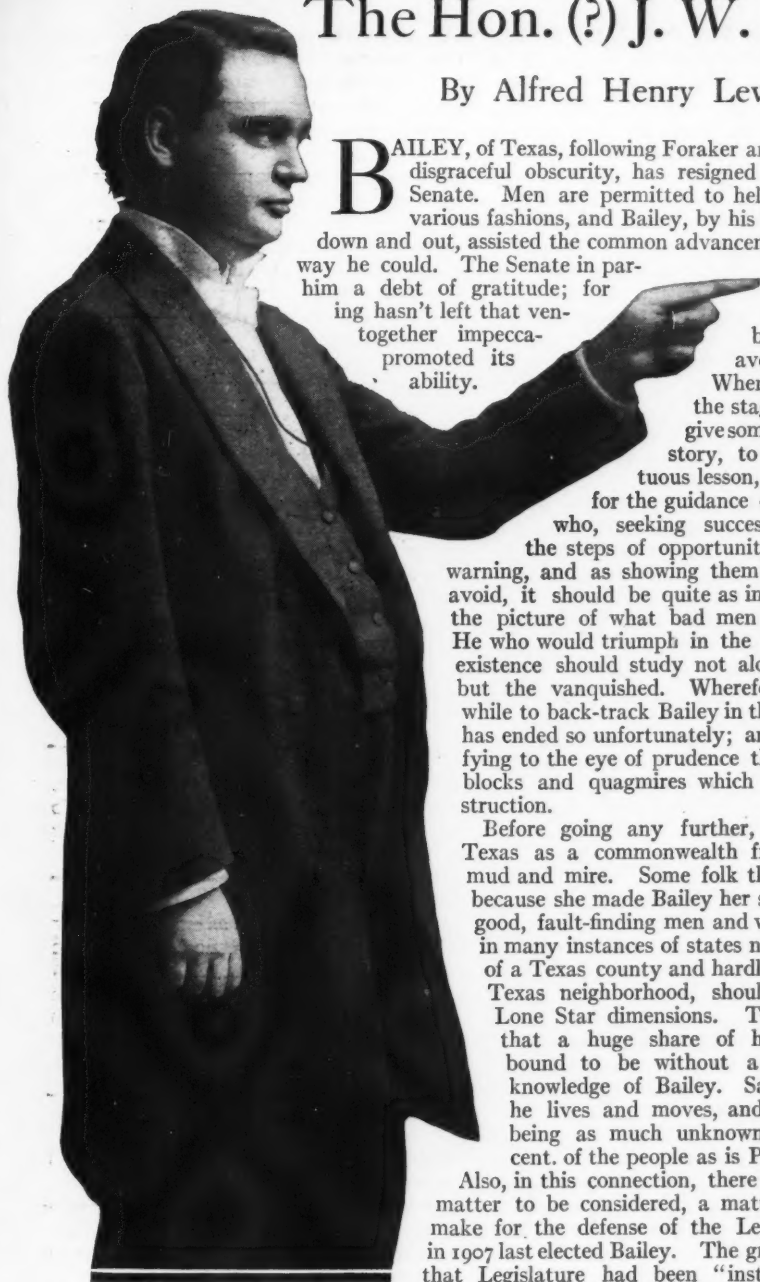
"I haven't told you it was Germania Hall."

"And you haven't told me it wasn't. All the same, I'll be there. And I'll take you home, too. Be sure an' keep plenty of round dances open for me. That's right. Get mad. It makes you look fine."

The next instalment of "*The Valley of the Moon*" will appear in the May issue.

The Hon. (?) J. W. Bailey

By Alfred Henry Lewis



BAILEY, of Texas, following Foraker and Lorimer into disgraceful obscurity, has resigned his seat in the Senate. Men are permitted to help their hour in various fashions, and Bailey, by his Senate stepping down and out, assisted the common advancement in the only way he could. The Senate in part owes him a debt of gratitude; for while his governable body able, it has no less average for respect- together impecca- promoted its ability.

When good men leave the stage, it is usual to give some outline of their story, to become a virtuous lesson, if not lodestar, for the guidance of youthful ones who, seeking success, would climb the steps of opportunity. By way of warning, and as showing them what perils to avoid, it should be quite as important to give the picture of what bad men failed and fell. He who would triumph in the grand battle of existence should study not alone the victors, but the vanquished. Wherefore it is worth while to back-track Bailey in that career which has ended so unfortunately; and all as, identifying to the eye of prudence those stumbling-blocks and quagmires which worked his destruction.

Before going any further, let me rescue Texas as a commonwealth from the Bailey mud and mire. Some folk think ill of Texas because she made Bailey her senator. These good, fault-finding men and women, denizens in many instances of states not half the size of a Texas county and hardly larger than a Texas neighborhood, should reflect upon Lone Star dimensions. Texas is so large that a huge share of her public was bound to be without a least working knowledge of Bailey. Save as a name, he lives and moves, and has his Texas being as much unknown to ninety per cent. of the people as is Prester John.

Also, in this connection, there comes another matter to be considered, a matter that should make for the defense of the Legislature which in 1907 last elected Bailey. The great majority of that Legislature had been "instructed." You must not lose sight of the fact that, at the time of the campaign which elected the Legislature, no more than an unclean tenth of Bailey had been

(5) CLARENCE

The lost senator of Standard Oil. With only two months left to serve, Senator Bailey resigned from the Senate January 3, 1913

uncovered to the Texas eye. There were many honest, self-respecting men in that Legislature, who, "instructed," felt compelled to give their voice for Bailey, while protesting personally against him. Legislator Gaines, of Comanche County, was one of these and, as measuring his feeling, read what he said as he cast his vote.

"I am," observed the frankly honest Gaines, "convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that Senator Bailey is substantially guilty of all the infamous conduct with which he is charged. In my own opinion, Bailey is not only unworthy of the great office of senator, but he is absolutely infamous. I regard him as I do any other criminal. I cannot escape the conclusion that he is a traitor to his country, who has betrayed his people into the hands of a commercial pirate [Standard Oil] for gold. Left to vote my own sentiments, I would gladly defy all his minions of infamy and vote against him; but a man must live up to his ideals. My ideal of a good government is one in which the people's will is supreme. I think it is better for a representative to vote for a bad man, yes, a moral leper, as I believe Mr. Bailey to be, than to shatter an ideal of representative government, the observance of which is the hope of the nation, and break faith with his people. Having discharged with scrupulous fidelity my promise to my people, I desire to take my place for the future among those who despise and defy him."

THE MEASURE OF BAILEY

Gaines, you may be sure, was not alone in these sentiments. There were scores whose hearts echoed the Gaines opinion, but who threw their ballots for Bailey, because of their "instructions."

Bailey was born in Copiah County, Mississippi, in 1863. Poor, with no way of helping himself, an Irish uncle came forward with money to send him to school. He studied law, got admitted to practice, and crossed over to Gainesville, Texas, where he has lived ever since. This Texas invasion was in Bailey's twenty-second year. As he took up the white man's burden in Texas, he pointed with dingy boastfulness to the Mississippi shotgun part he'd played in keeping down a colored vote.

In 1890 the Gainesville district was so far off its guard as to send Bailey to Congress. In the House during a day of

Speaker Crisp, Bailey's vanity was much more upon exhibition than his intelligence, and he strutted or—being snubbed—pouted much more than he legislated. There is no law on the statute-books which can be called better because of him. What little he contributed to legislation was obviously bad. During his recent swan-song in the Senate, when giving in his resignation, he talked against the recall, the initiative, and the referendum. That gives his story from the start. Not conservative, but reactionary, he was at the end what he'd been since the beginning.

"MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO"

After ten years of heart-burning in the House, Bailey was sent to the Senate. He followed the high-minded Chilton, who said in a public speech that Bailey was a disgrace to his people.

Once in the Senate, Bailey began to think of and long for money. He had tastes, and while they were not elevated, they were expensive. He liked horses, he liked cards; and horses and cards are not within the wages of a senator.

Bailey, while in the House, had made the close acquaintance of the late Standard Oil Sibley. Ex-Governor Francis, of Missouri, came to Washington, during the heel of the Cleveland hunt, as secretary of the interior. Francis, like Sibley, was a man of many millions, and Francis and Bailey also became acquainted. Francis and Sibley thought that Bailey might be useful, and Bailey on his poor side was bedazzled by their millions. Bailey's senatorship, without money, had become as empty as a drum. The one title he now most hungered for was the title of millionaire.

Standard Oil, alias the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, was being kicked out of Texas for what crimes it had committed. Francis brought Pierce and Bailey together. Bailey undertook—for a consideration—to restore the Waters-Pierce Company, alias Standard Oil, to all its Texas privileges. It should return to its former piracies, rob where it had robbed before.

Proceeding delicately and with nice care, as should one who walks some iniquitous tight-rope and may heir a fall, Bailey reintroduced the Waters-Pierce Company into Texas. The vampire Standard Oil was again allowed to suck the Lone Star blood. As though to reward Bailey for betraying

them, the people elected him to the Senate. This was in January, 1901.

Bailey having done much for Pierce and Standard Oil, what should be more natural than that a correspondence should spring up between them? To be sure, Standard Oil, alias Waters-Pierce, was the public enemy, and Bailey had taken an oath as a Senate watchman on the walls of government. But what would you have? Bailey, all his life poor, at the age of thirty-eight was growing tired. That new toga had but made a bad matter worse.

WAS THIS FOR HONEST WAGES?

Bailey wrote Pierce the following note of hand:

\$8000 Washington, D. C., March 1, 1901.

Four months after date I promise to pay to the order of H. C. Pierce, eight thousand dollars, at his office in St. Louis, Mo.

J. W. BAILEY.

Business is business. Commemorating the affair, the Standard Oil, Waters-Pierce books showed this:

St. Louis, Mo., March 6, 1901.

For amount of loan to J. W. B., as per note in hands of treasurer, \$8000.

In this connection, too, Pierce, ever a careful business man, sent this word to the proper officer of Standard Oil alias Waters-Pierce.

To J. P. GRUET, Esq.,
Secretary.

Dear Sir: Take this note into bills receivable and deposit company's check for like amount to my credit with Fourth National Bank, as I have given B—— my check.

H. C. PIERCE.

On the heels of that eight thousand dollars, and liking the feel of money, Bailey, four weeks later, looked up from his public labors long enough to send this:

Gainesville, Tex., March 28, 1901.

To Mr. H. C. PIERCE,
St. Louis, Mo.

My dear Pierce: Send me New York exchange for \$1750. Have it made payable to my order, so that it will not be necessary for you to endorse it. Send it at once, as I ought to have had it several days.

Your friend, J. W. BAILEY.

Observe how firm is the Bailey confidence. He seems to have no doubts. Also, he later made oath that what had gone before meant "borrowed money." The Bailey confidence had not been mislaid. His "dear Pierce" was only too prompt in his response. At least, such is to be inferred from the following in the Waters-Pierce, Standard-Oil archives, although ap-

parently the company had forgotten that the money was only "borrowed."

To J. W. BAILEY,

Gainesville, Texas, Dr.

For legal expenses account Texas matters, \$1750.00 as per letter J. W. B., herewith attached, dated March 28.

The above are but gracious specimens of what friendly offices went flying like swallow birds at eventide between Standard Oil, alias Waters-Pierce, on the one side, and Bailey of the Senate on the other—Bailey, weary of being poor!

Spider Archbold of Standard Oil had and has his Standard Oil web at 26 Broadway. Tarrytown is where Spider Archbold makes his home. He steams to his Standard Oil web at 26 Broadway each morning in a yacht. Standard Oil is so thoroughly organized that, like many very perfect machines, it may almost be said that it runs itself. This leaves little real work for Spider Archbold to do. And so, to feed his feeling of importance and give himself the thought that he's a busy man, he dictates letters to every imaginable individual upon every conceivable oil subject. And greatly has this letter-writing habit got Spider Archbold into trouble. It was the attention directed to Bailey through the publication of many of these letters in *Hearst's Magazine* that finally forced him to step down and out.

Once he was in the Senate, Standard Oil was not long in recognizing the real worth of Bailey. Among other touching evidences of the growing esteem which subsisted between Standard Oil and Bailey, consider the following. True, it was read from the rostrum by Editor Hearst, and has been published a number of times. But just as one scrapes away the mosses to bring out an inscription, let me here print it again. It is from Spider Archbold—written in 1901—to the late Sibley, not long ago indicted upon charges of having debauched an innocent Pennsylvania electorate.

DEAR MR. SIBLEY: October 26th, 1901.

We are anxious to have a talk here at as early a day as possible with Senator Bailey, of Texas, and I write to ask if you will do us the favor to communicate this to him, and find when he can be here.

Greatly appreciating your courtesy, I am, Sincerely yours,

JNO. D. ARCHBOLD.

You will see by this how greatly, since his introduction to Pierce, had Bailey been climbing in the golden affections of Standard Oil, and how in fewer than nine months he

was being sought after by the great, if not good, Spider Archbold himself.

The foregoing letters and book entries, together with a cloud of related facts—like a somber flock of blackbirds—came out in an investigation, prompted by divers inquisitive Texans in and about the Austin Legislature. In that connection, as in his recent resignation swan-song, Bailey unbelted in fervent denials as to some matters and a fervent forgetfulness as to others. It was then he recollected that he had "borrowed" the above moneys, although he could not recall having ever repaid them.

THE VISITS TO 26 BROADWAY

The Waters-Pierce transactions with Bailey took place in 1901, and Bailey swore that he did not know at that time that the Waters-Pierce concern was a branch of Standard Oil. Still, on October 25, 1901, Bailey was receiving an earnest summons from Spider Archbold from his web at 26 Broadway. What was the Spider Archbold-Bailey talk to be about? I would not for worlds suggest any subject to your mind, but may I not quote from the testimony of Secretary Gruet, of the Waters-Pierce Company, alias Standard Oil, before the Austin Legislature?

Q. When, according to your information, did Bailey first meet the financiers of the Standard Oil Company, at No. 26 Broadway?

A. It was along in 1899, late in the year, as I recollect, that Mr. Pierce told me of taking Senator Bailey over to No. 26 Broadway and introducing him to the men of authority in the Standard Oil Company.

Q. Then, you say, this introduction of Senator Bailey at No. 26 Broadway took place the latter part of 1899, and it was in 1900, was it not, that the Texas situation as to Waters-Pierce became acute?

A. To the very best of my recollection, the suit against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company in Texas was decided against them in the early part of 1900, and they were to be evicted from the state. The Standard Oil Company became very active when this decision was reached.

As bearing upon that eight-thousand-dollar note, let me quote from Secretary Gruet's sworn account:

Q. Then this eight-thousand-dollar note of Senator Bailey's became an asset of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company?

A. It was placed in the bills-receivable account, and was finally charged to profit and loss account December 21, 1901.

Q. Why was it charged to profit and loss?

A. It was not paid, and in making up the record of the business, I treated the matter as I had other payments to Senator Bailey; that is, as a gift, or in payment of services, and charged the same so as

not to have it appear as an asset, and then so advised H. C. Pierce.

Aside from the above items of prosperity—and they don't tell one-tenth of what mutual kindnesses went flowing from Bailey to Standard Oil and back again—the records indicate that Bailey cast other bread upon the golden waters, always to see it return after not too many days. There was one Kirby of the Houston Oil Company and the Kirby Lumber Company. The lavish Kirby took the Austin witness-stand and told how, in a mere handful of months, under one head or another, he paid Bailey, tired of being poor and rapidly amending his condition, a round \$225,000, and still owed that industrious publicist money. Bailey, too, had made a feast of his good fortune and bought the Grapevine Ranch, a \$250,000 proposition, and was eagerly acquiring trotting horses.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT

So the story ran, so the rich work went on, with Bailey ever richer, and Standard Oil and Criminal Privilege holding him ever and ever more lovingly on the golden skyline of their regard. The laborer is ever worthy of his hire, and Bailey was no longer poor. Also, since 1899, none than he has bent a more gratefully faithful back—as, Senate-wise, he labored in the vineyards of Criminal Privilege. Next to Aldrich, next to Smoot, he it was who rendered service to Criminal Privilege when the Payne-Aldrich tariff was being hammered into evil shape. Moreover, when Lorimer was charged with having been bribed into the Senate, did not Bailey applaud those briberies and give Lorimer his support? When Arizona presented a constitution which arranged for a recall, to the end that as fast as Criminal Privilege placed a judge upon the bench the people could take him down, did not Bailey denounce that constitution and vote against it with his whole soul?

Last yet not least, when in the face of all that Bailey could say, and all that Criminal Privilege could do, the Arizona constitution, recall and all, was voted through, did not his zeal for Criminal Privilege prompt him to resign his Senate seat? That was his first resignation. True, the public had hardly begun to exult before that same zeal for Criminal Privilege prompted Bailey to withdraw his resignation, and turn to blackest sorrow the general joy. The latter action, how-



(C) CLARENDON

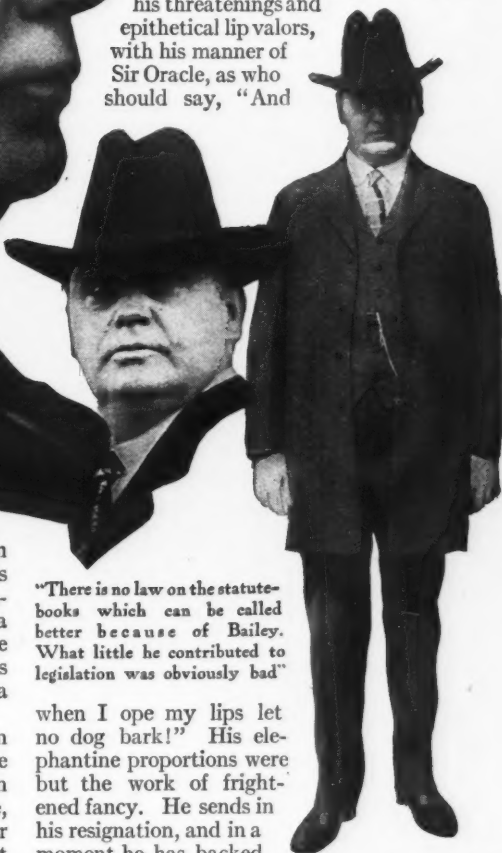
ever, but re-evidenced Bailey's single-hearted loyalty. Criminal Privilege had been assailed, and he resentfully "resigned." Remembering in time, however, that Criminal Privilege might again be assailed, he hastened to cancel his resignation. Criminal Privilege was senatorially about to lose a Hale, an Aldrich, a Tom Carter. And while Criminal Privilege for the moment had saved a Lorimer, it was no fitting moment for the resignation of a Bailey.

However, all's well that ends well. An Arnold has been executed, a serpent of the Senate destroyed, and Bailey's resignation has been tendered and accepted. Likewise, the Bailey myth has been made to disappear like a mist or a mirage. To-day the great Bailey myth exists only as a mephitic memory.

When I remember how quakingly Bailey has been regarded, in quarters with a genius for hysteria and none for common sense, it recalls a story. There was a gentleman who did little save drink rum, and who told this himself.

He was lying in his bed. "Suddenly," said he, "I opened my eyes, and there to my amazement an elephant stood in the room. It was taller than the ceiling, wider than the walls. I lay there, wondering how it got in. Then I began to wonder how, being in, it would get out. As though replying to the latter, the elephant slowly, solemnly, yet sufficiently backed through a mouse-hole in the baseboard, and disappeared."

And so with the mythical, the profound, the portentous Bailey—Bailey, with his threatenings and epithetical lip valors, with his manner of Sir Oracle, as who should say, "And



"There is no law on the statute-books which can be called better because of Bailey. What little he contributed to legislation was obviously bad"

when I ope my lips let no dog bark!" His elephantine proportions were but the work of frightened fancy. He sends in his resignation, and in a moment he has backed through the mouse-hole of the imagination through which he entered, never to appear again.



The Liar

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Author of "Why I Left My Husband,"
"Good for the Soul" etc.

Illustrated by
G. Patrick Nelson

Here is a story that will make a good many women stop and take notice. Would it occur to you, for example, that your husband could, by any possibility, call you a "liar"—and be right about it? Are women so far forced to act according to standards set by their husbands that they must actually lie—actually live, act, and tell untruths—day after day in order to satisfy their own selfishness or vanity or to keep peace in the family? Are "white" lies, half-truths, and all the other little fact-twists commonly attributed by the wise ones to women, necessary to happy marriage? In this story Mrs. Van de Water presents a case where the husband's and wife's ideas of truth differ. Take the situation home. What would you do about it?

WHEN I think of the words, "The Liar," as applied to myself I cannot restrain a bitter smile, for they are written in sad sarcasm. Still, as it is the term which the one who loved me most and should have known me best applied to me, I force myself to use it. Perhaps in doing this I come nearer than ever before to deserving the title, for I know that I am not untruthful. Still, I insist that there are times when neither I nor any other sensible person would tell an unnecessary truth, or divulge facts which concern nobody but oneself. Were we all to speak of the many things that lurk in our hearts, we would soon be friendless—and some of us would end in the insane asylum.

But my husband would never acknowledge that I was right in my views on this subject, and would settle the matter to his own satisfaction by declaring obstinately, "A lie is a lie, and a truth is a truth." Perfectly upright men are often unreasonable.

Yet his upright character was what made me love Frank Darnell from the time I was a mere slip of a girl. We had known each other so long that it seemed unlikely that marriage could hold any disillusion for either of us. But perhaps it does for everybody:

Men think that women are complex, but I insist that women are no more complex, fundamentally, than their brothers, but that they have to pretend to be to live up to the standards set for them by men. This fact in itself makes a woman more secretive, less

frank, than she appears to be. If she has views of life, morals, or conduct that are all her own and which she has evolved from her inner consciousness, she must set them aside or ignore them and follow the man-made rules of action and demeanor. She may really be as bold as her lover, but she must seem coy; she may dislike restraint as much as he, but she must submit to it or run the risk of being considered unwomanly. How, then, can she be as honest in action as she is in thought? If she has a less keen sense of honor than a man, his ideas of what she should be and like have done much toward producing this condition.

This is especially so after a woman marries, for then her husband expects her to adopt his standards, and feel as he thinks she should feel, and as men for generations have expected their wives to feel. For instance, convention and mankind have affirmed that a wife should care more for her husband than for all others—even her children—so she plays the conventional part. What else can she do?

I remember when this fact was first brought home to me. My baby was a fortnight old, and my husband, coming suddenly into the room in which I lay, my baby on my arm, found me gazing with radiant countenance down into the tiny face. Before her birth I thought I knew the depths of feeling of which I was capable, but she brought with her a wealth of devotion, a mother-love that was a passion, that made all other loves, even that I had for my husband, pale by

comparison. And yet when he bent over us both on this special day to which I refer, and said, "She is precious to us, darling, but you and I will always love each other better than anything else in the world," I replied, without taking my eyes from the baby's face, "Of course." That was what was expected of me, and, as a woman, I must play the part assigned me.

And yet I loved my husband. I had never cared for any other man. He was the only suitor with whom as a girl I had even fancied myself in love. And I know now that I always cared for him as much as the average wife cares for her husband.

I have heard it claimed times without number that children are a bond to hold husband and wife together. Perhaps they are, but I often think that if a woman had nothing to do except to look after her husband and supply his wants, if there need never be any one closer and dearer than he in her heart, married couples might be happier. They might be more selfish, but then one does not take up matrimony as a course for the improvement of character, but because it satisfies the wishes of the parties to the contract.

Frank's notions of the correct way of managing matters that were within my womanly province annoyed me greatly at times. He had decided theories as to how baby should be trained, and I did not always agree with them. But I did not dispute them openly. Instead, when possible, I seemed to comply with his wishes, even if I did not invariably carry them out when he was not at hand to note that I failed to do so.

So, most of the time, we jogged along fairly well on the matrimonial road, for I drove judiciously *around*, instead of *over*, the rough places.

By the time Helen was a year old I secured a servant who was entirely satisfactory, and, after she had been with us for some months, and her trustworthiness had been proved, Frank was willing to have me go out in the day time and leave the little one with her. But he was not willing to have Eliza dress and undress the baby, and affirmed that it was the duty of the mother to do this. I did not dispute this ruling, for, to a certain extent, I agreed with him, and my child was so dear to me that it was my joy to perform these duties, and I would not have been willing to delegate them to another.

But it was not only consideration for the child's welfare that made my husband uneasy and anxious if I was out after dark. He disliked intensely the thought of my being abroad on the street at an hour when timid and overcautious women seek the shelter of their homes. "A wife and mother should avoid appearing out of doors alone after nightfall," he would urge. "If she doesn't, she need not be surprised if men look at her with suspicion." In vain I called his attention to the army of respectable working-girls and business women who cannot turn their faces homeward until after dark. "That is their misfortune, not their fault," he would urge. "The rules that govern them do not apply to my wife."

Therefore, he was much displeased when, upon one or two occasions, I was not at home in the late afternoon in time to put Helen to bed, and past record went for nothing if I ever seemed to neglect this task. I recall one afternoon in particular on which I decided to go to see our family physician about the twinges of facial neuralgia which had been troubling me of late. Frank advised me to do this, for he had a nervous dread of my becoming ill. So on this bright winter afternoon I called upon the doctor, and, as I entered his reception-room, was surprised to find waiting there two of my friends, bright, entertaining women, who begged me to accompany them later to the Waldorf for afternoon tea. It was rather late when, after each of us had consulted the popular physician, we left his house. Still my friends were urgent and said they were to meet two other women, whom I also knew and liked, in the palm-room, where they had reserved a table. I was sure that I had time to take a cup of tea, chat for twenty minutes, and get home in time to undress my small daughter and tuck her into bed before our seven-o'clock dinner. But I reckoned without my hostesses, who were so charming, and ordered so many delectable French pastries, that an hour slipped by without my appreciating its flight. Then I glanced at my watch, discovered that it was half-past six, and fairly ran out to the elevated road, rushed up the steps, and boarded an up-town train. Yet, in spite of my utmost haste, it was seven o'clock when I entered my front door. Frank was there ahead of me, called my attention to the hour, and stated that, as baby was getting sleepy and fretful, Eliza had been obliged to stop her

preparation of dinner, undress the child, and put her to bed.

"And I was especially anxious to have dinner on time to-night," he declared, "as I promised to meet a business man from the West at the Belmont at eight o'clock. Moreover, Helen needed you. Where have you been?"

"To the doctor's," I replied.

"Oh, yes, I know you were to go there," he said. "But his office hours are from four to five thirty. What detained you?"

"Why," I explained hastily, "there were a number of people in his office this afternoon. I suppose that many of his patients took advantage of the beautiful day to go to see him."

My husband eyed me suspiciously. "Are you sure that he did not talk to you any longer than to his other callers?" he asked.

I looked puzzled.

"I mean," he explained embarrassedly, "that popular physicians do sometimes show particular interest in an attractive woman patient, and I remembered the fact when you said that you were detained at the doctor's."

I laughed so frankly that his face cleared. "You silly boy!" I exclaimed. "The doctor regards me as a 'case,' and a stupid one at that. In fact, he is no more interested in me than he would be in an antiquated charwoman!"

He smiled a bit shamefacedly. "I may be overanxious," he admitted, "but I do feel that a woman cannot be too careful. I see now that I was foolishly anxious about you."

"It is too bad!" I sympathized. "And though the pain in my face and head was so bad I would not have taken time to go to the doctor's had you not insisted upon it. But, of course, I could not foresee that there would be so many patients ahead of me."

"Of course you couldn't!" agreed Frank, appeased and sympathetic. "Never mind, dear. Your health is the first consideration. I hope the doctor gave you something to relieve the pain?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "and I really feel better for having gone out of the house for a while. Now I will run into the kitchen and help Eliza about dinner. I will have it ready in five minutes."

And thus the matrimonial chariot was driven safely around that obstruction! A woman's tact is required constantly in mar-

ried life, and I had many occasions to use mine. Frank would have been none the happier, and I would have been far more uncomfortable, had I told him about the tea at the Waldorf. Why spoil a pleasant memory by having a disagreeable altercation over it?

Month after month and year after year slipped away, and Helen grew to be a pretty girl. She was fond of her father, and he was proud of her, but I always knew that she loved me better than she did him. She was popular with her schoolmates, although her father insisted that they cared less for her than for the good times she and I gave them. Before my marriage I had been fond of society, and now that my daughter was growing up I tried to let her have the gaieties which she loved as I did. My husband insisted that his income did not warrant our having much company in our home, so when Helen wished to entertain the young people's social club to which she belonged I would give Frank the impression that the expenses of the affair were met by the various members, and that each one was assessed a certain sum for social functions. Then I would save from my weekly housekeeping allowance enough money to pay for the festivities. If Frank and Helen had more stews and *réchauffés* than usual, and fewer roasts and desserts than they were accustomed to, I never let them suspect that there was any relation of cause and effect between the gay company of one week and the plain home fare of the next. I asked Frank not to mention in Helen's presence any extra trouble that entertaining her friends might involve. It would mar her pleasure in the little functions, I told him. And, as Frank acquiesced in my suggestion, the child did not suspect the subterfuge I had practised upon her father.

When our daughter was eighteen the blow fell. Frank decided suddenly that she should go away from home to college. He told me of his determination one evening as he and I sat in our little drawing-room, reading. It was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. My husband said he was glad to have a few minutes alone with me, and to this end he had asked Helen to go to her own room for a little while that he and I might have a private talk. Then he laid his plan before me. I listened in an agony of heart-sickness, my hands and feet getting cold, my head swimming with dread at the thought of

parting from the child from whom I had never been separated for twenty-four hours since her birth. I tried to plead, but the father was adamant. He said he had pondered the matter carefully and had come to a decision from which I could not shake him. Helen must settle down to serious work, as other girls did; she was not the daughter of a millionaire, and must have a thorough education, after which she must decide upon some profession. When all other arguments failed, I played my last card:

"But think of the child's homesickness, her unhappiness away from us! Only last week I was telling her that I did not like colleges for women, and she showed by her manner that she felt as I did. I promised her then that I would never send her to one. And now you make me break my promise to her!"

My husband looked at me in amazement. "Is it possible," he asked, "that you think Helen would not want to go?"

"I am sure she would not!" I exclaimed. "She knows how I feel about the matter, and she agrees with me."

"I am sorry," said my husband gently, "that your child has not been more frank with you. This is but another proof that she needs some other training than that which she gets at home. For she came to me a month ago and begged me to let her go to college."

"Oh," I gasped, "you must be mistaken!"

Without replying, he strode to the door and called our daughter. She came, carrying her head high, and with a defiant look in her eyes.

"Helen," said her father gravely, "I did not know you had told your mother that you did not want to go away to college. I feared that she was opposed to it, but not that you had let her believe that you were, too."

The child looked at me fearlessly. "I never told you that I did not want to go away to college, mother," she asserted. "When you said you hated the thought, I just let you think I agreed with you because I didn't want you to worry. It was the easiest way out of the thing, for I knew if you guessed what I wanted to do you would interfere with my doing it. Don't you see?"

"I see," I assented briefly.

"And," she continued, after a pause, "I just told father that you and I had had a

talk about the matter, and what I wanted, and he arranged it all easily. There was no need of telling him that you would be unhappy, for he felt, as I did, that the plan was a good one. So I just asked him not to say anything about it, even to you, until the matter was decided, as I wanted to have everything settled certainly before I talked any more about it."

I sat dumbly miserable, and she dropped a light kiss on my forehead.

"It is too bad you are disappointed, dear," she said. "But I want to go, and father thinks I ought to have more strict training than I have now. He says I am spoiled!" And she laughed merrily.

But her father did not smile. "You have not been fair and square with me, Helen," he declared. "I am sorry you were not more frank and open in this matter. You have gotten what you wanted, and I am more glad than I was before that you are going where subterfuges and diplomacy will not be encouraged. I hate them!" he exclaimed, with a flash in his eyes.

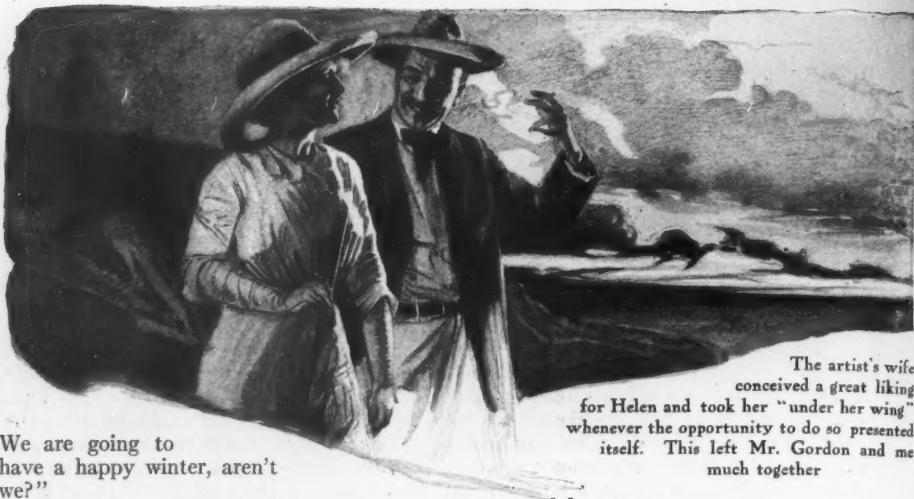
Without another word Helen left the room. In spite of my misery I was sorry for the child, even though she had carried her point. Had I known of the plan before it was definitely settled, I might have thought of some way out of it. But it was too late now. When I suggested timidly that a trip abroad would cost no more than college, and would be in itself a liberal education for Helen, and that I would go with her, my husband settled the matter emphatically:

"That would not give her the frank, open, every-man-for-himself intercourse and atmosphere I wish for her. I want her to be where she must be straightforward and strong, or be disgraced."

And I said no more.

When the autumn came she went, happy and hopeful. I felt that my house was left unto me desolate. Frank missed the child, but men are different from women, and I knew that he spoke from his heart when he said, as we sat down to dinner the night after her departure, that it was good to have me all to himself once more. I felt a sob rising in my throat, but I choked it back. He may have guessed that for the moment I could not speak, for he hurried on:

"Of course, we both miss the little girl dreadfully, but it seems to me almost as if we were young married people again. I can never be lonely when I have you, darling.



We are going to have a happy winter, aren't we?"

My answer was, as it had been so many years ago to his question to which I could only reply in the letter, not in the spirit, "Of course!"

But it was the truth, for I was determined that I would not be unhappy. I often wonder why people hug their misery and loneliness to their breasts. I push mine away with both hands, and as long as there is anything else on God's earth to look at I will not face it. It may overwhelm me when it first comes, but I soon gather myself together and pretend, even to myself, that it does not exist. So I had already planned that, since I could not have what made home most sweet to me, I would get some pleasure outside. I told my husband that I must have diversion if I would keep well, that my nerves were in a sad condition, and that I felt it my duty to conquer depression, and to this end I must go out more than I had for some years. He agreed that I should do this, took me to the theater often, and was willing to have me go to women's luncheons, teas, etc. But I saw that the jealousy of other men, which Frank had sometimes manifested during our courtship and engagement, was not dead after all these years, but still existed in the depths of his heart and made him disapprove decidedly of my receiving attentions of any kind from any man but himself.

I have not dwelt more at length upon this weakness of my husband's because it showed itself seldom as long as our daughter was at home, for she was with me so much of the time that any innocent admiration that any man might have had for me could not have

The artist's wife conceived a great liking for Helen and took her "under her wing" whenever the opportunity to do so presented itself. This left Mr. Gordon and me much together

been displayed to any extent while Helen and I were inseparable. Now, however, all was changed. As fate, or chance, would have it, the business house with which my husband was connected decreed that for the next few years he should travel a great deal and be away from home for several weeks at a time. During his periods of absence I accepted all invitations from my married friends, and tried to be in my own apartment as little as possible, for I was sadly lonely there. And as Frank had a jealous disposition, I did not tell him when the husband of any one of my friends chanced to bring me home from some dinner or theater-party. Why mention it to Frank when it would but make him uncomfortable? I always arranged to have my time entirely free for him when he was at home, and by my behavior I showed that I loved him, and only him.

So matters went on for two winters. During the summers Helen and I went to some resort not too far from home for Frank to run out to us occasionally for a week-end. No matter how much of a society woman I might seem in the winter when my daughter was away, I was always very careful to appear settled and sedate when she was with me. I was such a circumspect chaperone that I have often thought that if her father had not sent her away to college the trouble that came into my life might never have touched me.

And yet it was when Helen and I were spending a fortnight at Block Island during the third summer of her college course that I first saw my husband bitterly jealous.



There were at the hotel at which we were staying, a New York artist and his wife—charming people with whom we speedily became well acquainted. Paul Gordon was one of those naive, childlike men who are like overgrown boys; and he was, in spite of his profession, absolutely free from affectation. I liked him from the moment that I first saw his bright, cheery face. His wife was as delightful in her way as he in his. She conceived a great liking for Helen and took her “under her wing,” as she used to say, jokingly, whenever the opportunity to do so presented itself. This left Mr. Gordon and me much together, a condition of affairs over which the artist’s wife jested merrily. “You know,” she would say, “that Paul is the safest kind of a man—so safe that I do not hesitate to trust him with even as charming a woman as yourself.”

He justified her faith in him, for I have never met a cleaner, saner fellow, and I liked him immensely. As he thought no evil, it never occurred to him that even summer-hotel gossips could see anything out of the way in the fact that when our quartet went off for a walk or sail, he and I were together, while Helen tucked her hand into Mrs. Gordon’s arm and claimed her as her “very own chum.”

Block Island has a charm that is all its own, and the visitor who meets there such weather as we had will remember it long afterward as a breezy, rolling bit of land dropped into the middle of an ocean whose greenness beggars description. We four walked from end to end of the island. There were health and vigor in the bracing air. We sailed, we climbed the rocks, we visited the Great South Light, and, having exhausted all of these amusements, we did them all over again.

It was the last Friday of our visit. Frank was to come out on Saturday and spend Sunday with us, taking us back home on Monday. We four had gone for a long

tramp up the beach, and, as we climbed the slope to the hotel, Helen and

Mrs. Gordon, who were rapid walkers, were some distance ahead of Paul Gordon and myself. As we strolled along, the artist was begging me to allow him to paint me the next winter in a pale-green evening gown which I had worn the night before. My figure and complexion, and the color and texture of the drapery, he insisted, were just what he wished to use in a certain group upon which he had been working for months. Would I not allow him to do it?

I laughed and said that I had serious doubts about it. “I am too old to be flattered by the compliment implied in your request,” I said lightly.

But he was in earnest and would not be put aside. “Ah, Mrs. Darnell, please be my inspiration just this once!” he begged as we mounted the hotel veranda steps. And then I looked up and saw my husband, two steps above us, waiting for us unsmilingly.

Our greetings and a hasty introduction were soon over, and Frank and I were alone in my room. His face was grave and his voice hard, and he drew away when I laid my hand on his shoulder and raised my face to kiss him.

“Where have you been?” he asked.

“Out walking,” I replied surprisedly.

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“Alone with that man you just introduced to me?”

“Why, no!” I exclaimed with a laugh.

“His wife and Helen were with us, but they walked faster than we did and so reached the hotel before us.”

“Are you sure?” he demanded sternly.

I lifted my head angrily. “Frank,” I asked, “have you ever caught me lying to you? Your question is an insult.”

“I beg your pardon for doubting your word,” he said, “but I do doubt your discretion.”

“You have no right to do so,” I reminded him.

“Not when I hear a man begging you to be his inspiration? Not although, as you

came up the walk from the beach, I heard one woman say to another, 'There come the inseparables now?' What have you to say to that?"

"That I am surprised that you should pay any attention to what veranda gossips say. It is true that we four—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Helen, and I—have gone off together every day. Surely there can be no harm in my daughter and myself accompanying a husband and wife on their walks, drives, and sails."

"And Helen has been with you, and the other couple have been together always until just now?"

"Yes," I said calmly. To myself I remarked that, as Helen and Mrs. Gordon had been of the party, they were certainly with us. I was not saying that we always paired off in the fashion that my husband suggested.

He looked mollified for a moment, then remembered something else, and asked,

"What did he mean by speaking of you as his 'inspiration'?"

"He was telling me of a picture he was painting, and wanted a certain type of face and figure for it. And he was consulting me about it."

I felt that that was a rather clumsy explanation, and resolved to be more tactful in replying to my husband's next question. It was not long in coming, and his face flushed darkly as he asked,

"That cad didn't have the nerve to ask you to pose for him, did he?"

I spoke as I would to an angry child. "You are unjust, Frank, in your suspicions of that man and of me. He is not a cad, but a gentleman, and he is incapable of doing anything that would offend your taste or that of any other right-minded man."

"Then what was he begging of you if not to be allowed to use you

as his model?" he demanded.

"He wanted me to lend him that green chiffon gown that I got this summer. The drapery struck him as particularly beautiful, and he said that if he might use it for one of his figures I would be his 'inspiration.' Naturally, I laughed at the idea. But," I added, with a shrug, "I think myself that it was a rather pretty compliment to the frock."

My husband's face softened as he drew me to him, and kissed me gently. "Dear," he murmured, "I have been a fool, and I am

I had never seen that look in his eyes before. His voice was a hoarse whisper. "You liar!" he hissed



sorry. Please forget it. But I could not bear to think of my wife as posing for any man."

"Lots of nice women have done it," I maintained stoutly. "And, really, if a friend were to ask me to allow my innocent daughter, wearing a perfectly modest gown, to be his model for some one particular picture, I should think I was very foolish to refuse—always supposing that I knew the man and was sure that he was a decent chap."

"And I don't care how decent a sort he was," declared Frank hotly, "he should not paint my wife or daughter into any of his pictures to be put on exhibition and sold. To suggest such a thing would be, in my eyes, an insult. Let artists hire models for such purposes!"

I was silent. What was the use of arguing? When I had a chance for a word aside with Paul Gordon I asked him to say no more about the matter until I had had time to think it over. "If you do," I warned him, "I will declare, here and now, never to let you see me or my dress again!" He promised, smiling amusedly, and thus the episode closed—for the time.

He kept his word for some weeks, although, during the late fall and early winter of this, Helen's last year at college, he and his wife were often at our home, and I was often at their pretty little apartment. They lived in a kind of Bohemian way, and, when Frank was away, I spent many a Sunday evening with them, when we would make a frolic of getting supper while the maid was out, and would chat over the table until the striking of six bells on the marine clock, which was one of their prized possessions, would warn me that in another hour it would be midnight, and that in our frugal apartment-house the elevator stopped running at twelve o'clock on Sunday nights, and unless I said good night soon I would have the pleasure of climbing four flights of stairs to my home. Often husband and wife would accompany me up-town, for they lived in the thirties and I in the nineties. At other times, when Mary—as I had now learned to call Mrs. Gordon—was tired, her husband would take me home. He was always the genial, pleasant host, and he and his wife had been so good to me that I felt I owed them a debt I could not repay. So when, one evening, they both asked me, tentatively, if I still was determined not to

pose for the special figure for which I was wanted, and explained that the picture would be incomplete from the artist's standpoint unless I did so, I laughingly consented.

Thus it came about that I made frequent visits to the studio in the apartment of these friends while Frank was away on a prolonged Western trip, and I wrote nothing of the matter to him. I argued that he would oppose it, and I felt that it was unreasonable for him to do so. Surely there could be no harm in my granting a favor asked by those who had done so much to relieve the tedium of my lonely life.

The day before I expected Frank home from the West I received a hasty note from Paul Gordon. It ran thus:

Dear Inspiration: Can't you come to me this afternoon? I did not mean to bother you so soon again, but please forgive me. Much depends upon your coming at this juncture. Have your hair done as it was last time. The lights in it were wonderful then. I shall expect you at three. You know I may not ask this of you again. P. G.

The messenger-boy, after the manner of his kind, had taken a good hour and a half to bring the note up-town. Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was half after two, and, tossing the open letter on my bureau, I dressed as rapidly as possible. I had left my green gown down at the studio, and Mary would take me into her room and "help me into it," as usual. I wished that Paul had telephoned to me, instead of writing, for then I need not have hurried. But then I remembered with a throb of gratitude that I had charged him not to make any appointments with me by telephone, as it might be unsafe to do so, since I wanted nobody to suspect that I was his model; and, as usual, he had consulted my wishes, even at delay or inconvenience to himself. I had not told him that my husband objected to my posing for him, for I did not like to acknowledge how narrow and prejudiced Frank was. As the face on the canvas would not be much like mine in feature, but only in coloring, the hair, figure, and drapery were all that would suggest me, and, as my husband would probably never see the picture, I saw no reason for his knowing of the transaction.

This evening the Gordons insisted on my staying to dinner with them, although I protested that I really ought to go home. Mary was to spend the night with her mother, and must go away herself as soon as dinner was

over, and as Paul was going to escort her to her mother's house, and then return immediately and do some writing he had in mind, it would be all right for me to leave as early as I wished. So, when we had finished our coffee, I hurried my hosts off, donned my own wraps, and started to telephone for a cab, as it was now raining heavily. As I lifted the receiver I was arrested by the sound of the door-bell. I would wait before calling my number until the chance visitor had learned from the servant that my hosts were out and had taken his departure. As the door was opened by the maid I heard my husband's voice in a sharp query,

"Is Mrs. Gordon at home?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Is Mrs. Darnell here?" was the next question; more sharp and incisive.

"Yes, sir," began the maid, but I stopped her by running out into the hall.

"Why, Frank!" I exclaimed. "I was just starting for home. When did you return?"

Without a word he held the door open for me to pass, and as we went down the steep stairs I stole a look at his face. I saw no signs of tenderness in the gaze that met mine, and, as if I were guilty of some sin, my eyes fell, and I felt a blush of shame creep up to my temples. But by the time we had reached the street my common sense had returned. I had done nothing wrong—why should I act as if I had? My husband and I exchanged no speech until we stood face to face in the drawing-room of our home; then, as I laid aside my hat with as unconscious a mien as I could assume, he spoke,

"I see that you wore your hair as you were told to do." There was a contemptuous curl to his lips, and I started angrily.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"That when I reached home this evening, a day ahead of time, after telegraphing that I would do this—I found both you and the maid absent, and, looking for some token that would tell me where you were, I found on your bureau a slip of paper which I supposed contained some message for me. Therefore, I began to read it, and when I saw what it was I read it through to the end. As you bear my name, I had a right to do this."

"I can explain that note," I said weakly, looking at it.

"Oh, you can usually explain anything!" he exclaimed, but his voice quivered. He

was pale and looked thinner than when he had last been at home, and a rush of affection that was almost maternal moved me to lay my hand on his arm and ask,

"Frank, are you ill, dear?"

"I thought I was when I sent that wire—which, by the way, came ten minutes after I got here. That was the reason I started for home twenty-four hours earlier than I meant to. Oh!"—with a groan—"what a fool I've been all along!"

He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. I spoke to him gently:

"Frank, listen to what I say! You misunderstand the whole affair. Paul Gordon wanted to paint that green gown of mine, as I told you last summer, and I took it down there some time ago, and have taken it to him several times since then. This afternoon was the last time."

I paused, for I remembered the fatal sentence in Paul's note about the way I should wear my hair.

"And," I continued, "one day when I was there Mary dressed my hair low on my neck, and there was something in the way the light struck it that supplied just the color her husband wanted for a picture he was painting, and I told him I would let him see it like that again some time, for, you know, you were not here, so I could not ask you about it. But I was sure you wouldn't mind; for they have been very kind to me, and it seemed such a little thing for me to do."

He looked up at me as if he would read my soul. "Are you telling the truth?" he asked.

"Of course I am!" I protested.

"How does it happen that you were there at eight o'clock in the evening when you were due there at three? What were you doing all that time?"

"They insisted on my staying to dinner," I said.

Wearily he drew himself to his feet, and took up his hat. He had not yet removed his overcoat.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Going out—I'll be back before long," he replied briefly.

Left alone, I wondered where he was going. An hour ticked its slow length away while I pondered, half frightened, half angry. Every time I heard the elevator come up I would hold my breath to listen for Frank's latch-key, and as the car would pass our floor my heart would give a sickening jolt,



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

The child looked at me fearlessly. "I never told you that I did not want to go to college, mother," she asserted

then resume its regular beating. My conscience did not trouble me as to what I had told Frank. It was true, all of it, I said over and over. It was not necessary for me to tell him I had posed for the picture, since he was averse to it. At last, when I had stopped listening, and was trying to read, Frank returned. I went out to the hall to meet him, but he strode past me without a word. I noticed that he had taken no umbrella, and as I followed him into the drawing-room I saw that his clothing was drenched with rain, and that tiny rivulets of water dripped from the hat which he had pushed back from his forehead, and which he did not remove until I had closed the door behind us. Then, as I attempted to lift it from his head, he snatched it off angrily, threw it on the floor, and turned on me fiercely. I had never seen that look in his eyes before. His voice was a hoarse whisper.

"You liar!" he hissed.

I recoiled as if I had been struck, and uttered an exclamation of horror. "Frank! are you crazy?"

"No, only now beginning to be sane! Oh, you have thought me a blind fool all these years, haven't you? Well, I *have* been a fool ever to trust you, but I haven't been blind all the time! You stand there like an innocent woman and ask if I am crazy! If I am, you have made me so!"

I tried to take one of his trembling hands in mine, but he shook off my fingers with a shudder of repulsion.

"Don't touch me!" he burst out passionately. "I see through you now—you needn't put on that puzzled look, either, for you know how you have always played me for an easy thing, spending my money as you wished, and lying about it—using your daughter as a blind, and lying about that, too, until, to save the child, I sent her from home, and then you took advantage of her absence to disgrace her and me, and to drag my name in the dirt!"

He caught his breath with a hideous, choking gurgle, but quickly recovered himself, and his voice rose to a raucous pitch:

"I did not tell you where I was going to-night, did I? Well, I didn't because I knew you would find some way to circumvent me, for you'd get around hell if you had half a chance! I went down to Gordon's house. Do you hear? Yes, I did, and I asked if he was at home. The maid didn't know enough to lie, and said 'Yes.' Was Mrs. Gordon

in? No! Could I see Mr. Gordon? No, he had gone to bed, as he had a headache. Then came the time for *me* to lie. I told her you had forgotten something—a handkerchief—which you thought you had dropped on the studio floor. Might I go and get it? She led me into her master's studio. There, on an easel, the paint still wet, I saw the picture he had been painting to-day! Now I understand it all! His wife is away, visiting her mother, the servant said; he is at home; you have been there, staying with him for hours, urged to come, as he reminds you, because he 'may not ask this of you again'—may not, I suppose, because he knew that your dupe of a husband was coming back to-morrow, didn't he? And that was why he sent his wife away!"

"Frank," I begged, "let me tell you the truth!"

He sprang up with a gesture of abhorrence, then laughed bitterly. "Truth!" he exclaimed. "You have not a bowing acquaintance with it! Lies, nothing but lies!"

"I have never lied to you!" I burst forth.

Again that wild laugh. "And that is, perhaps, the biggest one you have ever told me yet—you little liar!"

I shrank from him, and he went out of the house. At daybreak I heard him come in and go to his room. When I knocked at his door at breakfast-time, he was muttering to himself, and he was hot with fever. I sent for the doctor, who said something about "walking typhoid," and, when I insisted on knowing how serious the illness was, acknowledged that there was little chance of recovery "when a case had gone as far as this before any care was taken of it." He sent at once for nurses, and called in other physicians in consultation, but at the end of a week my husband died. He never spoke to me coherently after that scene between us. Remembering now what he said, I am sure he was delirious even then.

When Helen, summoned by telegraph, stood looking at her dead father's face, she spoke softly, her arm about my waist, her cheek pressed to mine,

"Dear little mother, you loved him better than all else in the world, didn't you?"

My lips refused to form a word, but I bowed my head in assent.

"And he loved and trusted you perfectly," she mused. "Did he ever doubt you or your word in anything, mother dear?"

"Never!" I whispered softly.

Do You Believe in Ghosts?

THE STRANGE, PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF A
DISTINGUISHED SKEPTIC AND NON-BELIEVER

By Frederick Townsend Martin

Author of "The Passing of the Idle Rich," "My Personal Experiences of Meeting Snobs," etc.

Illustrated by Seymour Lucas, R.A.

NOT long since, I was stopping at an old castle in the northern part of Scotland—that land of mystic-minded people—where so many are black-haired and black-eyed, and of a strangely different temperament from the Lowland Scots, having intermarried with the Spaniards wrecked on these northern coasts in the sixteenth century after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. All about these coasts and among its ancient castles hang strange tales of dark deeds wrought within their walls long years ago.

A certain tower in this castle, somewhat older than the other portions of the building, had for centuries been known by both the inmates and the villagers round to be inhabited by ghosts—not one, but in numbers. There is an old tapestried room in this tower which had not been touched or slept in within the memory of the place. However, my love of and interest in the supernatural, the weird, and the uncanny was so strongly implanted in my nature that I implored my hostess, Lady Garvach, to allow me to sleep in this ancient tapestried room for one night at least. Accordingly the valet transferred my impedimenta, shortly after my arrival that afternoon, to the apartment in the tower. It was a typical Scottish winter's night, the rain coming in driven gusts against the panes, with a howling wind with a scream in it like the voice of some unhappy Banshee, and occasionally a storm of sleet driving against the windows like the rattle of artillery. Round the big fire of logs in the hall we gathered cosily, the more content to be ensconced warmly indoors for hearing the war of the elements without. My hostess expressed herself as only too pleased to be able to give me a night in the company of the family ghosts, who had, happily, always confined themselves and their doings

strictly to the room in the tower. The conversation turned on the weird and the supernatural, and we all fell to recounting ghost-stories that had come within our knowledge or that of our immediate friends. I candidly confess that in a short space of time the members of the house-party had got me into a thoroughly "jumpy" state of nerves, and I felt that really in such a house "anything might happen!" Then at last my hostess said, "I think it is time for us to put an end to this delightful conversation," and in saying "good night" she added: "I really do feel that I have, as it were, been communing to-night with spirits of another world than this. It is all most uncanny."

Everyone was a little inclined, I thought, to joke at my expense when they realized that I seriously meant to spend my night in the haunted room, and I was laughingly escorted by the entire house-party to the worn stone staircase leading to the tower in the northwest quarter of the castle. We said good night, and I mounted to my room.

It was furnished with the weirdest and most gruesome-looking black oak furniture it is possible to imagine, and a huge four-poster bed occupied the center of one wall and jutted well into the room. My own "home comforts" were there—supplied by the thoughtful care of my man-servant—but there also, on the walls above the mantelpiece and above my bed, were the uncanny weapons of a bygone generation of Scotsmen; pieces of armor of beautiful and intricate design—doubtless of Spanish workmanship—were propped against the walls; and in one corner, with most uncomfortable effect, stood an entire man in armor, complete from headpiece to mailed feet.

The room in this square tower was very large. Never had I seen anything like the

fireplace: so enormous was the chimney that one could almost stand upright within it, the hearth of bricks being on a level with the floor of the room. As my kind hostess had insisted on a large fire being lit on this wintry night, it was piled up with huge logs, and the room was lit up by the weird and flickering lights that come from burning wood. The only other illumination was from four large candles, two on the dressing-table and two on the high mantelpiece. The mullioned windows, sunk deeply into walls over six feet thick, were heavily curtained with dark red velvet.

Not until a door had slammed—shot to by a fiercer gust of wind than usual, which seemed to shake the very tower to its foundations—and the deeply glowing logs fell apart with terrible and startling suddenness at the same moment, did I realize that I was indeed shut out from all this ordinary, wholesome world. But intensely then did I realize that I was alone, and about to enter here into the life of the unreal, the occult, the *macabre*—which up till now had been so fascinating merely to hear about. What would the experience be like at first-hand?—always supposing that the spirits of the tower would reveal themselves!

The sides of this great room were hung with magnificent old tapestry, portraying scenes of the chase and the figures of huntsmen in their woodland costume, and hounds among the trees of a vast forest. It was a beautiful piece of needlework, and at another time it would have interested me greatly; but somehow on this particular night imagination had so played upon the chords of my mind that they jangled out of tune—so that to my fancy it seemed as though the eyes of the pictured horsemen really moved and followed my movements round the ancient room. On this wild night the draft behind the arras caused it to sway slightly in all its length from time to time, and then the beings embroidered upon it seemed to dance and sway with it.

To the accompaniment of the shrieking wind and cruel blast outside, and the loud rattling of the panes as furious gusts of rain and sleet were forced against them, I undressed quickly, as you may imagine, preparing for the night with a sort of quivering hurry to be done with it and into bed, very foreign to my nature. And after

I was between the sheets—I was actually coward enough not to wish to blow out my candle! In another moment, strange as it may seem, I swear that I heard a sigh of human breath close to my head—so strong that in a flash the candle on the small table by my bed's head was extinguished, and I was left holding my very breath in the semi-darkness, with only the flickering lights and shadows from the logs crackling and spitting in the vast old fireplace. There I lay, determined not to close my eyes for a moment—for I felt through all my being that events were near at hand. However, soon a sort of drowsiness, against which I was powerless to fight, overcame me, and I seemed, in a vision as it were, to see how from an alcove which I had not noticed before, at the extreme end of the room, the curtain was blown slightly but unmistakably on one side by some quite invisible means.

This drowsiness now overcame me more and more, in spite of the growing horror of the night, and I must have dropped off into unconsciousness. When I awoke it was with a sensation that I can never forget while life lasts, of creepy chills that passed from the back of my neck up and down my spine, producing the most horrible feeling of shivering chilliness throughout my entire body. It is beyond the power of pen to describe what I felt at that moment. In another moment—when I found myself fully awake again—to my amazement and horror I saw by the light of the still faintly glowing logs on the hearth, crouching down in an indescribable heap round that great fireplace, a large and shapeless mass, covered apparently by a dingy white sheet, the dinginess of muslin yellow with age. As I gazed—lying still and motionless upon my bed—I saw the thing move with an undulating motion, and I discovered that they were separate beings lying there, all enveloped in yellowish-white draperies of quaint and, to my eyes, unaccustomed material. Perhaps, centuries ago, when in real life it had been worn, it was white—though now musty and yellow with the passing of the years.

I gazed as it were in a trance—and yet I know that I was fully awake. While paralyzed with horror, I felt every nerve in my body was pitched to its highest point of tension—waiting and watching eagerly to see what these beings round the



DRAWN BY EDWIN LLOYD, N.Y.

I saw the figure gliding, creeping toward me, its death-mask grinning as if with pleasure to find at last the room inhabited by a human—I marked the eye-holes of doom, seeming to glow red in the fire-lit room, and the bony hand holding on high what I guessed, I knew, to be a cup of poison meant for me!

fire were about to do. One moment, and to my horror the central form began to move—slowly, slowly; with a strange “wavy” movement of arms and draperies quite impossible to describe, turning toward the bed on which I lay; and the first thing that caught my eye and held me transfixed was a long, grised lock of white hair that reached to the floor as the figure moved to its feet. And as it turned the face revealed to me—merciful heavens!—instead of a face a grinning skull! And on the other side of the skull, too, was a long stream of white hair which reached to the floor. And the great hollows of the eyes of the death’s-head seemed all at once to discover that a human being lay in the bed—and to smile repulsively. As I looked, all power to speak or cry for assistance, or move or turn, had gone from me. I lay there, frozen to the mattress by the sight. This awful figure raised one arm to push back its robe; I saw the hand extended—but the flesh of that hand had left those bones centuries before. In its skeleton fingers it held aloft to me a smoking goblet—gliding swiftly now toward the bed the while. Perhaps you can imagine my horror as I saw the figure gliding, creeping toward me, its death-mask grinning as if with pleasure to find at last the room inhabited by a human—as I marked the eyeholes of doom, seeming to glow red in the firelit room, and the bony hand holding on high what I guessed, I knew, to be a cup of poison meant for me! My eyes fell now on the other ghostly figures: they remained stationary, all turning toward the bed—and, as they raised their arms, I saw that every one held aloft a smoking goblet!

The sweat was now streaming from my every pore, and as the first ghastly figure came on with firm steps nearer to the bed on which I lay, I made absolutely sure that

my last hour had struck, even that death would be preferable to the madness, the frenzy, that I felt running through every vein, to the terror of knowing the unknown, of seeing those things usually unseen—oh, mercifully unseen! A cold breath emanated from the figure as it drew close to me, until I seemed to feel the very atmosphere of the tomb and the sepulcher—those bournes from whose dank climate these spirits of the other world had come. I even longed for death! Now the steam from the goblet wafted hot and heavy upon my face: I was going mad—mad!

At the other end of the room a deep-toned clock began sonorously to strike the hour of twelve. With a shriek of ungovernable fright—that sound of the striking of the hour breaking the spell that held me silent—I fell back unconscious upon the pillows, and knew nothing whatever until the dawn arrived. With the morning the storm had passed, and I was aroused from my lethargy by the bright, cold rays of the winter sun, to find, on drawing aside the curtains from the latticed windows, the white sparkle of frost on the lawns beneath, and all the pools of the night before lightly coated with glistening veils of ice.

And as I dressed and prepared once more to mingle with the people and the surroundings of bright reality, I took one vow—never again to try to penetrate into that other world, remote, mysterious, beyond the grave! Never again to show even curiosity about the life of those spirits which inhabit that world; but to leave them to the companionship of other ghosts. And for myself, to cling to this pleasant, ordinary, every-day existence, which is made beautiful for us by all that is joyous, engrossing, and healthy: in a word, to make myself happy in this attractive world in which we live.



The Green Curse

Here is good news—Craig Kennedy back again—wits sharpened and a brand-new bagful of tricks in his kit. He is the man, you remember, who had the “hunch”—an original idea, by the way, in detective fiction—that the latest invention of an Edison, a Tesla, or any one of the big scientific sharps is just as important in nabbing a clever criminal as it is in running a trolley-car or adding a speaking part to the “movies.” He is up-to-the-minute on every new invention—just a step beyond the smoothest crook in the business—and he knows the underworld and its ways like a book. We congratulate you and ourselves that we have persuaded Mr. Reeve to continue the series in *Cosmopolitan*. In the present story Kennedy discovers that a mummy-case is a very valuable relic—even in the den of a multimillionaire

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Silent Bullet," "The Poisoned Pen," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

IT was late one afternoon when I made up my mind to use force, if necessary, to separate Kennedy from a study he was making of the sensitiveness of selenium to light. My idea was that anything from the Metropolitan to the “movies” would do him good, and I had almost carried my point when a big, severely plain black foreign limousine pulled up with a rush at the laboratory door. A large man in a huge fur coat jumped out and the next moment strode into the room. He needed no introduction, for we recognized at once J. Perry Spencer, one of the foremost of American financiers and a trustee of the university.

With that characteristic directness which I have always thought accounted in large measure for his success, he wasted scarcely a word in coming straight to the object of his visit. “Professor Kennedy,” he began, chewing his cigar and gazing about with evident interest at the apparatus Craig had collected in his warfare of science with crime, “I have dropped in here as a matter of patriotism. I want you to preserve to America those masterpieces of art and literature which I have collected all over the world during many years. They are the objects of one of the most curious pieces of vandalism of which I have ever heard. Professor Kennedy,” he concluded earnestly, “could I ask you to call on Dr. Hugo Lith, the curator of my private museum, as soon as you can possibly find it convenient?”

“Most assuredly, Mr. Spencer,” replied Craig, with a whimsical side glance at me that told without words that this was better relaxation to him than either the Metro-

politan or the “movies.” “I shall be glad to see Dr. Lith at any time—right now, if it is convenient to him.”

The millionaire connoisseur consulted his watch. “Lith will be at the museum until six, at least. Yes, we can catch him there. I have a dinner engagement at seven myself. I can give you half an hour of the time before then. If you’re ready, just jump into the car, both of you.”

The museum to which he referred was a handsome white marble building, in Renaissance, fronting on a side street just off Fifth Avenue and in the rear of the famous Spencer house, itself one of the show places of that wonderful thoroughfare. Spencer had built the museum at great cost simply to house those treasures which were too dear to him to entrust to a public institution. It was in the shape of a rectangle and planned with special care as to the lighting.

Doctor Lith, a rather stout, mild-eyed German savant, plunged directly into the middle of things as soon as we had been introduced. “It is a most remarkable affair, gentlemen,” he began, placing for us chairs that must have been hundreds of years old. “At first it was only those objects in the museum that were green that were touched, like the collection of famous and historic French emeralds. But soon we found it was other things, too, that were missing—old Roman coins of gold, a collection of watches, and I know not what else until we have gone over the—”

“Where is Miss White?” interrupted Spencer, who had been listening somewhat impatiently.

"In the library, sir. Shall I call her?"

"No, I will go myself. I want her to tell her experience to Professor Kennedy exactly as she told it to me. Explain while I am gone how impossible it would be for a visitor to do one, to say nothing of all, of the acts of vandalism we have discovered."

The American Medici disappeared into his main library, where Miss White was making a minute examination to determine what damage had been done in the realm over which she presided.

"Apparently every book with a green binding has been mutilated in some way," resumed Dr. Lith, "but that was only the beginning. Others have suffered, too, and some are even gone. It is impossible that any visitor could have done it. Only a few personal friends of Mr. Spencer are ever admitted here, and they are never alone. No, it is weird, mysterious."

Just then Spencer returned with Miss White. She was an extremely attractive girl, slight of figure, but with an air about her that all the imported gowns in New York could not have conferred. They were engaged in animated conversation, so much in contrast with the bored air with which Spencer had listened to Dr. Lith that even I noticed that the connoisseur was completely obliterated in the man, whose love of beauty was by no means confined to the inanimate. I wondered if it was merely his interest in her story that impelled Spencer. The more I watched the girl the more I was convinced that she knew that she was interesting to the millionaire.

"For example," Dr. Lith was saying, "the famous collection of emeralds which has disappeared has always been what you Americans call 'hoodooed.' They have always brought ill luck, and, like many things of the sort to which superstition attaches, they have been 'banked,' so to speak, by their successive owners in museums."

"Are they salable; that is, could anyone dispose of the emeralds or the other curios with reasonable safety and at a good price?"

"Oh, yes, yes," hastened Dr. Lith, "not as collections, but separately. The emeralds alone cost fifty thousand dollars. I believe Mr. Spencer bought them for Mrs. Spencer some years before she died. She did not care to wear them, however, and had them placed here."

I thought I noticed a shade of annoyance cross the face of the magnate. "Never

mind that," he interrupted. "Let me introduce Miss White. I think you will find her story one of the most uncanny you have ever heard."

He had placed a chair for her and, still addressing us but looking at her, went on: "It seems that the morning the vandalism was first discovered she and Dr. Lith at once began a thorough search of the building to ascertain the extent of the depredations. The search lasted all day and well into the night. I believe it was midnight before you finished for the day?"

"It was almost twelve," began the girl, in a musical voice that was too Parisian to harmonize with her plain Anglo-Saxon name, "when Dr. Lith was down here in his office checking off the objects in the catalogue which were either injured or missing. I had been working in the library. The noise of something like a shade flapping in the wind attracted my attention. I listened. It seemed to come from the art-gallery, a large room up-stairs where some of the greatest masterpieces in this country are hung. I hurried up there.

"Just as I reached the door a strange feeling seemed to come over me that I was not alone in that room. I fumbled for the electric light switch, but in my nervousness could not find it. There was just enough light in the room to make out objects indistinctly. I thought I heard a low, moaning sound from an old Flemish copper ewer near me. I had heard that it was supposed to groan at night."

She paused and shuddered at her recollection, and looked about as if grateful for the flood of electric light that now illuminated everything. Spencer reached over and touched her arm to encourage her to go on. She did not seem to resent the touch.

"Opposite me, in the middle of the open floor," she resumed, her eyes dilated and her breath coming and going rapidly, "stood the mummy-case of Ka, an Egyptian priestess of Thebes, I think. The case was empty, but on the lid was painted a picture of the priestess. Such wonderful eyes! They seem to pierce right through your very soul. Often in the daytime I have stolen off to look at them. But at night—remember the hour of night, too—oh, it was awful, terrible. The lid of the mummy-case moved, yes, really moved, and seemed to float to one side. I could see it. And back of that carved and painted face with the

piercing eyes was another face, a real face, real eyes, and they looked out at me with such hatred from the place that I knew was empty—"

She had risen and was facing us with wild terror written on her face as if in appeal for protection against something she was powerless to name. Spencer, who had not taken his hand off her arm, gently pressed her back into the easy chair and finished the story.

"She screamed and fainted. Dr. Lith heard it and rushed up-stairs. There she lay on the

floor. The lid of the sarcophagus had really been moved. He saw it. Not a thing else had been disturbed. He carried her down here and revived her, told her to rest for a day or two, but—"

"I cannot, I cannot," she cried. "It is the fascination of the thing. It brings me back here. I dream of it. I thought I saw those eyes the other night. They haunt me.

I fear them, and yet I would not avoid them, if it killed me to look. I must meet and defy the power. What is it? Is it a curse four thousand years old that has fallen on me?"

I had heard stories of mummies that rose from their sleep of centuries to tell the fate of some one when it was hanging in the balance, of mummies that groaned and gurgled and fought for breath, frantically beating with their swathed hands in the witching hours of the night. And I knew that the lure of these mummies was so strong for some people that they were drawn irresistibly to look upon and confer with them. Was this a case for the oculists, the spiritualists, the Egyptologists, or for a detective?

"I should like to examine the art-gallery, in fact, go over the whole museum," put in Kennedy in his most matter-of-fact tone.

Spencer, with a glance at his watch, excused himself, nodding to Dr. Lith to show us about, and with a good night to Miss White which was noticeable for its sympathy with her fears, said, "I shall be at the house for another half-hour at least, in case anything really important develops."

"The fascination of the thing brings me back here," cried Miss White. "I dream of it. I thought I saw those eyes the other night. They haunt me"



A few minutes later Miss White left for the night, with apparent reluctance, and yet, I thought, with just a little shudder as she looked back up the staircase that led to the art-gallery.

Dr. Lith led us into a large vaulted marble hall and up a broad flight of steps, past beautiful carvings and frescoes that I should have liked to stop and admire.

The art-gallery was a long room in the interior and at the top of the building, windowless but lighted by a huge double skylight each half of which must have been some eight or ten feet across. The light falling through this skylight passed through plate glass of marvelous transparency. One looked up at the sky as if through the air itself.

Kennedy ignored the gallery's profusion of priceless art for the time and went directly to the mummy-case of the priestess Ka.

"It has a weird history," remarked Dr. Lith. "No less than seven deaths, as well as many accidents, have been attributed to the malign influence of that greenish yellow coffin. You know the ancient Egyptians used to chant as they buried their sacred dead: 'Woe to him who injures the tomb. The dead shall point out the evildoer to the Devourer of the Underworld. Soul and body shall be destroyed.'"

It was indeed an awesome thing. It represented a woman in the robes of an Egyptian priestess, a woman of medium height, with an inscrutable face. The slanting Egyptian eyes did, as Miss White had said, almost literally stare through you. I am sure that anyone possessing a nature at all affected by such things might after a few minutes gazing at them in self-hypnotism really convince himself that the eyes moved and were real. Even as I turned and looked the other way I felt that those penetrating eyes were still looking at me, never asleep, always keen and searching.

There was no awe about Kennedy. He carefully pushed aside the lid and peered inside. I almost expected to see some one in there. A moment later he pulled out his magnifying-glass and carefully examined the interior. At last he was apparently satisfied with his search. He had narrowed his attention down to a few marks on the stone, partly in the thin layer of dust that had collected on the bottom.

"This was a very modern and material reincarnation," he remarked, as he rose.

"If I am not mistaken, the apparition wore shoes, shoes with nails in the heels, and nails that are not like those in American shoes. I shall have to compare the marks I have found with marks I have copied from shoe-nails in the wonderful collection of M. Bertillon. Offhand, I should say that the shoes were of French make."

The library having been gone over next without anything attracting Kennedy's attention particularly, he asked about the basement or cellar. Dr. Lith lighted the way, and we descended.

Down there were innumerable huge packing-cases which had just arrived from abroad, full of the latest consignment of art treasures which Spencer had purchased. Apparently Dr. Lith and Miss White had been so engrossed in discovering what damage had been done to the art treasures above that they had not had time to examine the new ones in the basement.

Kennedy's first move was to make a thorough search of all the little grated windows and a door which led out into a sort of little areaway for the removal of ashes and refuse. The door showed no evidence of having been tampered with, nor did any of the windows at first sight. A low exclamation from Kennedy brought us to his side. He had opened one of the windows and thrust his hand out against the grating, which had fallen on the outside pavement with a clang. The bars had been completely and laboriously sawed through, and the whole thing had been wedged back into place so that nothing would be detected at a cursory glance. He was regarding the lock on the window. Apparently it was all right; actually it had been sprung so that it was useless.

"Most persons," he remarked, "don't know enough about jimmies. Against them an ordinary door-lock or window-catch is no protection. With a jimmy eighteen inches long even an anemic burglar can exert a pressure sufficient to lift two tons. Not one window in a thousand can stand that strain. The only use of locks is to keep out sneak-thieves and compel the modern scientific educated burglar to make a noise. But making a noise isn't enough here, at night. This place with all its fabulous treasures must be guarded constantly, now, every hour, as if the front door were wide open."

The bars replaced and the window apparently locked as before, Craig devoted his

efforts to examining the packing-cases in the basement. As yet apparently nothing down there had been disturbed. But while rummaging about, from an angle formed behind one of the cases he drew forth a cane, to all appearances an ordinary Malacca walking-stick. He balanced it in his hand a moment, then shook his head.

"Too heavy for a Malacca," he ruminated. Then an idea seemed to occur to him. He gave the handle a twist. Sure enough, it came off, and as it did so a bright little light flashed up.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he exclaimed. "For a scientific dark-lantern that is the neatest thing I have ever seen. An electric light cane, with a little incandescent lamp and a battery hidden in it. This grows interesting. We must at last have found the cache of a real gentleman burglar such as Bertillon says exists only in books. I wonder if he has anything else hidden back here."

He reached down and pulled out a peculiar little instrument—a single blue steel cylinder. He fitted a hard rubber caps snugly into the palm of his hand, and with the first and middle fingers encircled the cylinder over a steel ring near the other end.

A loud report followed, and a vase, just unpacked, at the opposite end of the basement was shattered as if by an explosion.

"Phew!" exclaimed Kennedy. "I didn't mean to do that. I knew the thing was loaded, but I had no idea the hair-spring ring at the end was so delicate as to shoot it off at a touch. It's one of those aristocratic little Apache pistols that one can carry in his vest pocket and hide in his hand. Say, but that stung! And back here is a little box of cartridges, too."

We looked at each other in amazement at the chance find. Apparently the vandal had planned a series of visits.

"Now, let me see," resumed Kennedy. "I suppose our very human but none the less mysterious intruder expected to use these again. Well, let him try. I'll put them back here for the present. I want to watch in the art-gallery to-night."

I could not help wondering whether, after all, it might not be an inside job and the fixing of the window merely a blind. Or was the vandal fascinated by the subtle influence of mysticism that so often seems to emanate from objects that have come down from the remote ages of the world?

I could not help asking myself whether the story that Miss White had told was absolutely true. Had there been anything more than superstition in the girl's evident fright? She had seen something, I felt sure, for it was certain she was very much disturbed. But what was it she had really seen? So far all that Kennedy had found had proved that the reincarnation of the priestess Ka had been very material. Perhaps the "reincarnation" had got in in the daytime and had spent the hours until night in the mummy-case. It might well have been chosen as the safest and least suspicious hiding-place.

Kennedy evidently had some ideas and plans, for no sooner had he completed arrangements with Dr. Lith so that we could get into the museum that night to watch, than he excused himself. Scarcely around the corner on the next business street he hurried into a telephone booth.

"I called up First Deputy O'Connor," he explained as he left the booth a quarter of an hour later. "You know it is the duty of two of O'Connor's men to visit all the pawn-shops of the city at least once a week, looking over recent pledges and comparing them with descriptions of stolen articles. I gave him a list from that catalogue of Dr. Lith's and I think that if any of the emeralds, for instance, have been pawned his men will be on the alert and will find it out."

We had a leisurely dinner at a near-by hotel, during most of which time Kennedy gazed vacantly at his food. Only once did he mention the case, and that was almost as if he were thinking aloud.

"Nowadays," he remarked, "criminals are exceptionally well informed. They used to steal only money and jewels; to-day it is famous pictures and antiques also. They know something about the value of antique bronze and marble. In fact, the spread of a taste for art has taught the enterprising burglar that such things are worth money, and he, in turn, has educated up the receivers of stolen goods to pay a reasonable percentage of the value of his artistic plunder. The success of the European art thief is enlightening the American thief. That's why I think we'll find some of this stuff in the hands of the professional fences."

It was still early in the evening when we returned to the museum and let ourselves in with the key that Dr. Lith had loaned Kennedy. He had been anxious to join us

in the watch, but Craig had diplomatically declined, a circumstance that puzzled me and set me thinking that perhaps he suspected the curator himself.

We posted ourselves in an angle where we could not possibly be seen even if the full force of the electrolier were switched on. Hour after hour we waited. But nothing happened. There were strange and weird noises in plenty, not calculated to reassure one, but Craig was always ready with an explanation.

It was in the forenoon of the day after our long and unfruitful vigil in the art-gallery that Dr. Lith himself appeared at our apartment in a great state of perturbation.

"Miss White has disappeared," he gasped, in answer to Craig's hurried question. "When I opened the museum, she was not there as she is usually. Instead, I found this note."

He laid the following hastily written message on the table:

Do not try to follow me. It is the green curse that has pursued me from Paris. I cannot escape it, but I may prevent it from affecting others.

LUCILLE WHITE.

That was all. We looked at each other at a loss to understand the enigmatic wording—"the green curse."

"I rather expected something of the sort," observed Kennedy. "By the way, the shoe-nails were French, as I surmised. They show the marks of French heels. It was Miss White herself who hid in the mummy-case."

"Impossible," exclaimed Dr. Lith incredulously. As for myself I had learned that it was of no use being incredulous with Kennedy.

A moment later the door opened, and one of O'Connor's men came in bursting with news. Some of the emeralds had been discovered in a Third Avenue pawn-shop. O'Connor, mindful of the historic fate of the Mexican Madonna and the stolen statue of the Egyptian goddess Neith, had instituted a thorough search with the result that at least part of the pilfered jewels had been located. There was only one clue to the thief, but it looked promising. The pawnbroker described him as "a crazy Frenchman of an artist," tall, with a pointed black beard. In pawning the jewels he had given the name Edouard Delaverde, and the city detectives were making a canvass of the better known studios in hope of tracing him.

Kennedy, Dr. Lith, and myself walked around to the boarding-house where Miss White lived. There was nothing about it, from the landlady to the gossip, to distinguish it from scores of other places of the better sort. We had no trouble in finding out that Miss White had not returned home at all the night before. The landlady seemed to look on her as a woman of mystery, and confided to us that it was an open secret that she was not an American at all, but a French girl whose name, she believed, was really Lucile Leblanc—which, after all, was White. Kennedy made no comment, but I wavered between the conclusions that she had been the victim of foul play and that she might be the criminal herself, or at least a member of a band of criminals.

No trace of her could be found through the usual agencies for locating missing persons. It was the middle of the afternoon, however, when word came to us that one of the city detectives had apparently located the studio of Delaverde. It was coupled with the interesting information that the day before a woman roughly answering the description of Miss White had been seen there. Delaverde himself was gone.

The building to which the detective took us was down-town in a residence section which had remained as a sort of little eddy to one side of the current of business that had swept everything before it up-town. It was an old building and large, and was entirely given over to studios of artists.

Into one of the cheapest of the suites we were directed. It was almost bare of furniture and in a peculiarly shiftless state of disorder. A half-finished picture stood in the center of the room, and several completed ones were leaning against the wall. They were of the wildest character imaginable. Even the conceptions of the futurists looked tame in comparison.

Kennedy at once began rummaging and exploring. In a corner of a cupboard near the door he disclosed a row of dark-colored bottles. One was filled half-way with an emerald-green liquid.

He held it up to the light and read the label, "Absinthe."

"Ah," he exclaimed with evident interest, looking first at the bottle and then at the wild, formless pictures. "Our crazy Frenchman was an absintheur. I thought the pictures were rather the product of a disordered mind than of genius."



DRAWN BY WILL FOOTNER

There was no awe about Kennedy. He carefully pushed aside the lid of the mummy-case and examined the interior with his magnifying-glass. "This was a very modern and material reincarnation," he finally remarked. "If I am not mistaken, the apparition wore shoes, shoes with nails in the heels, and nails that are not like those in American shoes"

He replaced the bottle, adding: "It is only recently that our own government placed a ban on the importation of that stuff as a result of the decision of the Department of Agriculture that it was dangerous to health and conflicted with the pure food law. In France they call it the 'scourge,' the 'plague,' the 'enemy,' the 'queen of poisons.' Compared with other alcoholic beverages it has the greatest toxicity of all. There are laws against the stuff in France, Switzerland, and Belgium. It isn't the alcohol alone, although there is from fifty to eighty per cent. in it, that makes it so deadly. It is the absinthe, the oil of wormwood, whose bitterness has passed into a proverb. The active principle absinthin is a narcotic poison. The stuff creates a habit most insidious and difficult to break, a longing more exacting than hunger. It is almost as fatal as cocaine in its blasting effects on mind and body.

"Wormwood," he pursued, still rummaging about, "has a special affinity for the brain-cells and the nervous system in general. It produces a special affliction of the mind, which might be called absinthism. Loss of will follows its use, brutishness, softening of the brain. It gives rise to the wildest hallucinations. Perhaps that was why our absintheur chose first to destroy or steal all things green, as if there were some merit in the color, when he might have made away with so many more valuable things. Absintheurs have been known to perform some of the most intricate maneuvers, requiring great skill and the use of delicate tools. They are given to disappearing, and have no memory of their actions afterward."

On an ink-spattered desk lay some books, including Lombroso's "Degenerate Man" and "Criminal Woman." Kennedy glanced at them, then at a crumpled manuscript that was stuck into a pigeonhole. It was written in a trembling, cramped, foreign hand, evidently part of a book, or an article.

"Oh, the wickedness of wealth!" it began. "While millions of the poor toilers slave and starve and shiver, the slave-drivers of to-day, like the slave-drivers of ancient Egypt, spend the money wrung from the blood of the people in useless and worthless toys of art while the people have no bread, in old books while the people have no homes, in jewels while the people have no clothes. Thousands are spent on dead artists, but a dollar is grudging to a living genius. Down

with such art! I dedicate my life to righting the wrongs of the proletariat. *Vive Panarchism!*"

The thing was becoming more serious. But by far the most serious discovery in the now deserted studio was a number of large glass tubes in a corner, some broken, others not yet used and standing in rows as if waiting to be filled. A bottle labeled "Sulphuric Acid" stood at one end of a shelf, while at the other was a huge jar full of black grains, next a bottle of chlorate of potash. Kennedy took a few of the black grains and placed them on a metal ash-tray. He lighted a match. There was a puff and a little cloud of smoke.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "black gunpowder. Our absintheur was a bomb-maker, an expert perhaps. Let me see. I imagine he was making an explosive bomb, ingeniously contrived of five glass tubes. The center one, I venture, contained sulphuric acid and chlorate of potash separated by a close-packed wad of cotton wool. Then the two tubes on each side probably contained the powder, and perhaps the outside tubes were filled with spirits of turpentine. When it is placed in position, it is so arranged that the acid in the center tube is uppermost and will thus gradually soak through the cotton wool and cause great heat and an explosion by contact with the potash. That would ignite the powder in the next tubes, and that would scatter the blazing turpentine, causing a terrific explosion and a widespread fire. With an imperative idea of vengeance, such as that manuscript discloses, either for his own wrongs as an artist or for the fancied wrongs of the people, what may this absintheur not be planning now? He has disappeared, but perhaps he may be more dangerous if found than if lost."

The horrible thought occurred to me that perhaps he was not alone. I had seen Spencer's infatuation with his attractive librarian. The janitor of the studio-building was positive that a woman answering her description had been a visitor at the studio. Would she be used to get at the millionaire and his treasures? Was she herself part of the plot to victimize, perhaps kill, him? The woman had been much of an enigma to me at first. She was more so now. It was barely possible that she, too, was an absintheur, who had shaken off the curse for a time only to relapse into it again.

If there were any thoughts like these

passing through Kennedy's mind he did not show it, at least not in the shape of hesitating in the course he had evidently mapped out to follow. He said little, but hurried off from the studio in a cab up-town again to the laboratory. A few minutes later we were speeding down to the museum.

There was not much time for Craig to work if he hoped to be ready for anything that might happen that night. He began by winding coil after coil of copper wire about the storeroom in the basement of the museum. It was not a very difficult matter to conceal it, so crowded was the room, or to lead the ends out through a window at the opposite side from that where the window had been broken open.

Up-stairs in the art-gallery he next installed several boxes such as those which I had seen him experimenting with during his tests of selenium on the afternoon when Mr. Spencer had first called on us. They were camera-like boxes, about ten inches long, three inches or so wide, and four inches deep.

One end was open, or at least looked as though the end had been shoved several inches into the interior of the box. I looked into one of the boxes and saw a slit in the wall that had been shoved in. Kennedy was busy adjusting the apparatus, and paused only to remark that the boxes contained two sensitive selenium surfaces balanced against two carbon resistances. There was also in the box a clockwork mechanism which Craig wound up and set ticking ever so softly. Then he moved a rod that seemed to cover the slit, until the apparatus was adjusted to his satisfaction, a delicate operation, judging by the care he took. Several of these boxes were installed, and by that time it was quite late.

Wires from the apparatus in the art-gallery also led outside, and these as well as the wires from the coils down in the basement he led across the bit of garden back of the Spencer house and up to a room on the top floor. In the upper room he attached the wires from the storeroom to what looked like a piece of crystal and a telephone receiver. Those from the art-gallery terminated in something very much like the apparatus which a wireless operator wears over his head.

Among other things which Craig had brought down from the laboratory was a package which he had not yet unwrapped.

He placed it near the window, still wrapped. It was quite large, and must have weighed fifteen or twenty pounds. That done, he produced a tape-measure and began, as if he were a surveyor, to measure various distances and apparently to calculate the angles and distances from the window-sill of the Spencer house to the skylight, which was the exact center of the museum. The straight distance, if I recall correctly, was in the neighborhood of four hundred feet.

These preparations completed, there was nothing left to do but to wait for something to happen. Spencer had declined to get alarmed about our fears for his own safety, and only with difficulty had we been able to dissuade him from moving heaven and earth to find Miss White, a proceeding which must certainly have disarranged Kennedy's carefully laid plans. So interested was he that he postponed one of the most important business conferences of the year, growing out of the anti-trust suits, in order to be present with Dr. Lith and ourselves in the little upper back room.

It was quite late when Kennedy completed his hasty arrangements, yet as the night advanced we grew more and more impatient for something to happen. Craig was apparently even more anxious than he had been the night before, when we watched in the art-gallery itself. Spencer was nervously smoking, lighting one cigar furiously from another until the air was almost blue.

Scarcely a word was spoken as hour after hour Craig sat with the receiver to his ear, connected with the coils down in the storeroom. "You might call this an electric detective," he had explained to Spencer. "For example, if you suspected that anything out of the way was going on in a room anywhere this would report much to you even if you were miles away. It is the discovery of a student of Thorne Baker, the English electrical expert. He was experimenting with high-frequency electric currents, investigating the nature of the discharges used for electrifying certain things. Quite by accident he found that when the room on which he was experimenting was occupied by some person his measuring-instruments indicated that fact. He tested the degree of variation by passing the current first through the room and then through a sensitive crystal to a delicate telephone receiver. There was a distinct change in the buzzing sound heard through the telephone

The Green Curse

when the room was occupied or unoccupied. What I have done is to wind single loops of plain wire on each side of that room down there, as well as to wind around the room a few turns of concealed copper wire. These collectors are fitted to a crystal of carborundum and a telephone receiver."

We had each tried the thing and could hear a distinct buzzing in the receiver.

"The presence of a man or woman in that room would be evident to a person listening miles away," he went on. "A high-frequency current is constantly passing through that storeroom. That is what causes that normal buzzing."

It was verging on midnight when Kennedy suddenly cried: "Here, Walter, take this receiver. You remember how the buzzing sounded. Listen. Tell me if you, too, can detect the change."

I clapped the receiver quickly to my ear. Indeed I could tell the difference. In place of the loud buzzing there was only a mild sound. It was slower and lower.

"That means," he said excitedly, "that some one has entered that pitch-dark storeroom by the broken window. Let me take the receiver back again. Ah, the buzzing is coming back. He is leaving the room. I suppose he has found the electric light cane and the pistol where he left them. Now, Walter, since you have become accustomed to this thing take it and tell me what you hear."

Craig had already seized the other apparatus connected with the art-gallery and had the wireless receiver over his head. He was listening with rapt attention, talking while he waited.

"This is an apparatus," he was saying, "that was devised by Dr. Fournier d'Albe, lecturer on physics at Birmingham Univer-

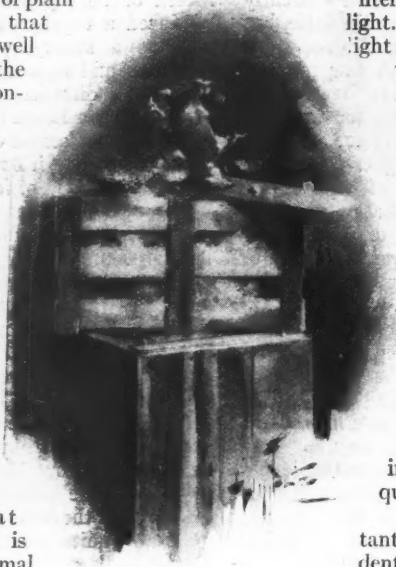
sity, to aid the blind. It is known as the optophone. What I am literally doing now is to *hear* light. The optophone translates light into sound by means of that wonderful little element, selenium, which in darkness is a poor conductor of electricity, but in light is a good conductor. This property is used in the optophone in transmitting an electric current which is interrupted by a special clockwork interrupter. It makes light and darkness audible in the telephone. This thing over my head is like a wireless telephone receiver, capable of detecting a current of even a quarter of a microampere."

We were all waiting expectantly for Craig to speak. Evidently the intruder was now mounting the stairs to the art-gallery.

"Actually I can hear the light of the stars shining in through that wonderful plate glass skylight of yours, Mr. Spencer," he went on. "A few moments ago when the moon shone through I could hear it, like the rumble of a passing cart. I knew it was the moon both because I could see that it must be shining in and because I recognized the sound. The sun would thunder like a passing express-train if it were daytime now. I can distinguish a shadow passing between the optophone and the light. A hand moved across in front of it would give a purring sound, and a glimpse out of a window in daylight would sound like a cinematograph reeling off a film.

"Ah, there he is." Craig was listening with intense excitement now. "Our intruder has entered the art-gallery. He is flashing his electric light cane about at various objects, reconnoitering. No doubt if I were expert enough and had had time to study it, I could tell you by the sound just what he is looking at."

"Craig," I interrupted, this time very excited myself, "the buzzing from the high-frequency current is getting lower and lower."



A vase, just unpacked, at the opposite end of the basement was shattered as if by an explosion

"By George, then, there is another of them," he replied. "I'm not surprised. Keep a sharp watch. Tell me the moment the buzzing increases again."

Spencer could scarcely control his impatience. It had been a long time since he had been a mere spectator, and he did not seem to relish being held in check by anybody.

"Now that you are sure the vandal is there," he cut in, his cigar out in his excitement, "can't we make a dash over there and get him before he has a chance to do any more damage? He might be destroying thousands of dollars' worth of stuff while we are waiting here."

"And he could destroy the whole collection, building and all, including ourselves into the bargain, if he heard so much as a whisper from us," added Kennedy firmly.

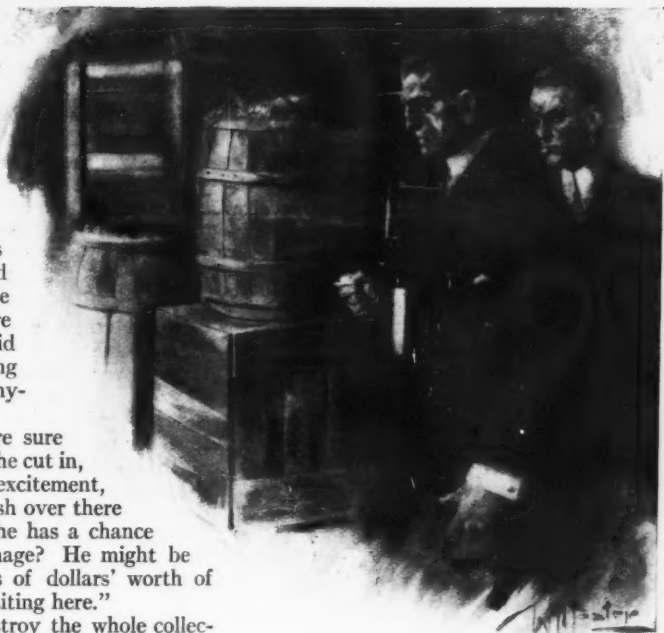
"That second person has left the store-room, Craig," I put in. "The buzzing has returned again full force."

Kennedy tore the wireless receiver from his ear. "Here, Walter, never mind about that electric detective any more, then. Take the optophone. Describe minutely to me just exactly what you hear."

He had taken from his pocket a small metal ball. I seized the receiver from him and fitted it to my ear. It took me several instants to accustom my ears to the new sounds, but they were plain enough, and I shouted my impressions of their variations. Kennedy was busy at the window over the heavy package, from which he had torn the wrapping. His back was toward us, and we could not see what he was doing.

A terrific din sounded in my ears, almost splitting my ear-drums. It was as though I had been suddenly hurled into a magnified cave of the winds and a cataract mightier than Niagara was thundering at me. It was so painful that I cried out in surprise and involuntarily dropped the receiver to the floor.

"It was the switching on of the full glare of the electric lights in the art-



"Phew!" exclaimed Kennedy. "I didn't mean to do that. I knew the thing was loaded, but I had no idea the hair-spring ring at the end was so delicate as to shoot it off at a touch"

gal'ery," Craig shouted. "The other person must have got up to the room quicker than I expected. Here goes."

A loud explosion took place, apparently on the very window-sill of our room. Almost at the same instant there was a crash of glass from the museum.

We sprang to the window, I expecting to see Kennedy injured, Spencer expecting to see his costly museum a mass of smoking ruins. Instead we saw nothing of the sort. On the window-ledge was a peculiar little instrument that looked like a miniature field-gun with an elaborate system of springs and levers to break the recoil.

Craig had turned from it so suddenly that he actually ran full tilt into us. "Come on," he cried breathlessly, bolting from the room, and seizing Dr. Lith by the arm as he did so. "Dr. Lith, the keys to the museum, quick! We must get there before the fumes clear away."

He was taking the stairs two at a time, dragging the dignified curator with him.

In fewer seconds than I can tell it we were in the museum and mounting the broad staircase to the art-gallery. An overpowering gas seemed to permeate everything.

"Stand back a moment," cautioned Kennedy as we neared the door. "I have just shot in here one of those asphyxiating bombs which the Paris police invented to war against the Apaches and the motor-car bandits. Open all the windows back here and let the air clear. Walter, breathe as little of it as you can—but—come here—do you see?—over there, near the other door—a figure lying on the floor? Make a dash in after me and carry it out. There is just one thing more. If I am not back in a minute come in and try to get me."

He had already preceded me into the stifling fumes. With a last long breath of fresh air I plunged in after him, scarcely knowing what would happen to me. I saw the figure on the floor, seized it, and backed out of the room as fast as I could.

Dizzy and giddy from the fumes I had been forced to inhale, I managed to drag the form to the nearest window. It was Lucille White.

An instant later I felt myself unceremoniously pushed aside. Spencer had forgotten all about the millions of dollars' worth of curios, all about the suspicions that had been entertained against her, and had taken the half-conscious burden from me.

"This is the second time I have found you here, Edouard," she was muttering in her half-delirium, still struggling. "The first time—that night I hid in the mummy-case, you fled when I called for help. I have followed you every moment since last night to prevent this. Edouard, don't, *don't!* Remember I was—I am your wife. Listen to me. Oh, it is the absinthe that has spoiled your art and made it worthless, not the critics. It is not Mr. Spencer who has enticed me away, but you who drove me away, first from Paris, and now from New York. He has been only—No! No!" she was shrieking now, her eyes wide open as she realized it was Spencer himself she saw leaning over her. With a great effort she seemed to rouse herself. "Don't stay. Run—run. Leave me. He has a bomb that may go off at any moment. Oh—oh—it is the curse of absinthe that pursues me. Will you not go? *Vite! Vite!*"

She had almost fainted and was lapsing into French, laughing and crying alternately, telling him to go, yet clinging to him.

Spencer paid no attention to what she had said of the bomb. But I did. The minute was up, and Kennedy was in there yet. I turned to rush in again to warn him at any peril.

Just then a half-conscious form staggered against me. It was Craig himself. He was holding the infernal machine of the five glass tubes that might at any instant blow us into eternity.

Overcome himself, he stumbled. The sinking sensation in my heart I can never describe. It was just a second that I waited for the terrific explosion that was to end it all for us, one long interminable second.

But it did not come.

Limp as I was with the shock, I dropped down beside him and bent over.

"A glass of water, Walter," he murmured, "and fan me a bit. I didn't dare trust myself to carry the thing complete, so I emptied the acid into the sarcophagus. I guess I must have stayed in there too long. But we are safe. See if you can drag out Delaverde. He is in there by the mummy-case."

Spencer was still holding Lucille, although she was much better in the fresh air of the hall. "I understand," he was muttering. "You have been following this fiend of a husband of yours to protect the museum and myself from him. Lucille, Lucille—look at me. You are mine, not his, whether he is dead or alive. I will free you from him, from the curse of the absinthe that has pursued you."

The fumes had cleared a great deal by this time. In the center of the art-gallery we found a man, a tall, black-bearded Frenchman, crazy indeed from the curse of the green absinthe that had ruined him. He was scarcely breathing from a deadly wound in his chest. The hair-spring ring of the Apache pistol had exploded the cartridge as he fell.

Spencer did not even look at him, as he carried his own burden down to the little office of Dr. Lith.

"When a rich man marries a girl who has been earning her own living, the newspapers always distort it," he whispered aside to me a few minutes later. "Jameson, you're a newspaperman—I depend on you to get the facts straight this time."

Another *Craig Kennedy* story, "*The Sybarite*," will appear in the May issue.

The Business of Life

A MODERN-DAY STORY OF LOVE, LIFE, AND PASSION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," "The Streets of Ascalon," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Midnight. A man reading in the library of his country mansion. Enters a former sweetheart of the man who has married a rival. She announces that she has left her husband and offers herself to Desboro, who, she thinks, must now take her. He refuses to see the logic of the situation, and declares that when her husband presently comes for her, as he believes he will, she must return home with him. However, if the husband believes himself irretrievably injured, he, Desboro, will weather the resulting storm of scandal with her. But Clydesdale takes the woman back without question. So passes an incident that later returns to vex.

Desboro's finances being at low ebb, he plans to sell a collection of inherited armor. Cataloguing is necessary, and he journeys to town to consult an eminent specialist in antiques. He finds that the old man is dead and his daughter, Jacqueline Neviers, a beautiful girl who looks hardly out of her teens, is in charge. Finding that she is in every respect competent, Desboro gives her the commission. Leaving, he leaves in the antique-shop a young woman thinking things of men that she has never thought before—strange, new day-dreams. For himself, he conceives a distaste for a hunting trip which he has planned, and arranges to meet Jacqueline when she comes to Silverwood on the morrow.

Jacqueline arrives late for her first day in the armory, and her few hours there are spent in getting acquainted with her task. Desboro lends assistance, and the work advances, what time Desboro is not skirmishing for an opening to put their relations above the purely business plane. She skilfully outmaneuvers him, until, feeling that his attitude toward her depends upon herself, she opens the door to friendship. Some days later Cynthia Lessler calls upon her in her rooms—Cynthia, who has had experience of men of Desboro's type. "Don't become sentimental over that young man," she warns, "because I don't think he's very much good." "He is, but I won't," declares Jacqueline. But Cynthia leaves feeling that the fires of disaster—or great happiness—have been kindled.

On Monday Jacqueline does not appear at Silverwood, nor on Tuesday, when she sends word that she may have a substitute finish the cataloguing. By 'phone Desboro pleads with her to come back. Her consent obtained, Desboro, moved by some strange impulse, begins to take stock of himself, finds the account not to his liking, and tries to clear it by burning all his mementoes of past entanglements. Jacqueline is possessed by doubts and fears: why did he summon her? why is she going back? why does she pleasure in it? The next day in the armory is a skirmish, with varying fortunes, Jacqueline, remembering Cynthia's warning, taking refuge in the fiction that she is there purely on business, Desboro asking her to meet him on a much higher plane. He takes her home that night, so far the victor as to win an unresisted, unresponsive kiss. Then he goes to his rooms, and, fearful for what he has done, writes her that he will not see her again.

A few days later Mrs. Clydesdale, who has heard rumors of a pretty girl at Silverwood, takes Desboro to task for deserting her, and makes him promise to marry no one else. Soon after he goes back home and resumes, with interest, the interrupted friendship with Jacqueline. At the home of a neighbor he encounters Aunt Hannah, society hanger-on and gossip, who scornfully accuses him of intending to marry Jacqueline. He denies this, but takes the old lady to see the girl, who speedily wins her friendly regard.

THE following morning, Aunt Hannah returned to her tiny apartment on Park Avenue, financially benefited by her Westchester sojourn, having extracted a bolt of Chinese loot-silk for a gown from her nephew's dismayed wife, and the usual check from her nephew.

Once or twice during the following fortnight she remembered Jacqueline, and mentally tabulated her case as a possible source of future income; but social duties were many and acridly agreeable, and pecuniary pickings plenty. Up to her small, thin ears in intrigue, harmless and not quite so harmless, she made hay busily while the social sun shone; and it was near the end of February before a stagnation in pleasure and business brought Jacqueline's existence into her mind again.

She called up Silverwood, and eventually got Desboro on the wire. "Do you know," she said, "that your golden-headed and

rather attenuated inamorata has never had the civility to call on me?"

"She has been too busy."

"Too busy gadding about Silverwood with you!"

"She hasn't been here since you saw her."

"What!"

"It's quite true. Clydesdale's collection is to be sold under the hammer on the premises; she had the contract to engineer that matter before she undertook to catalogue my stuff."

"Oh! Haven't you seen her since?"

"Yes."

"Not at Silverwood?"

"No, only at her office."

He could hear her sniff and mutter something, then, "I thought you were going to give some parties at Silverwood, and ask me to bring your pretty friend?" she said.

"I am. She has the jades and crystals to catalogue. What I want, as soon as she gets rid of Clydesdale, is for her to resume

work here—come up and remain as my guest until the cataloguing is finished. So, you see, I'll have to have you, too."

"That's a cordial and disinterested invitation, James!"

"Will you come? I'll ask half a dozen people. You can kill a few at cards, too."

"When?"

"The first Thursday in March. It's a business proposition, but it's between you and me, and she is not to suspect it."

"Very well," said Aunt Hannah cheerfully. "I'll arrange my engagements accordingly. And do try to have a gay party, James; and don't ask the Clydesdales. You know how Westchester gets on my nerves. And I always hated her."

"You are very unjust to her and to him—"

"You can't tell me anything about Cary Clydesdale, or about his wife either," she interrupted tartly, and rang off in a temper. And Desboro went back to his interrupted business with Vail.

Since Jacqueline had been compelled to suspend temporarily her inventory at Silverwood in favor of her prior engagement with Clydesdale, Desboro had been to the city only twice, and both times to see her. He had seen her in her office, remained on both occasions for an hour only, and had then taken the evening train back to Silverwood. But every evening he had written her of the day just ended—told her about the plans for farming, now maturing, of the quiet life at Silverwood, how gradually he was reestablishing neighborly relations with the countryside, how much of a country squire he was becoming.

"And the whole thing with malice aforethought," he wrote. "Every blessed move only a strategy in order that, to do you honor, I may stand soberly and well before the community when you are among my guests. In tow of Aunt Hannah; engaged for part of the day in your business among the jades, crystals, and porcelains of a celebrated collection; one of a house-party; and the guest of a young man who has returned very seriously to till the soil of his forefathers; all that anybody can possibly think of it will be that your host is quite as captivated by your grace, wisdom, and beauty as everybody else will be.

"And what do you think of that, Jacqueline?"

"I think," she wrote, "that no other man

has ever been as nice to me. I do not really care about the other people, but I quite understand that you and I could not see each other as freely as we have been doing, without detriment to me. I like you—superfluous admission! And I should miss not seeing you—humble confession! And so I suppose it is best that everybody should know who and what I am—a business woman well bred enough to sit at table with your friends, with sufficient self-confidence to enter and leave a room properly, to maintain my grasp on the conversational ball, and to toss it lightly to my vis-à-vis when the time comes.

"All this is worth doing and enduring for the sake of being your guest. Without conscientious scruples, apprehensions, perplexities, and fears I could never again come to Silverwood and be there alone with you as I have been. Always I have been secretly unhappy and afraid after a day with you at Silverwood. Sooner or later it would have had to end. It cannot go on—as it has been going. I know it. The plea of business is soon worn threadbare if carelessly used.

"And so, caring for your friendship as I do—and it having become such a factor in my life—I find it easy to do what you ask me; and I have arranged to go with Mrs. Hammerton to Silverwood on the first Thursday in March, to practise my profession, enjoy the guests at your house-party, and cultivate our friendship with a clear conscience and a tranquil and happy mind.

"It was just that little element of protection I needed to make me more happy than I have ever been. Somehow, I *couldn't* care for you as frankly and freely as I wanted to. And some things have happened—you know what I mean. I didn't reproach you, or pretend surprise or anger. I felt neither—only a confused sense of unhappiness. But—I cared for you enough to submit.

"Now I go to you with a sense of security that is delightful. You don't understand how a girl situated as I am feels when she knows that she is in a position where any woman has the right to regard her with suspicion. Skating, motoring, with you, I could not bear to pass people you knew and to whom you bowed—women—even farmers' wives.

"But now it will be different; I feel so warmly confident at heart, so secure, that



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Desboro welcomed his guests on his own doorstep; and there was, for a moment, an unconscious and unwonted grace in his manner and bearing—an undefined echo in his voice of other and more courtly times, as he gave his arm to Aunt Hannah and led her inside the hall

I shall perhaps dare to say and do and be much that you never suspected was in me. The warm sun of approval makes a very different person of me. A girl who, in her heart, does not approve of what she is doing, and who is always expecting to encounter other women who would not approve, is never at her best—isn't even herself—and isn't really happy, even with a man she likes exceedingly. You will, I think, see a somewhat different girl on Thursday."

"If your words are sometimes a little misty," he wrote, "your soul shines through everything you say, with a directness entirely heavenly. Life, for us, begins on Thursday, under cover no longer, but in the open. And the field will be as fair for you as for me. That is as it should be; that is as far as I care to look. But somehow, after all is done and said that ever will be said and done between you and me, I am conscious that when we two emerge from the dream called 'living,' you will lead and direct us both—even if you never do so here on earth.

"I am not given to this sort of stuff.

"Jacqueline, dear, I'd like to amuse my guests with something unusual. Could you help me out?"

She answered: "I'll do anything in the world I can to make your house-party pleasant for you and your guests. So I've asked Mr. Sissy to give a recital. It is quite the oddest thing; you don't *listen* to a symphony which he plays on the organ; you *see* it. He will send the organ, electrical attachments, lights, portable stage and screen, to Silverwood; and his men will install everything in the armory.

"Then, if it would amuse your guests, I could tell them a little about your jades and crystals, and do it in a rather unusual way. I think you'd rather like it. Shall I?"

He wrote: "What a darling you are! Anything you do will be charming.

"Aunt Hannah writes that you called on her and that you and she are coming up on the train together, which is delightfully sensible, and exactly as it should be. Heaven alone knows how long you are going to be able to endure her. It's rather odd, you know, but I like her and always have, though she's made things disagreeable for me more than once in my life.

"Your room is ready; Aunt Hannah's adjoins. Quarters for other guests are

ready also. Have you any idea how I look forward to your coming?"

Three days later his guests arrived on the first three morning trains—a jolly crowd of young people—nineteen of them—who filled his automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles.

Desboro welcomed them on his own doorstep; and there was, for a moment, an unconscious and unwonted grace in his manner and bearing—an undefined echo in his voice of other and more courtly times, as he gave his arm to Aunt Hannah and led her inside the hall.

There it exhaled and vanished as Mrs. Quant and the maids smilingly conducted the guests to their various quarters—vanished with the smiling formality of his greeting to Jacqueline.

The men returned first, clad in their knickerbockers and skating-jackets. Cocktails awaited them in the billiard-room, and they gathered there in noisy curiosity of this celebrated house not often opened to anybody except its owner.

"Who is the dream, Jim?" demanded Reginald Ledyard. "I mean the wonder with the gold hair, that Mrs. Hammerton has in tow?"

"A friend of Aunt Hannah's—an expert in antique art—and as clever and charming as she is pretty," said Desboro pleasantly.

"High-brow! Oh, help!" muttered Ledyard. "Where's your library? I want to read up."

"She can talk like other people," remarked Van Alstyne. "I got next on the train—old lady Hammerton stood for me. She can flirt some, I'll tell you those."

Bertie Barkley extracted the olive from a Bronx and considered it seriously. "The old lady is on a salary, of course. Nobody ever heard of anybody named Nevers," he remarked.

"They'll hear of somebody named Nevers now," observed Captain Herrendene with emphasis, "or," he added in modest self-depreciation, "I am all kinds of a liar."

"Where did you know her, Jim?" inquired Ledyard curiously.

"Oh, Miss Nevers's firm has charge of cataloguing my armor and jades. They're at it still. That's how I first met her—in a business way. And when I found her to be a friend of Aunt Hannah's, I asked them both up here as my guests."

"You always had an eye for beauty," said Cairns. "What do you suppose Mrs. Hammerton's game is?"

"Why, to make Miss Nevers know where she really ought to belong," replied Desboro.

"How high does she plan to climb?" asked Barkley. "Above the vegetating line?"

"Probably not as far as the line of perpetual stupidity," said Desboro. "Miss Nevers appears to be a very busy, very intelligent, and very self-sufficient young lady, and I imagine she would have neither time nor inclination to decorate any of the restless, gilt-encrusted sets."

Van Alstyne said, "She's got the goods to deliver almost anywhere Mrs. Hammerton chooses—F. O. B.—What?"

"She's some dream," admitted Ledyard, as they all moved toward the library.

There were a lot of pretty girls there in skating-costumes: Ledyard's sister Marie, with her large figure and pretty but slightly stupid face; Helsa Steyr, blonde, athletic, and red haired; Athalie Vannis, with her handsome, dark face, so often shadowed by discontent; Barkley's gay little wife, Elizabeth, grey eyed and freckled and brimming with mischief of the schoolboy quality; the stately Katherine Frere; Aunt Hannah; and Jacqueline.

"It's about the last of the skating," said Desboro, "so we'd better take what we can get as soon as luncheon is over. Pick your partners and don't squabble. Me for Mrs. Hammerton!" and he led her out.

At table he noticed that Captain Herrendene had secured Jacqueline, and that Reggie Ledyard, on the other side, was already neglecting his own partner in his eager and slightly loutish fashion of paying court to the newest and prettiest girl.

Aunt Hannah's glance continually flickered sideways at Desboro, but when she discovered that he was aware of her covert scrutiny, she said under her breath: "I've been shopping with her; the little thing didn't know how to clothe herself luxuriously in the more intimate details. I'd like to see anybody's maid patronize her now! Yours don't know enough—but she'll go where there are those who do know, sooner or later. What do you think of her?"

"What I always think," he said coolly. "She is the most interesting girl I ever met."

"She's too clever to care for very much that I can offer her," said Mrs. Hammerton

dryly. "Glitter and tinsel would never dazzle her, James; pretense, complacency, bluff, bragg, she'd devilish soon see through it all with those clear, intelligent eyes—see at the bottom what lies squirming there. Anxiety, self-distrust, eternal dread, undying envy, the secret insecurity of those who imitate the real—which does not exist in America—and who know in their hopeless hearts that they are only shams, like that two-year-old antique tavern yonder, made quaint to order."

"I get you," he said smilingly. "She'll soon have enough of your particular familiars. But, little by little, she'll find herself in accord with people who seek her as frankly as she seeks them. Natural selection, you know. Your only usefulness is to give her the opportunity, and you've begun to do it, bless your heart."

She flashed a malicious glance at him; under cover of the gay hubbub she said, "I may do more than that, James."

"Really?"

"Yes; I may open her eyes to men of your sort."

"Her eyes are open already, I suppose."

"Not very wide. For example—you'd never marry her, would you?"

"Don't talk that way," he said coldly.

"No, I don't have to talk at all. I know. If you ever marry, I know what deadly species of female it will be. You're probably right; you're that kind, too—no real substance to you, James. And so I think I'll have to look after my intellectual protégée, and be very sure that her pretty eyes are wide open."

He turned toward her; their glances met level and hard.

"Let matters alone," he said. "I have myself in hand."

"You have in hand a horse with a run-away record, James."

Cairns, on her left, spoke to her; she turned and answered, then presented her well-shaped back to that young gentleman and again crossed glances with Desboro, who was waiting, cool as steel.

"Come, James," she said in a low voice, "what do you mean to do? A man always means something or nothing; and the latter is the more dangerous."

As that was exactly what Desboro told himself he had always meant, he winced and remained silent.

"Oh, you—the lot of you!" she said with

smiling contempt. "I'll equip that girl to take care of herself before I'm through with her. Watch me."

"It is part of your business. Equip her to take care of herself as thoroughly as anybody you know. Then it will be up to her—as it is up to all women, after all—and to all men."

"Oh, is it? You've all the irresponsibility and moral rottenness of your cavalier ancestors in you; do you know it, James? The Puritan, at least, never doubted that he was his brother's keeper."

Desboro said doggedly, "With the individual alone rests what that individual will be."

"Is that your mature belief?" she asked ironically.

"It is, dear lady."

"Lord! To think of a world full of loosened creatures like you! A civilized society swarming with callow and irresponsible opportunists, idle intelligences reinfected with the toxins of their own philosophy! But," she shrugged, "I am indicting man himself—nations and nations of him. Besides, we women have always known this. And hybrids are hybrids. If there's any claret in the house, tell Farris to fetch some. Don't be angry, James. Man and woman once were different species, and the world has teemed with their hybrids since the first mating."

From moment to moment he had been watching Jacqueline and the men always leaning toward her—Reggie Ledyard persistently bringing to bear on her the full splendor of his straw-blond and slightly coarse beauty; Cairns, receptive and debonair as usual; Herrendene, with his keen smile and sallow visage lined with the memory of things that had left their marks—all the men there yielded to the delicate attraction of her.

Desboro said to Mrs. Hammerton, "Now you realize where she really belongs."

"Better than you do," she retorted dryly.

After luncheon there were vehicles to convey them to the pond, a small sheet of water down in the Desboro woods. And while a declining sun glittered through the trees, the wooded shores echoed with the clatter and scrape of skates and the rattle of hockey-sticks crossed in lively combat.

But inshore the ice had rotted; the end of such sport was already in sight. Along the gravelly inlet, where water rippled,

a dozen fingerling trout lay half hidden among the pebbles; over a bank of soft, sun-warmed snow, gnats danced in the sunset light; a few tree-buds had turned sticky.

Later, Vail came and built a bonfire; Farris arrived with tea-baskets full of old-fashioned things, such as turnovers and flip in stone jugs of a century ago.

Except for a word or two at intervals, Desboro had found no chance to talk to Jacqueline. Now and then their glances encountered, lingered, shifted, with scarcely a ghost of a smile in forced response to importunities. So he had played an impartial game of hockey, skated with any girl who seemed to be receptive, cut intricate figures with Mrs. Hammerton in a cove covered with velvet-smooth black ice, superintended the bonfire construction, directed Farris with the tea.

Now, absently executing a "grape-vine," he was gliding along the outer ranks of his guests with the mechanical patrolling instinct of a collie, when Jacqueline detached herself from a firelit group and made him a gay little sign to halt.

Picking her way through the soft snow on the points of her skates, she took to the ice and joined him. They linked hands and swung out into the starlight.

"Are you enjoying it?" he asked.

"That's why I signaled you. I never have had such a good time. I wanted you to know it."

"You like my friends?"

She looked up. "They are all so charming to me! I didn't expect people to be cordial."

"You need expect nothing else wherever you go and whomever you meet—barring the inevitable which no attractive girl can avoid arousing. Do you get on with Aunt Hannah?"

She laughed. "Isn't it odd? I call her that, too. She asked me to. And, do you know, she has been a perfect dear about everything. We shopped together; I never had quite ventured to buy certain fascinating things to wear. And we had such a good time lunching at the Ritz, where I had never dared go. Such beautiful women! Such gowns! Such jewels!"

They halted and looked back across the ice at the distant fire and the dark forms moving about it.

"You've bowled over every man here, as a matter of course," he said lightly.

"If you'll tell me how you like the women I'll know whether they like you."

"Oh, I like them; they are as nice to me as they are to each other!" she exclaimed, "except, perhaps, one or two—"

"Marie Ledyard is hopelessly spoiled; Athalie Vannis is usually discontented," he said philosophically. "Don't expect either of them to give three cheers for another girl's popularity."

They crossed hands and swept toward the center of the pond on the "outer edge." Jacqueline's skating-skirt was short enough for her to manage a "Dutch roll," steadied and guided by Desboro; then they exchanged it for other figures, not intricate.

"Your friend, Mr. Sissly, is dining with us," he observed.

"He's really very nice," she said. "Just a little too artistic for you, perhaps, and for the men here except Captain Herrendene."

"Herrendene is a fine fellow," he said.

"I like him so much," she admitted.

He was silent for a moment, turned toward her as though to speak, but evidently reconsidered the impulse.

"He is not very young, is he?" she asked.

"Herrendene? No."

"I thought not. Sometimes in repose his face seems sad. But what kind eyes he has!"

"He's a fine fellow," said Desboro with emphasis.

Before they came within the firelight, he asked her whether she had really decided to give them a little lecture on jades and crystals; and she said that she had.

"It won't be too technical or too dry, I hope," she added laughingly. "I told Captain Herrendene what I was going to say and do, and he liked the idea."

"Won't you tell me, too, Jacqueline?"

"No, I want *you* to be surprised. Besides, I haven't time; we've been together too long already. Doesn't one's host have to be impartially attentive? And I think that pretty little Miss Steyr is signaling you."

Herrendene came out on the ice toward them. "The cars are here," he said, "and Mrs. Hammerton is cold."

Dinner was an uproariously lively function, served amid a perfect eruption of bewildering gowns and jewels and flowers. Desboro had never before seen Jacqueline in a dinner-gown, or even attempted to visualize her beauty amid such surroundings

in contrast with other women. She fitted exquisitely into the charming mosaic; from crown to toe she was part of it, an essential factor that, once realized, became indispensable to the harmony.

Perhaps, he told himself, she did not really dominate with the fresh delicacy of her beauty; perhaps it was only what he saw in her and what he knew of her that made the others shadowy and commonplace to him. Yet, in all the curious eyes repeatedly turned toward her, he saw admiration, willing or conceded, recognized every unspoken tribute of her own sex as well as the less reserved surrender of his; saw her suddenly developed into a blossom of unabashed and youthful loveliness under what she had once called "the warm sun of approval"; and sat in vague and uneasy wonder, witnessing the transfiguration.

Sissly was there, allotted to Katherine Frere; and that stately girl, usually credited among her friends with artistic aspirations, apparently found him interesting.

So all went well enough, whether gaily or seriously, even with Aunt Hannah, who had discovered under Desboro's smiling composure all kinds of food for reflection and malicious aversion.

For such a small party it was certainly a gay one, people were beginning to think half-way through dinner, which merely meant that everybody was being properly appreciated by everybody's neighbors, which made everybody feel unusually witty and irrepressible, and a little inclined to be silly toward the end.

But then the after-dinner guests began to arrive—calm, perfectly poised, and substantial Westchester propositions who had been bidden to assist at an unusual program and to dance afterward.

The stodgy old house rang with chatter and laughter; hall, stairs, library, and billiard-room resounded delightfully; you could scare up a pretty girl from almost any cover—if you were gunning for that variety of girl.

Reggie Ledyard had managed to corner Jacqueline on the stairs, but couldn't monopolize her nor protect himself against the shameless intrusion of Cairns, who spoiled the game until Herrendene raided the trio and carried her off to the billiard-room on a most flimsy pretext.

Here, very properly, a Westchester youth of sterling worth got her away and was



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"It's about the last of the skating," said Desboro, "so we'd better take what we can get as soon as luncheon is noticed that Captain Herrendene had secured Jacqueline, and that Reggie Ledyard, on the other side, was already



over. Pick your partners and don't squabble. Me for Mrs. Hammerton!" and he led her out. At table he neglecting his own partner in his eager and slightly loutish fashion of paying court to the newest and prettiest girl

making toward the library with her when Desboro unhooked a hunting-horn from the wall and filled the house with deafening blasts as signal that the show was about to begin in the armory.

The armory had been strung with incandescent lights, which played over the huge mounted figures in mail, and glanced in a million deflections from the weapons on the wall. A curtained and raised stage faced seats for a hundred people, which filled the long wide aisle between the equestrian shapes, and into these people were pouring, excited and mystified by the odd-looking and elaborate electrical attachments flanking the stage in front of the curtained dressing-rooms.

Jacqueline, passing Desboro, whispered: "I'm so thrilled and excited. I know people will find Mr. Sissly's stunts interesting, but do you think they'll like mine?"

"How do I know, you little villain? You've told Herrendene what you are going to do, but you haven't given me a hint!"

"I know it; I wanted to—to please you—" Her light hand fell for a moment on his sleeve, and he saw the blue eyes a little wistful.

"You darling," he whispered.

"Thank you. It isn't the proper thing to say to me—but I've quite recovered my courage."

"Have you quite recovered all the scattered fragments of your heart? I am afraid some of these men may carry portions of it away with them."

"I don't think so, monsieur. Really, I must hurry and dress—"

"Dress?"

"Certainly; also make up!"

"But I thought you were to give us a little talk on Chinese jades."

"But I must do it in my own way, Mr. Des—"

"Wait!" They were in the rear of the dressing-room, and he took her hand. "I call you Jacqueline, unreprieved. Is my name more difficult for you?"

"Do you wish me to? In cold blood?"

"Not in cold blood."

He took her into his arms; she bent her head gravely, but he felt her restless fingers worrying his sleeve.

"Jacqueline?"

"Yes—Jim."

The swift fire in his face answered the flush in hers; he drew her nearer, but she

averted her dainty head in silence and stood so, her hand always restless on his arm.

"You haven't changed toward me in these few weeks, have you, Jacqueline?"

"Do you think I have?"

He was silent. After a moment she glanced up at him with adorable shyness. He kissed her, but her lips were cold and unresponsive, and she bent her head, still picking nervously at the cloth of his sleeve.

"I *must* go," she said.

"I know it." He released her.

She drew a quick, short breath and looked up smiling; then sighed again, and once more her blue eyes became aloof and thoughtful.

He stood leaning against the side of the dressing-room, watching her.

Finally she said with composure: "I *must* go. Please like what I shall do. It will be done to please you—Jim."

He opened the dressing-room door for her; she entered, turned to look back at him for an instant, then closed the door. He went back to his place among the audience. A moment later a temple gong struck three times; the green curtains parted, revealing a white screen and Mr. Lionel Sissly advancing with a skip to the footlights. The audience looked again at its program cards and again read:

"No. 1: A Soundless Symphony,
Lionel Sissly."

"Color," lisped Mr. Sissly, "is not only precious for its own sake, but also because it is the blessed transmogrification of sound. And sound is sacred because all vibrations, audible or inaudible, are in miraculous harmony with that holiest of all phenomena, silence!"

"Help!" said Ledyard to Cairns, with resignation.

"Any audible rate of regular air vibrations is a musical note," continued Mr. Sissly. "If you double that vibratory speed, you have the first note of the octave above it. Now, the spectrum band is the color counterpart of the musical octave; the ether vibrates with double the speed at the *violet* end of the spectrum band that it does at the opposite extremity, or *red* end. Remember that it is with color as it is with sound—there is a long range of vibrations below and above the first and last visible color and the first and last audible note—a long, long range beyond compass of the human eye and ear. Prob-

ably the music of the spheres is composed of such harmonies," he simpered.

"Modern Occidental music is evolved in conformity with an arbitrary scale," he resumed earnestly. "An octave consists of seven whole tones and five half-tones. Combinations and sequences of notes or tints affect us emotionally—pleasurably when harmonious, painfully when discordant. But," and his voice shook with soulful emotion, "the holiest and the most precious alliance ever dreamed of beyond the gates of heaven lies in the sacred intermingling of harmonious color and harmonious silence. Let me play for you, upon my color organ, my soundless symphony which I call 'Weather.' Always in the world there will be weather. We have it constantly, there is so much of it that nobody knows how much there is; and I do not see very clearly how there ever could be any less than there is. Weather, then, being the only earthly condition which is eternal, becomes precious beyond human comprehension; and I have tried to interpret it as a symphony of silence and of color divinely intermingled."

Ledyard whispered to Betty Barkley, "I'll go mad and bite if he says another word!"

She cautioned him with a light touch of her gloved hand, and strove very hard to remain serious as Mr. Sissly minced over to his "organ," seated himself, and gazed upward.

All at once every light in the house went out. For a while the great screen remained invisible, then a faint sheen possessed its surface, blotted out at eccentric intervals by a deep and thunderous tint which finally absorbed it and slowly became a coldly profound and depthless blue.

The blue was not permanent; almost imperceptible pulsations were stirring and modifying it toward a warmer and less decisive hue, and through it throbbed and ebbed elusive sensations of palest turquoise, primrose, and shell-pink. This waned and deepened into a yellow which threatened to become orange.

Suddenly all was washed out in unaccented gray; the gray gradually became instinct with rose and gold; the gold was split by a violet streak; then virile scarlet tumbled through crashing scales of green, amethyst, crimson, into a chaos of chromatic dissonance, and vanished engulfed in shimmering darkness.

The lights flashed up, disclosing Mr. Sissly, very pale and damp of features, facing the footlights again.

"That," he faltered, amid a stillness so profound that it seemed to fill the ear like a hollow roar, "that is weather. If you approve it, the most precious expression of your sympathy will be in absolute silence."

Fortunately, not even Reggie Ledyard dropped. "There only remains," he whispered, "the funny-house for me."

"If you make me laugh I'll never forgive you," Mrs. Barkley warned him under her breath. "But—oh, do look at Mrs. Hamerton!"

Aunt Hannah's visage resembled that of a cornered and enraged mink surrounded by enemies. "If that man comes near me," she said to Desboro, "I shall destroy him with hatpins. You'd better keep him away. I'm morally and nervously disorganized."

Sissly had come off the stage and now stood in the wide aisle, surrounded by the earnest and intellectual womanhood of Westchester, eagerly seeking more light.

But there was little in Mr. Sissly's large and washed-out eyes; even less, perhaps, than illuminated his intellect. He gazed wanly upon adoration, edging his way toward Miss Frere, who, at dinner, had rashly admitted that she understood him.

"Was it satisfying?" he lisped, when he had attained to her vicinity.

"It was most—remarkable," she said, bewildered, "so absolutely new to me that I can find nothing as yet to say to you, except thank you."

"Why say it? Why not merely look it? Your silence would be very, very precious to me," he said in a low voice. And the stately Miss Frere blushed.

The audience, under the stimulus of the lights, recovered very quickly from its semi-stupor, and everybody was now discussing with animation the unique experience of the past half-hour. New York chattered; Westchester discussed; that was the difference. Both had expected a new kind of cabaret show; neither had found the weird performance disappointing. Flip-pant and unintellectual young men felt safe in the certainty that neither their pretty partners nor the more serious representatives of the substantial county knew one whit more about soundless symphonies than did they.

So laughter and noise filled the armory with a gaily subdued uproar, silenced only when Katherine Frere's harp was brought in, and the tall, handsome girl, without any preliminaries, went forward and seated herself, drew the gilded instrument back against her right shoulder, set her feet to the pedals, her fingers to the strings and wandered capriciously from "*Le Donne Curiose*" and the far, brief echoes of its barcarole, into "*Koenigskinder*," and on through "*Versiegelt*," till she lost herself in a dreamy Bavarian folk-song.

Great applause; no cabaret yet. The audience looked at the program and read: "A Thousand Years B. C. . . Miss Nevers."

And Reggie Ledyard was becoming restless, thinking perhaps that a little rag-time of the spheres might melt the rapidly forming intellectual ice, and was saying so to anybody who'd listen, when ding-dong-dang! ding-dong! echoed the Oriental gong. Out went the lights, the curtain split open and was gathered at the wings; a shimmering radiance grew upon the stage, disclosing a huge gold-and-green dragon of porcelain on its faience pedestal. And there, high cradled between the forepaws of the ancient Mongolian monster, sat a slim figure in silken robes of turquoise, rose, and scarlet, a Chinese lute across her knees, slim feet pendent below the rainbow skirt.

Her head-dress was wrought fantastically of openwork gold, inlaid with a thousand tiny metallic blue feathers, accented by fiery gems; across the silky folds of her slitted tunic were embroidered in iris tints single-winged birds whirling around each other between floating clouds; little clog-like shoes of silk and gold, embroidered with moss-green arabesques inset with orange and scarlet, shod the feet.

Ancient Cathay, exquisitely, immortally young, sat in jeweled silks and flowers under the huge and snarling dragon. And presently, string by string, her idle lute awoke, picked with the plectrum, note after note in strange and unfamiliar intervals; and looking straight in front of her, she sang at random, to "the sorrows of her lute," verses from "The Lute of Jade," made by Chinese lovers a thousand years ago:

"The sun is ever full and bright,
The pale moon waneth night by night:
My heart, that once was full of light
Is but a dying moon to-night.
Why should this be?"

The dropping notes of her lute answered her, rippled on, and were lost like a little rill trickling into darkness.

"High o'er the hill the moon bark steers;
The lantern lights depart.
Dead springs are stirring in my heart;
And there are tears—"

A faint stirring of the strings, silence; then she struck with her plectrum the weird opening chord of that sixth-century song called "The Last Revel"; and sang to the end the ancient verses set to modern music by an unknown composer:

"From silver lamps a thin blue smoke is streaming
And golden vases 'mid the feast are gleaming;
Now sound the lutes in unison;
Within these gates our lives are one.
We'll think not of the parting way—
As long as dawn delays.

"Till, in tall trees, the fading moonbeams quiver
And fires of dawn efface the silver river
And the day breaks when I must seek
Lo-Yang beyond the farthest peak;
And the sweet dusk that folds us twain
Will never fall again."

The curtain slowly closed on the echoes of her lute; there came an interval of absolute silence, then an uproar of cries and of people getting to their feet, calling out "Go on! Go on! Don't stop!" No applause except this excited clamor for more, and the racket of moving chairs.

"Good Lord!" muttered Captain Herendene. "Did you ever see anything as beautiful as that girl?"

And, "Where did she learn such things?" demanded people excitedly of one another. "It must be the real business! How does she know?"

The noise became louder and more emphatic; calls for her reappearance redoubled and persisted until the gong again sounded, the lights went out, and the curtains twitched once more and parted.

She slid down from her cradled perch between the forelegs of the shadowy dragon and came to the edge of the footlights.

"I was going to show you one or two jades from the Desboro collection, and tell you a little about them," she began, "but my lute and I will say for you another song of ancient China, if you like. It was made by Kao-Shih about seven hundred years after the birth of Christ. He was one of the T'ang poets—and not a very cheerful one. This is his song." And she recited for them, "There was a king of Liang."

After that she stepped back; but they

would not have it, to the point of enthusiastic rudeness.

She recited for them Mêng Hao-Jan's "A Friend Expected," from "The Lute of Jade," and the quatrains of the lovely, naive little "Spring Dream," written by Ts'en-Ts'an in the eighth century.

But they demanded still more. She laid aside her lute and intoned for them the noble lines of China's most famous writer,

"Thou that hast seen six kingdoms pass away—"

Then, warming to her audience, and herself thrilled with the spirit of the ancient splendor, she moved forward in her whispering silks, and, slightly bending, her slim finger lifted like one who hushes children with a magic tale, she spoke to them of Fei-yen, mistress of the emperor; and told them how T'ai-Chên became an empress; sang for them the song of the human exile, the "Song of the Nenuphars:"

"Leaves of the Nenuphars, and silken skirts
the same pale green!—

On flower and laughing face alike the same
rose-tints are seen;

In one blurred tapestry they blend within
the woods displayed:

Nor can one tell the leaves from silk, the lily
from the maid,

Nor even when their voices swell
Like winds the tree-tops love so well."

She held her audience in the palm of her smooth little hand; she knew it and tasted power. She told them of the Lute Girl's song, reciting:

"Slow yielding to their prayers the strange
maid came,

Hiding her burning face behind her lute.

And twice her hand essayed the strings, and twice

She faltered in her task. Then slow

The plectrum led to prayer the cloistered chords,

Now loudly with the crash of driving rain,

Now low as leafy whisperings,

Now soft and clear together like the long

Patter of pearls and seed-pears on a dish

Of jade. Then, as the stroke of steel

Falls on the armored horseman; as, on the

Silk the slash of rending;

So, upon the strings, her plectrum fell."

Then she told them the old Chinese tale called "The Never-Ending Wrong"—the immortal tragedy of that immortal maid, "a reed in motion and a rose in flame," from where she alights "in the white hibiscus bower" to where "death is drumming at the door" and "ten thousand battle-chariots on the wing" come clashing to a halt; and the trapped king, her lover, sends her forth,

"Lily pale,

Between tall avenues of spears, to die."

And so, amid "the sullen soldiery," white as a flower, and all alone in soul, she shines "through tall avenues of spears, to die."

"The king has sought the darkness of his hands," standing in stricken grief, then turns and gazes at what lies there at his feet amid its scattered

"—ornaments of gold

One with the dust; and none to gather them;—

Hair-pins of jade and many a costly gem,

Kingfishers' wings and golden beads scarce cold."

Lingering a moment in the faint reflection of the low-turned footlights, she stood looking out over the silent audience; and perhaps her eyes found what they had been seeking, for she smiled and stepped back as the curtain closed. And no uproar of applause could lure her forth again until the lights had been long blazing and the dancers were whirling over the armory floor, and she had washed the paint from eyelid and lip and cheek, and put off her rustling antique silken splendor to bewitch another century scarce begun.

Desboro, waiting at her dressing-room door for her, led her forth. "You have done so much for me," he whispered. "Is there anything in all the world I can do for you, Jacqueline?"

She was laughing, flushed by the flattery and compliments from every side, but she heard him; and after a moment her face altered subtly. But she answered lightly: "Can I ask for more than a dance or two with you? Is not that honor enough?" Her voice was gay and mocking, but the smile had faded from eye and lip; only the curved sweetness of the mouth remained.

They caught the music's beat and swung away together among the other dancers, he piloting her with great adroitness between the avenues of armored figures.

When he had the opportunity, he said, "What may I send you that you would care for?"

"Send me?" She laughed lightly again.

"Let me see! Well, then, perhaps you may one day send me—send me forth 'between tall avenues of spears, to die.'"

"What!" he said sharply.

"The song is still ringing in my head, that's all. Send me any inexpensive thing you wish—a white carnation—I don't



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Then the after-dinner guests began to arrive—calm, perfectly poised, and substantial Westchester propositions who and laughter; hall, stairs, library, and billiard-room resounded delightfully; you could



who
could

had been bidden to assist at an unusual program, and to dance afterward. The stodgy old house rang with chatter
scare up a pretty girl from almost any cover—if you were gunning for that variety of girl

really care"—she looked away from him—"as long as it comes from you."

X

DESBORO's guests were determined to turn the house out of the windows; its stodgy respectability incited them; every smug, smooth portrait goaded them to unusual effort, and they racked their brains to invent novelties.

On one day they opened all the windows in the disused west wing, flooded the ground floor, hung the great stone room with paper lanterns, and held an ice carnival. As masks and costumes had been made entirely out of paper, there were several startling effects and abrupt retirements to repair damages; but the dancing on skates in the lantern light was very pretty, and even the youth and pride of Westchester found the pace not unsuitably rapid.

On another day, Desboro's feminine guests sent to town for enough green flannel to construct caricatures of hunting-coats for everybody.

The remains of a stagnant pack of harriers vegetated on a neighboring estate; Desboro managed to mount his guests on his own livestock, including mules, farm-horses, polo-ponies, and a yoke of oxen; and the county saw a hunting that they were not likely to forget.

Reggie Ledyard was magnificent astride an ox, with a paper megaphone for a hunting-horn, rubber boots, and his hastily basted coat split from skirt to collar. The harriers ran wherever they pleased, and the astonished farm-horses wouldn't run at all. There was hysterical excitement when one cottontail rabbit was started behind a barn and instantly lost under it.

The hunt dinner was a weird and deafening affair, and the Weber-Field ball costumes unbelievable.

Owing to reaction and exhaustion, repentant girls came to Jacqueline requesting an interim of intellectual recuperation; so she obligingly announced a lecture in the jade-room, and talked to them very prettily about jades and porcelains, suiting her words to their intellectual capacity, which could grasp K'ang-hi porcelains and Celedon and sang-de-bœuf, but balked at the "three religions," and found *blanc de Chine* uninspiring. So she told them about the *famille vert* and the *famille rose*; about the

K'ang-hsi period, which they liked, and how the imperial kilns at Kiang-si developed the wonderful *clair de lune* "turquoise blue" and "peach bloom," for which some of their friends or relatives had paid through their various and assorted noses.

All of this her audience found interesting because they recognized in the exquisite examples from Desboro's collection, with which Jacqueline illustrated her impromptu lecture, objects both fashionable and expensive; and what is both fashionable and expensive appeals very forcibly to mediocrity.

"I saw a jar like that one at the Clydesdales," said Reggie Ledyard, a trifle excited at his own unexpected intelligence. "How much is it worth, Miss Nevers?"

She laughed and looked at the vase between her slender fingers. "Really," she said, "it isn't worth very much. But wealthy people have established fictitious values for many rather crude and commonplace things. If people had the courage to buy only what appealed to them personally, there would be a mighty crash in values."

"We'd all wake up and find ourselves stuck," remarked Van Alstyne, who possessed some pictures which he had come to loathe, but for which he had paid terrific prices. "Jim, do you want to buy any primitives, guaranteed genuine?"

"There's the thrifty Dutch trader for you," said Reggie. "I'm loaded with rickety old furniture, too. They got me to furnish my place with antiques! But you don't see me trying to sell 'em to my host at a house-party!"

"Stop your disputing," said Desboro pleasantly, "and ask Miss Nevers for her professional opinion later. The chances are that you both have been properly stuck, and I never had any sympathy for wealthy ignorance, anyway."

But Ledyard and Van Alstyne, being very wealthy, became frightfully depressed over the unfeeling jibes of Desboro; and Jacqueline seemed to be by way of acquiring a pair of new clients.

In fact, both young men at various moments approached her on the subject, but Desboro informed them that they might with equal propriety ask a physician to prescribe for them at a dance, and that Miss Nevers's office was open from nine until five.

"Gad," remarked Ledyard to Van Alstyne, with increasing respect, "she is some girl,

believe *me*, Stuyve. Only if she ever married up with a man of our kind—good night! She'd quit him in a week."

Van Alstyne touched his forehead significantly. "Sure," he said. "Nothing doing *inside* our conks. But why the Lord made her such a peach outside as well as inside is driving me to Jersey! Most of 'em are so awful to look at, don't y' know. Come on, anyway. I can't keep away from her."

"She's somewhere with the others playing baseball golf," said Reggie gloomily, following his friend. "Isn't it terrible to see a girl in the world like that—apparently created to make some good gink happy—and suddenly find out that she has even more brains than beauty! My God, Stuyve, it's hard on a man like me."

"Are you really hard hit?"

"Am I? And how about you?"

"It's the real thing here," admitted Van Alstyne. "But what's the use?"

They agreed that there was no use; but during the dance that evening both young men managed to make their intentions clear to Jacqueline.

Reggie Ledyard had persuaded her to a few minutes' promenade in the greenhouse; and there, standing amid thickets of spicy carnations, the girl listened to her first proposal from a man of that outer world about which, until a few days ago, she had known nothing.

The boy was not eloquent; he made a clumsy attempt to kiss her and was defeated. He seemed to her very big, and blond, and handsome as he stood there; and she felt a little pity for him, too, partly because his ideas were so few and his vocabulary so limited.

Perplexed, silent, sorry for him, yet still conscious of a little thrill of wonder and content that a man of the outer world had found her eligible, she debated within herself how best to spare him. And, as usual, the truth presented itself to her as the only explanation.

"You see," she said, lifting her troubled eyes, "I am in love with some one else."

"Good God!" he muttered. After a silence he said humbly, "Would it be unpardonable if I—*would* you tell me whether you are engaged?"

She blushed with surprise at the idea. "Oh, no," she said, startled. "I—don't expect to be."

"What?" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Is there a man on earth ass enough not to fall in love with you if you ever condescended to smile at him twice?"

But the ideas which he was evoking seemed to distress her, and she averted her face and stood twisting a long-stemmed carnation with nervous fingers. Not even to herself, either before or since Desboro's letter which had revealed him so unmistakably, had the girl ventured in her inmost thoughts to think the things which this big, blond, loutish boy had babbled.

What Desboro was, she understood. She had had the choice of dismissing him from her mind, with scorn and outraged pride as aids to help the sacrifice, or of accepting him as he was—as she knew him to be—for the sake of something about him as yet inexplicable even to herself. And she had chosen. But now a man of Desboro's world had asked her to be his wife. More than that; he had assumed that she was fitted to be the wife of anybody.

They walked back together. She was adorable with him, kind, timidly sympathetic and smilingly silent by turns, venturing even to rally him a little, console him a little, moved by an impulse toward friendship wholly unfeigned.

"All I have to say is," he muttered, "that you're a peach and a corker; and I'm going to invent some way of marrying you, even if it lands me in an East Side night-school."

Even he joined in her gay laughter; and presently Van Alstyne, who had been glowering at them, managed to get her away. But she would have nothing further to do with greenhouses, or dark landings, or libraries; so he asked her bluntly while they were dancing; and she shook her head, and very soon dropped his arm.

There was a bay-window near them; she made a slight gesture of irritation; and there, in the partly curtained seclusion, he learned that she was grateful and happy; that he liked her so much; that she liked him very much, but that she loved somebody else.

He took it rather badly at first; she began to understand that few girls would have lightly declined a Van Alstyne; and he was inclined to be patronizing, sulky, and dignified—an impossible combination—for it ditched him finally, and left him kissing her hands and declaring constancy eternal.

That night, at parting, Desboro retained

her offered hand a trifle longer than convention required, and looked at her more curiously than usual. "Are you enjoying the party, Jacqueline?"

"Every minute of it. I have never been as happy."

"I suppose you realize that everybody is quite mad about you?"

"Everybody is nice to me! People are so much kinder than I imagined they would be."

"Are they? How do you get on with the gorgone?"

"Mrs. Hammerton? Do you know, she is perfectly sweet. I never dreamed she could be so gentle and thoughtful and considerate. Why—and it seems almost ridiculous to say it—she seems to have the ideas of a mother about whatever concerns me. She actually fusses over me sometimes—and—it is—agreeable."

An inexplicable shyness suddenly overcame her, and she said good-night hastily, and mounted the stairs to her room.

Later, when she was prepared for bed, Mrs. Hammerton knocked and came in. "Child," she said bluntly, "what was Reggie Ledyard saying to you this evening. I'll box his ears if he proposed to you? Did he?"

"I—I am afraid he did."

"You didn't take him?"

"No."

"I should think not! I'd as soon expect you to marry a stable-groom. He has all the beauty and healthy color of one. Also the distinguished mental capacity. You don't want that kind."

"I don't want any kind."

"I'm glad of it. Did any other fool hint anything more of that sort?"

"Mr. Van Alstyne."

"Oho! Stuyvesant, too? Well, what did you say to *him*?" asked the old lady.

"I said no."

"What?"

"Of course I said no. I am not in love with Mr. Van Alstyne."

"Child! Do you realize that you had the opportunity of your life?"

Jacqueline's smile was confused and deprecating. "But when a girl doesn't care for a man—"

"Do you mean to marry for *love*?"

The girl sat silent a moment, then shook her head. "I shall not marry," she said.

"Nonsense! And if you feel that way,

what am I good for? What earthly use am I to you? Will you kindly inform me?" She had seated herself on the bed's edge. "Answer me," she insisted. "Of what use am I to you?"

For a full minute the girl lay there looking up at her without stirring. Then a smile glimmered in her eyes; she lifted both arms and laid them lightly on the older woman's shoulders. "You are useful—this way," she said; and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

The effect on Aunt Hannah was abrupt; she caught the girl to her breast and held her there fiercely and in silence for a moment, then, releasing her, tucked her in with mute violence, turned off the light, and marched out without a word.

Day after day Desboro's guests continued to turn the house inside out, ransacking it from garret to cellar.

"We don't intend to do anything in this house that anybody has ever done here, or at any house-party," explained Reggie Ledyard to Jacqueline. "So if any lady cares to walk down-stairs on her head the incident will be quite in order."

"Can she slide down the banisters instead?" asked Helsa Steyr.

"Oh, you'll have to slide up to be original," said Betty Barkley.

"How can anybody slide *up* the banisters?" demanded Reggie hotly.

"You've the intellect of a terrapin," said Betty scornfully. "It's because nobody has ever done it that it ought to be done here."

Desboro, seated on the pool-table, told her she could do whatever she desired, including arson, as long as she didn't disturb the Aqueduct Police.

Katharine Frere said to Jacqueline: "Everything you do is so original. Can't you invent something new for us to do?"

"She might suggest that you all try to think," said Mrs. Hammerton tartly.

"That would be novelty enough."

Cairns seized the megaphone and shouted: "Help! Help! Aunt Hannah is after us!"

Captain Herrendene, seated beside Desboro with a half smile on his face, glanced across at Jacqueline, who stood in the embrasure of a window, a billiard-cue resting across her shoulders. "Please invent something for us, Miss Nevers," he said.

"Why don't you play hide and seek?" sneered Mrs. Hammerton, busily knitting a tie. "It's suited to your intellects."

"Let Miss Nevers suggest a new way of playing the oldest game ever invented," added Betty Barkley. "There is no possibility of inventing anything new; everything was first done in the year one. Even protoplasmic cells played hide-and-seek together."

"What rot!" said Reggie. "You can't play that in a new way."

"You could play it in a sporting way," said Cairns.

"How's that, old top?"

"Well, for example, you conceal yourself, and whatever girl finds you has got to marry you. How's that for a reckless suggestion?"

But it had given Reggie something resembling an idea. "Let us be hot sports," he said, with animation; "draw lots to see which girl will hide somewhere in the house; make a time-limit of one hour; and if any man finds her she'll marry him. There isn't a girl here," he added jeeringly, "who has the sporting nerve to try it!"

A chorus of protests greeted the challenge. Athalie Vannis declared that she was crazy to marry somebody; but she insisted that the men would only pretend to search, and were really too cowardly to hunt in earnest. Cairns retorted that the girl in concealment would never permit a real live man to miss her hiding-place while she possessed lungs to reveal it.

"There isn't," repeated Reggie, "a girl who has the nerve! Not one!" He inspected them scornfully through the wrong end of the megaphone. "Phony sports," he added. "No nerves and all fidgets. Look at me; I don't want to get married; but I'm game for an hour. There isn't a girl here to call my bluff!" And he ventured to glance at Jacqueline.

"They've had a chance to look at you by daylight, Reggie, and that is fatal," said Cairns. "Now, if they were only sure that I'd discover 'em, or the godlike captain yonder, or the beautiful Mr. Desboro—"

"I've half a mind to do it," said Helsa Steyr. "Marie, will you draw lots to see who hides?"

"Why doesn't a man hide?" drawled Miss Ledyard. "I'm very sure I could drag him to the altar in ten minutes."

Cairns, who had found a sheet of paper, tore it into slips, and wrote down every woman's name, including Aunt Hannah's.

"She's retired to her room in disgust," said Jacqueline, laughing.

"Is *she* included?" faltered Reggie.

"You've brought it on yourself," said Cairns. "Are you going to renege just because Aunt Hannah is a possible prize? Are you really a tin sport?"

"No, by heck! Come on, Katharine!" to Miss Frere. "But Betty Barkley can't figure in this, or there may be bigamy done."

"That makes it a better sporting proposition," said Betty coolly. "I insist on figuring; Bertie can take his chances."

"Then I'm jiggered if I don't play, too," said Barkley. "And I'm not sure I'll hunt very hard if it's Betty who hides."

The pretty little woman turned up her nose at her husband and sent a dazzling smile at Desboro. "I'll whistle three times, like the daughter in the poem," she said. "Please beat my husband to it."

Cairns waved the pool-basket aloft. "Come ladies!" he cried. "Somebody reach up and draw; and may heaven smile upon your wedding day!"

Betty Barkley, standing on tiptoe, reached up, stirred the folded ballots with tentative fingers, grasped one, drew it forth, and flourished it.

"Goodness! How my heart really beats!" she said. "I don't know whether I want to open it or not. I hadn't contemplated bigamy."

"If it's my name, I'm done for," said Katharine Frere calmly. "I'm nearly six feet, and I can't conceal them all."

"Open it," said Athalie Vannis, with a shiver. "After all, there's the divorce court!" And she looked defiantly at Cairns.

Betty turned over the ballot between forefinger and thumb and regarded it with dainty aversion. "Well," she said, "if I'm in for a scandal, I might as well know it. Will you be kind to me, Jim, and not flirt with my maid?"

She opened the ballot, examined the name written there, turned, and passed it to Jacqueline, who flushed brightly as a delighted shout greeted her.

"The question is," said Reggie Ledyard excitedly, "are you a sport, Miss Nevers, or are you not? Kindly answer with appropriate gestures."

The girl stood with her golden head drooping, staring at the bit of paper in her hand; then, as Desboro watched her, she glanced up with that sudden, reckless smile which he had seen once before—the first day he met her—and made a gay little gesture of acceptance.

"You're not really going to do it, are you?" said Betty incredulously. "You don't have to; they're every one of them short sports themselves!"

"I am not," said Jacqueline, smiling.

"But," argued Katharine Frere, "suppose Reggie should find you? You'd never marry *him*, would you?"

"Great Heavens!" shouted Ledyard. "She might have a worse fate. There's Desboro!"

"You don't really mean it, do you, Miss Nevers?" asked Captain Herrendene.

"Yes, I do," said Jacqueline. "I always was a gambler by nature." The tint of excitement was bright on her cheeks; she shot a daring glance at Ledyard, looked at Van Alstyne and laughed, but her back remained turned toward Desboro.

He said, "If the papers ever get wind of this they'll print it as a serious item."

"I *am* perfectly serious," she said, looking coolly at him over her shoulder. "If there is a man here clever enough to find me, I'll marry him in a minute. But"—and she laughed in Desboro's face—"there isn't. So nobody need really lose one moment in anxiety. And if a girl finds me it's all off, of course. May I have twenty minutes? And will you time me, Mr. Ledyard? And will you all remain in this room with the door closed?"

"If nobody finds you," cried Cairns, as she crossed the threshold, "we each forfeit whatever you ask of us?"

She paused at the door, looking back, "Is that understood?"

Everybody cried: "Yes! Certainly!"

She nodded and disappeared.

For twenty minutes they waited; then, as Reggie closed his watch, a general stampede ensued. Amazed servants shrank aside as Cairns, blowing fearful blasts on the megaphone, cheered on the excited human pack; everywhere Desboro's cats and dogs fled before the invasion; room after room was ransacked, maids routed, butler and valet defied. Even Aunt Hannah's sanctuary was menaced until that lady sat up on her bed and swore steadily at Ledyard, who had scaled the transom.

Desboro, hunting by himself, entered the armory, looked suspiciously at the armored figures, shook a few, opened the vizors of others, and peered at the painted faces inside the helmets.

Others joined him, prying curiously, gathering in groups amid the motionless army of mailed men. Then, as more than half of the allotted hour had already expired, Ledyard suggested an attic party, where trunks full of early sixteenth-century clothing might be rifled with pleasing results.

"We may find her up there in a chest, like the celebrated bride," remarked Aunt Hannah, who had reappeared from her retreat. "It's the lesser of several tragedies that might happen," she added insolently, to Desboro.

"To the attic!" thundered Cairns through his megaphone; and they started.

But Desboro still lingered at the armory door, looking back. The noise of the chase died away in the interior of the main house; the armory became very still under the flood of pale winter sunshine.

He glanced along the steel ranks of men-at-arms; he looked up at the stately mounted figures; dazzling sunlight glittered over helmet and cuirass and across the armored flanks of horses. Could it be possible that she was seated up there, hidden inside some suit of blazing mail, astride a battle-horse? Cautiously he came back, skirting the magnificent and motionless ranks, hesitated, and halted.

Of course the whole thing had been proposed and accepted in jest; he told himself that. And yet—if some other man did discover her—the foundation of the jest might serve for a more permanent understanding. He didn't want her to have any intimate understanding with anybody until he and she understood each other, and he understood himself.

He didn't want another man to find and claim the forfeit, even in jest, because he didn't know what might happen. No man was ever qualified to foretell what another man might do; and men already were behaving toward her with a persistency and seriousness unmistakable—men like Herrendene, who meant what he looked and said; and young Hammerton, Daisy's brother, eager, inexperienced, and susceptible; and Bertie Barkley, a little, hard-faced snob, with an unerring instinct for



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Katherine Frere's harp was brought in, and the tall, handsome girl wandered capriciously from "Le Donne Curiose" and the far, brief echoes of its barcarole, into "Koenigskinder," and on through "Versiegelt," till she lost herself in a dreamy Bavarian folk-song

anybody who promised to be popular among desirable people, was beginning to test her metal with the acid of his experience.

Desboro stood quite still, looking almost warily about him and thinking faster and faster, trying to recollect who it was who had dragged in the silly subject of marriage. That blond and hulking ass Ledyard, wasn't it?

He began to walk, slowly passing the horsemen in review.

Suppose a blond animal like Reggie Ledyard offered himself in earnest. Was she the kind of girl who would nail the worldly opportunity? And Herrendene—that quiet, self-contained, keen-eyed man of forty-five. You could never tell when Herrendene was thinking about anything, or what he was capable of doing. And his admiration for Jacqueline was undisguised, and his attentions frankly persistent. Last night, too, when they were coasting under the new moon, there was half an hour's disappearance for which neither Herrendene nor Jacqueline had even pretended to account, though bantered and challenged—to Desboro's vague discomfort. And the incident had left Desboro a trifle cool toward her that morning; and she had pretended not to be aware of the slight constraint between them, which made him sulky.

He had reached the end of the double lane of horsemen. Now he pivoted and retraced his steps, hands clasped behind his back, absently scanning the men-at-arms, preoccupied with his own reflections.

How seriously had she taken the rôle she was playing somewhere at that moment? Only fools accepted actual hazards when dared. He himself was apt to be that kind of a fool. Was *she*? Would she really have abided by the terms if discovered by Herrendene, for example, or Dicky Hamerton—if they were mad enough to take it seriously?

He thought of that sudden and delicious flash of recklessness in her eyes. He had seen it twice now.

"By God!" he thought. "I believe she would! She is the sort that sees a thing through to the bitter end."

He glanced up, startled, as though something, somewhere in the vast, silent place, had moved. But he heard nothing, and there was no movement anywhere among the glittering, armored effigies.

Suppose she were here hidden somewhere within a hollow suit of steel. She must be! Else why was he lingering? Why was he not hunting her with the pack? And still, if she actually were here, why was he not searching for her under every suit of sunlit mail? Could it be because he did not really *want* to find her—with this silly jest of marriage dragged in—a thing not to be mentioned between her and him even in jest? Was it that he had become convinced in his heart that she must be here, and was he merely standing guard like a jealous, sullen dog, watching lest some other fool come blundering back from a false trail to discover the right one—and perhaps her?

Suddenly, without reason, he became certain that she and he were there in the armory alone together. He knew it somehow, felt it, divined it in every quickening pulse beat.

He heard the preliminary click of the armory clock, indicating five minutes' grace before the hour struck. He looked up at the old dial, where it was set against the wall—an ancient piece in azure and gold under a foliated crest borne by some long dead dignitary.

Four more minutes now. And suppose she should stir in her place, setting her harness clashing? Had the thought of marrying him ever entered her head? Was it in such a girl to challenge the possibility, make it as near a serious question as it ever could be? It had never existed for them, even as a question. It was not a dead issue, because it had never lived. If she made one movement now, if she so much as lifted her finger, this occult thing would be alive. He knew it—knew that it lay with her; and stood silent, unstirring, listening for the slightest sound. There was no sound.

It lacked now only a minute to the hour. He looked at the face of the lofty clock; and, looking, all in a moment it flashed upon him where she was concealed.

The next instalment of "*The Business of Life*" will appear in the May issue.



The Other Man

Is the old order changing? To-day in the majority of American homes is it true, as our foreign critics seem to agree, that our young girls, vivacious, high-strung, head-strong, are taking the marriage question into their own hands and settling it without sufficient appeal to the heads of the family? We rather doubt it. The old order clings. And the question of selling a bride for money is not always confined to the barter and trade of dukes and international marriage. In this story the author pictures the experience of a young woman who is led into a ready-made marriage. Her father approves. The "other man" does not. What of the daughter? Do you think she is justified in taking the marriage law into her own hands? Read the story—and see

By Maibelle Heikes Justice

Author of "The Ultimate Moment," "Just This Side of Paradise," "The Ordeal," etc.

Illustrated by A. I. Keller

IN a high, buff-paneled room with but little furniture, and that of the Louis XVI period, but whose every appointment, from the delicate blending of rugs to the refined individuality of drapery and hanging, was of the same exquisite taste, a young woman sat before her boudoir table, toying idly among the glitter of silver toilet-articles, while, though interrupted from time to time, an immaculate maid stood behind her, brushing the soft chestnut hair. The cane-bed in one corner of the room, its covering now thrown in luxurious abandon over the foot, bore silent evidence that the young woman had only recently arisen, and the little breakfast-service of china and dainty napery, standing on the table beside it, bespoke a morning meal only sparingly touched.

Upon the dressing-table a small, brilliant-rimmed clock ticked the hour of eleven. Almost at the same instant the telephone bell jangled in the next room.

The maid hastened to the call. In a moment she returned. "Mrs. Braddon, it is some one for you."

"Did you not find out who it is?"

"No, madame—I could not catch the name, but it was some one very anxious to speak with you."

Throwing a loose boudoir-robe over her shoulders, Mrs. Braddon passed into the other room and closed the door. She dropped before the little receiving-table.

"Good morning. Yes? Yes. This is Mrs. Braddon."

The voice came again. It was very indistinct.

"I do not seem to hear—the lines must be crossed. There, that is better. Yes? Oh! Who? *Who?* Oh! Wait, wait!" She clutched at the little table and strained her ears, her lips whitening momentarily, her eyes widening in startled wonder. The voice came back over the wire so clear, so vibrantly intimate, that it seemed the full rich tones were pressed against her ear. "Who? Oh, yes. Now, *now*, I hear plainly. I seem to recognize a voice, but it cannot be."

"Yes, it is, Mildred." There was a subtle waver in the current, falling, rising.

"Harry! Harry—Harry," she stammered.

"Yes?"

She brushed one hand across her eyes, then held it there. "Where are you? Just now your voice sounds so far away. Is this long distance?"

She waited breathlessly, with head thrown back, with eyes closed.

"No, I am in New York." The voice came out plainly now, with the Southern intonation she knew so well. After that, he mentioned one of the smaller, first-class hotels. But as she sat there that moment, listening, all her world seemed suddenly to have tumbled into another sphere, the color came and went in her cheeks, her heart unprisoned leaped in her breast; but into her eyes, deep as pools, gray as steel, sprang a look both triumphant and tragic, as if life itself, lost in a stormy night, felt for a perceptible instant the promise of coming dawn. She held the instrument against her breast as if to stifle any words which might slip involuntarily from her lips.

"Mildred, Mildred, are you still there?"

"Yes." Words came slowly. "But why are you here, Harry?" with ineffable yearning. "Oh, don't you know who I am now? Don't you know that I must not—talk?"

"Yes, I know who you are, Mildred. I asked for Mrs. Braddon." It came over the wires again in a clear, quick staccato, and she knew the mannerism which must have accompanied the words. "It has been three years, Mildred, but I found out some little time ago."

"Harry, does anyone know you are calling me?" The next moment she winced at the thrust she had given her own heart, to say nothing of the cowardly advantage she was taking of him.

"No, Mildred," came back; "it's just between you and me—and God, I guess. Will that damage your interests?"

"Forgive me," she cried; "but it has taken me so by surprise."

"I know," he said. "Perhaps I should have forewarned you, but I suppose I have thrown over some of my excellent good manners of four years ago. Nevertheless, Mildred, be indulgent." He laughed. "Forgive my lax conformity to the new regulations. Yet," his voice, running along in the resonance of soft vowels and rounded consonants, was kinder, "don't think I blame you now, Mildred. There's a lot that might have gone different. Perhaps I've got a wider vision of life, now. But if you had stood by me—oh, well, what's the use of hitting fate in the face after she's done her injury—" He broke off, his voice seeming to subliminate in the haze of an indistinct buzzing, followed by the jarring invasion of women's voices—sharp, impatient, inquiring, "Number, please?" and she knew that the connection had been lost amid the confusion at "Central." Fearing that it was irrevocable, she shook the receiver-hook wildly, to have an obscure voice come back through the chaos: "Yes, ma'am? No, ma'am, I don't know who your party was"—then an insufferable, panic-stricken period of suspense, followed by: "Wait a moment, ma'am, try this one. Here he is—go ahead. This is your party, I guess." Out through the maze of uncertainty, she heard the old, familiar intonation. "Mildred, Mildred, is that you? Did you hang up the receiver on me, Mildred? No? Then I'm glad, little girl. I was going quite a streak when somebody cut us off. Well, it's all right now."

She heard him laugh again, not with any mirth, but nervously, jerkily, like a man striving to gain inward control despite the outward tension.

"Harry!"

"Yes?"

"Why have you done this?"

"Mildred, I want to see you."

"See me?" She sat frightened, bewildered, the dread chill of misgiving tightening around her heart. "See me?"

"Yes. Good God, I must see you. And I will. It's all right now, Mildred. It's all right now." He stopped again. But how plain the insistence rang out.

She was standing up by the little table now, as if to run away, the receiver still held to her ear—as Eve might cling to the pleading of the tempter—all its sweetness, all its danger, hinging on her hesitation. Her gray eyes were tragic. They toned to violet depths. From her bare throat the boudoir-robe had fallen, revealing its pulsating whiteness, while the pallor spread intermittently over the lovely face. She had an intuitive knowledge of his disregard for obstacles, his scorn for any conventionality which might intervene; but the circumstances had now changed everything. Nevertheless, she felt that he meant what he said. Half clinging to the table, one tensioned arm bearing her whole weight, she slid back into the chair. If she could only have torn away. The hand passed over her eyes again. Sleep must still be heavily upon her, she reasoned—or was she awake at all?

"Listen to me, Mildred," he called. "I am to be here only for a few days. I don't want to cause any complications, and we aren't going to underrate the difficulties, but I still feel I have a right to be heard." Her face grew ashen. He was sparing her nothing. "If you will remember, Mildred, I never had my say. And I can say it in five minutes. But throwing all this aside, I want to see you. It can't be, Mildred, that you—despise me?"

A low wail came back to him: "Harry! Harry!"

"I felt that under the circumstances you never had a chance. Now I know it."

"Oh, I do not want to see you. And," firmly, "I must not."

"You do—and you must!" She clutched the delicate-hued silk of her negligée in her hand. Ah, was not that like him! She made a renewed effort to explain, but he



DRAWN BY A. L. HILLER

"Harry, does anyone know you are calling me?" The next moment she winced at the thrust she had given her own heart, to say nothing of the cowardly advantage she was taking of him

cut her short. "You must see me just once. After that, God willing, our paths lie diverged. When can it be, Mildred?"

"It can't be at all. I couldn't let you—I couldn't. We can't go back, Harry. Won't you listen to me?"

"No." It came back to her clear, decisive, bending her down under the curving wall of scorn. She could divine his sense of resentment. It was mere flagrancy to refuse him, because it was patent that he would not ask it had there not been some great reason. That was how his argument, his quick, metallic tone, had sounded.

Her voice trembled. "Things have changed much, Harry," she said. "This home is different from the other. The house is full of servants, always respectful, always solicitous, always watchful: one cannot leave a great house like this without some one knowing it. Even my chauffeur—"

"That does not trouble me in the least," he replied briskly. "Why go away? I'll come there."

She sat as if stunned, yet she realized her weakness, her despair, as matched against this unfaltering resolve. Did he dare—could he dare? The very bravery of it fascinated her, overcame her; for a brief interval it seemed as if she saw him breaking through a great rock, tearing his path with bare hands—the roadway to her now could be no more accessible. Her own voice broke with its desperate courage.

"Harry, let me beg of you—"

"I'll come there to-day—at four o'clock."

"But my husband—"

"What time does Braddon get home?"

"We always dine at seven."

"I said I should be there at four, Mildred. And I do not object to meeting Braddon. At four o'clock, Mildred, without fail. Good-by."

"Harry! Harry!" She clamored at the transmitter in entreaty, but the receiver had been clicked into place and the wires crossed off. Only the clear, ringing insistence of his voice, so rich of inflection, so full of dangerous tenderness, vibrated through the infinite, remaining as the unbroken current which still bound her. The room was deathly still. For a moment longer she hung over the table. Then, clicking up her own receiver, she arose to her feet.

"To-day is to-day," she whispered, half child-like, as in a dream, "and he is coming!" Catching her gown at the throat, its

long straight lines trailing after her in singular grace, she sought her room. With one hand she pushed open the door and passed through. "Marie!" She stood at the threshold like some beautiful statue.

"Yes, madame?"

"Marie, I shall not want my hair finished. You may go. I believe I shall lie down again—just an hour more."

"Yes, madame."

Drawing the blinds against the riotous December sunlight, the Frenchwoman gave one glance at her mistress over her shoulder, then quietly opening the door into the hall, passed down the thickly carpeted stairs.

Flat upon her back, Mildred Braddon lay staring at the ceiling. It was a beautiful room—the artistic finesse of a world-famous decorator. Above her, where the gray eyes were now immovably fixed, was the delicate pencilling of rose and chrysoprase, the intertwining of leaf and flower, attended by laughing, fair-skinned Cupids to emulate the "Birth of Morning." A sapphire sky broke through the trellis-work and faded into the soft, buff paneling of the walls—the whole undeniably bespeaking the boudoir of the bride. The great, six-story mansion, for that matter, built with a commanding view of the Avenue and a definite consideration of the perfect appointments within as well, had been planned to receive the young bride who walked into it—a glow of resignation in her eyes, a subtle patience in her movement—by a husband who, though a driver, a grinder, a potentate in the world of finances, would have laid down his life for her. It had been a proud moment for him. In the same way, he felt he had exhibited a high point of honor in standing by her, just the same as if he had loaned a sustaining million to a struggling bond-issue, or taken over the receivership of a railroad. It was all the same to him. "Braddon the Rescuer," he was called in "the Street," but those of the rescued were known to pay Braddon's price.

But she was not thinking of this now.

In the absolute silence of the room, memory stood out with the color of fire. What did the past or the future matter? It was the present which held peril. But that was not all. Lying there in a lethargy, inert, spent, she seemed to have reached her end. She had paid her price. For three years her life had been all pretense—make-believe. With a heightened sense of repulsion, existence



In the absolute silence of the room, memory stood out with the color of fire. What did the past or the future matter? It was the present which held peril

itself loomed before her as a keen horror. The feverish quiet with which she had endured it had reached its limitation. And even to-day, though there might be but just a few moments of life, it would be real. He was coming! That was all. All else, thrown into the confusion of this supreme assurance, was but a side glimpse at living itself. The one thought alone survived.

But could an old wound opened for the second time be made to heal again? In that thought came the terror. Still, the vital impulse toward seeing him had keyed her nerves to snapping tension. The very air she breathed, the luxury surrounding her, the life above reproach in which she lived, paled as the most insignificant of things as compared to the realization of that voice

over the telephone. And the memory of his face came back to her like some new glory. She was still young, and, after the first terror had subsided, she was rash enough to meet this trick of destiny half-way. Its very unexpectedness, the suddenness with which he seemed to have come out of a clear sky, all had its significance—all presaged something to which she could give neither shape nor name. In a few hours he would be there. Eye to eye they would gaze over the span of that four years, yet, ah, God—he dare not touch her!

Struggling to a sitting posture, her lovely face aglow, she remained there a moment, one hand pressed beneath the opened gown as if questioning the soft, insistent beating of her heart. A pause. A long sigh.

She arose, threw up the blinds, letting in the light of glorious day.

II

DURING the day four o'clock was probably the most quiet hour in the great Bradon house. Each portion of the admirable arrangement incident to its management was regulated and set apart under its particular corps of servants, but with boundaries so fixed that the duties of one were not to encroach upon the other. But at four o'clock there was sometimes not a sound, save the chiming clocks in the halls and upon the lower floors, which, in the mellow quietude of the late afternoon, musically set the hours in vibration.

They were chiming now. From her room Mildred could hear them, like sweet, low gongs in various tones pealing out the hour of four.

She heard the vestibule door open and close. A man's voice spoke in the interim. And a moment later, her butler, Bleeker, like some grave automaton, stood in the door balancing in his hand a small salver.

"Mr. Ross, madam."

She took up the card merely, then looked at him. It was not customary for him to announce names before she read them herself.

"I shall be down immediately."

"Yes, madam."

She had thrown on something in pale blue, half negligée, half afternoon, marked in its simplicity, but which brought into instant grace every sinuous, youthful line. Her hair, which, with the aid of a few tortoise-shell pins, was massed heavily upon her head, did not escape its old fashion of stealing out in little straying tendrils over her forehead and at the nape of her neck. Save for the liquid fires in her gray eyes, which were now wide open with the pupils black, like some child who incredulously reads a fairy-tale, then goes forth to investigate its truth, Mildred poised a moment on the threshold. Then she went down-stairs to the drawing-room.

She saw him standing in front of the bronze mantelpiece. With movements of evident interest, by handling and placing them back again, he was contemplating some of the ornaments which her husband had picked up in European travel—little tricks in classic art, many of them, which

Frederick Braddon particularly treasured and admired. It was odd. It impressed her keenly.

At the soft swishing of her skirts, he turned quickly and met her face to face.

"Mildred!"

There were several steps between them, but she did not take them. He stood with the western light shining in his face, tall, slender, wholly at ease. Nor did he even hold out his hand. Both stood like two people gazing at a vision long and searchingly. Nor for the moment could she speak. In the shadow of the deep green curtain in which she stood, her lips fell apart, but no sound came, and her eyes, at first softened with uncertain lights, now looked with more direct gaze. She had hoped when she first came upon him to feel the keenness of compassion. He had gone from her life under unhappy circumstances; she had passed through much since to fortify herself in the ways of self-reliance. But that moment during which she stood there weighing her own sensations, it seemed that much was wanting in the balance. Some sort of refuge not at her immediate command was needed to sustain her. Thus, a feeling of compassion would have helped her to be stronger. But instead, her very soul appeared to fill up and strangle in its own misery.

There was nothing to pity here. In the confusion and disintegration of her own mental forces she saw that this would have been the very last thing now. Handsomer than ever in his dark-gray business suit, with its warmly contrasting ox-blood cravat, his posture of straightforwardness, manliness, and certain strength, his shoulders somewhat broader, but with eyes gray, flashing, calm—his smooth-shaven face ruddy in its wealth of good health, of hope—with all this so unexpected, coming like a whirlwind over her scope of concentration, his presence completely disarmed her. He was still the Harry Ross of old, but even more handsome, more lovable, more adorable, than when she had first looked upon him four years before. In her bewilderment to grasp it, she found voice.

"Harry!" She crept forward, putting out her hands. "I am so glad," she whispered. "I thought—I thought—"

He smiled. There was the old sweetness in it—the old warmth, and kindled eyes. Placing his hand under her arm, he led her



DRAWN BY A. L. KELLER

At the soft swishing of her skirts, he turned quickly and met her face to face. "Mildred!" There were several steps between them, but she did not take them. He stood with the western light shining in his face

to a large divan in one end of the room, and sat down beside her.

"Never mind what you thought," he said, "and let us talk of what we know. I did not go 'all to pieces,' as no doubt they told you. If so, here then is the very substantial remnant." A little smile, provocative of humor, still wavered about his lips. "We are not going to jump at conclusions right away," with forced cheerfulness, "for they seem to have come out of themselves. But we are going to play this little game of life with the same cards dealt out to us—yet, Mildred, it is I who have been playing the lone hand. Don't you see that? Must a man grope forever blindly through a chain of circumstances that ought to have gone up in mist? I can put this pretty briefly—I say no! I need a little help." He felt her shrink beside him. He had expected it. It was the intimation of the old catastrophe, but he had meant to speak of it in less abrupt tone. There had been a hint of suffering in his voice, but it was now braver and rang with conscious security. It even sank to a lower, softer key, as a man who had forgotten the sorrows of yesterday, and was gripping things with a firmer hold.

Once he turned his face from her. It was hard to hide the sheer love which was still within him, but as the moments went by, and as a matter of sensation, he got even a better hold upon himself. She waited, her mind traveling back over the old, familiar things—those which forever had passed out, and beyond. He turned. Tilting her chin upon his fingers, he brought her delicate face around full to his. In doing so he had first caught the exquisite lines of her neck and profile, but now he looked into the changing, mysterious gray-green of her eyes. The silent appeal in them seemed more than his senses could grasp—temporarily, at least. For he had smiled. "And now, let's see how you look." He noticed the expression, obviously strained, the beautifully curved lips with their sensitive corners, and under her eyes the faint tracery of violet shadows; but he probed further. It was her eyes into which he looked so long. Further and further they seemed to recede and fade from him in their immeasurable depths—he saw submission, resignation; it was this expression which definitely outlined the boundaries of the great void which now lay between them. "Mildred, I take it you are well? And—

happy?" It was this last which brought her back from the meaningless wilderness.

She mutely raised her eyes to his. "It seems that I have never gotten out from the dream—till now." For a short duration she was silent. Then her voice came with positiveness. "Harry, you must listen to me—"

"Wait," he said. "As we sit here, Mildred, it doesn't seem possible. Wait—wait a little."

She threw out her arms in passionate protest and sank back against the divan. Her sensitive nature shrank from the ordeal. So full of life, of strength, his very magnetism radiated from him in waves which overpowered her. The last time she had seen this man she had lain half dead in his arms—arms which held her like a vise, till—

She saw the picture of it now. She saw her father, tall, cold, sternly inquisitive, features masked and inflexible, standing with one hand braced against the library table, the other raised in some sort of denunciation against Ross which, apart from the fact that it touched something upon business, entered into a deeper, more vital significance. It emphasized between the younger man and the woman the first misunderstanding which in its very face seemed to inhibit an explanation. All had been hurled at Ross, with what now seemed to be a paltry, exaggerated, canting, theatrical affront, and it had been left for her to pass judgment. But she was silent. A word might have saved the situation, a gesture have aborted the result. But she had remained silent. He had waited a moment—two—three. Then, releasing her, he had glanced an instant into the elder man's face, another at the accusing hand, with a flash of scorn surpassing any agency of sheer words, and passed out. He did not come back. He had never come back till now.

"Harry," she stammered, "do not make it hard for us. Remember, we can't do it all over again. I know—oh, I know what you must have come to say, but it is so needless, so helpless, now. I was very weak. I was clay in their hands. I was so ill, and they thought they were doing what was best for me. Like so many other things which happen all at once, and so unexpected and so terrible, after you went away, the bank failed. Father lost everything—we were poverty-stricken: we even wore and ate

things for which we could not pay. You must know what all this meant to father."

Ross thought of him—a man naturally weak in character, pampered by wealth, extravagant in method, and forever extolling the advantages of his position—made a pauper in a night, and the picture, poignant as it was, fell but little short of grotesque. He nodded for her to go on.

"Don't take it as an excuse from me—I know it's blind, inadequate—but those people whom we called our friends fell off one by one, sniveling and apologetic as they fell. We were isolated—we would have soon been ostracized, father said, on account of his debts—on account of some money he had self-appropriated from estates he was guardian over. Of course everything would have been all right—he had his own money to settle all claims—if the bank had not failed. But you know that the law stirs up and detects queer points at such a time." He nodded. "There was no hope for the family save through me. Then Frederick Braddon came forward with his millions, and—and married me." Her head dropped forward upon her breast. "He settled up everything for father, who seems happy now. And all those people who in the beginning cut us dead have flocked back again, condoning and admiring my pluck, after—"

"Go on, Mildred, go on. I am listening. You said something about marrying Frederick Braddon."

"Why, yes—" She looked at him,

startled. He was leaning back on the divan, his fingers interlaced across his knee, looking straight out before him at the line of tiled roofs marking the eastern perspective. She covered her face with her hands. "Don't! Don't!"

"But what of me all this time? What of my feelings?" He whirled around sharply. "Why didn't they wait? Why didn't you?"

"Harry! I wanted to wait—I begged to wait. Oh, my Heaven, don't you understand?"

"Understand? No, I don't understand."

"I was ill upon my back for weeks—I had to believe what they told me. Still, Harry, don't you understand?" Her eyes were deep, hollow, burning. He looked and read the truth. With a cry he swept her into his arms as if his own soul could survive only with the contact. "That even today I love you better than anything else on earth?"

"God bless you, Mildred."

"That no matter what the differences were then, I see they are all wrong—wrong, now?"

There was silence. Her trembling hands sought and melted into his blood-warm grasp. Bending over, he rested his lips upon her hair. It did not seem possible that the interval of years had swept aside all their blundering mistakes, finding these two just where they had left off.

The clocks outside struck the half-hour—deep, mellifluous tones echoing one after another. She stirred in his arms.

The conclusion of "*The Other Man*" will appear in the May issue.

Another "Top-Notcher" Exclusively for *Cosmopolitan*

Can you beat it? A five-year exclusive contract just signed with Rex Beach for Cosmopolitan—all the short stories and serials he will write during that time to appear only in Cosmopolitan Magazine. Just the news of it is enough—isn't it?—and to remember that the first short story is now ready and will appear in the May issue (on the news-stands April 10th).

"The best—and only the best—at any price"

The Defender of Niagara

By Enos A. Mills

"**T**HE power people have converted the Committee, and Niagara Falls is doomed unless you can address and enlighten the Committee before noon to-morrow, when the final session ends." This was a telephone message from Washington to J. Horace McFarland in Harrisburg. Washington was two hundred miles away; the next train left at five in the morning; it was near to midnight now, and then Mr. McFarland was worn, having returned only an hour before from a vigorous campaign for parks and playgrounds. His own affairs, too, were clamoring for attention. Niagara doomed! "I will be there," was Mr. McFarland's answer.

The time was January, 1912. For seven years the Power Company had fought a battle royal for the great commercial prize, the water-power of Niagara. For seven years this company had been defeated by Mr. McFarland. He insisted that the Falls had higher values than gold, and that they should be valued in poetry, in inspiration, in human and not in horse-power. There was abundance of power, but only one splendid Niagara. He had also shown that as a scenic spectacle the Falls were worth five hundred million dollars (which exceeded their horse-power value), because the number of travelers who came to see them spent enough in so doing to pay interest on this amount. Best of all, he showed that they annually gave rest, hope, and renewed courage to thousands of visitors.

The committee-room in the House of Representatives was crowded. The final session concerning Niagara was on. The Captains of Industry were in the majority; there was an air of Big Business. The city of Niagara Falls sent no protest. Apparently this city had not yet seen the light of dawn upon the splendid Falls in the vision for a more beautiful America. Mr. Richard B. Watrous, secretary of the American Civic Association, and one visitor were all that were present who were not directly interested. There was no bribery; these ultra-practical men of the Power Company were sincere, but they were not statesmen, and were ready to cut the throat of beauty for gold.

Apparently the end had come. It was near twelve o'clock. Maps, drawings, and blue-prints were being collected, and the session was to end in twenty minutes. Big Business considered it all over but the shouting when McFarland, the "human dynamo," threw off hat and overcoat in the committee-room.

From the instant that he stated the first proposition to the end of his torrential argument, he appeared to be stored with the tremendous and aroused sentiment of ninety million people. He was absolutely logical, intensely illuminating, and eloquently earnest. Each contention and proposition of the Power Company was annihilated. The committee reversed its attitude, and concluded to keep Niagara a cataract rather than change it to a catastrophe.

Mr. McFarland is a magnificently developed man, and is an excellent example of one who lives for his country. Years ago he announced that "American communities must cease to be a laughing-stock to foreigners because of their uniform ugliness, lack of intelligent planning, and neglect of the simplest means of beautification." He has done an enormous amount of campaigning for the City Beautiful and also a more beautiful America. He has long been the president, and acknowledged leader, of the American Civic Association. He is ever immensely active and delightfully effective. He is absolutely honest, ever sane, fearless, resourceful, tactful, yet aggressive. If you want to realize the marvelous potency of withering invective, just listen to him while he attacks the "iniquitous" practice of dehorning or beheading trees, or while paying his respects to the "offensive" and defacing billboard!

He was a pioneer in the conservation movement, and from the first has emphasized the economic and higher value of scenery. He has rendered enormous service in helping secure the establishment of national, state, and city parks. He believes that a vacation is a necessity, and that it should be spent in a beautiful, healthful place, and he insists that parks "pay dividends in humanity." City parks and playgrounds impress him

A view of Niagara Falls that suggests tremendous power—power going to waste, the utilitarians say. Waste that more than justifies

itself in scenic beauty and inspiration, says J. Horace McFarland, defender-in-chief of the Falls. And the American people believe that he is right



as "first aids to endangered American childhood."

He wants more national parks and urges that those we have developed be given better administration and placed in a bureau of their own. Four years ago, while beautifying Harrisburg, working for good roads, forest conservation, parks, and playgrounds, fighting for Niagara, battling for Hetch-Hetchy, and making a living, he discovered that a large power company was about to get leaseholds on the Yellowstone Falls and other attractive features in our national parks. He had time and energy enough to kick the usurpers out.

In March, 1913, the Power Company that McFarland defeated last year will make another try, another assault, on the world-wonder at Niagara. Let us hope that the American people will make their desires so plain that Congress will repulse this attack with such definite action that it will not again be necessary for anyone to plead or fight for the life of Niagara Falls.



J. Horace McFarland, who is known throughout the country for his work for parks and playgrounds and the City Beautiful



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Said Barbara, happily, "All the time I was washing your clothes and mine this morning I kept saying, 'Now this is really good, this is really worth while,' and once when I got the better of an ink-spot, my heart began to beat as if I'd just finished some immortal work"

("The Penalty")

The Penalty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A MAN'S WINNING FIGHT

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "Living Up to Mottoes," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

IT was rare in Dr. Ferris's experience to see a man, after an operation, come so quickly to his senses. It was to be accounted for by perfect health and a powerful mind. The patient lay on his side, because of the wound on the back of his head, and into his eyes, glazed and ether blind, there came suddenly light and understanding and memory. Memory brought the sweat to his forehead in great beads.

"Is it over?" he asked quickly. "Have you done the trick?"

"It couldn't be done."

"When did you find that out?"

"I knew it before you went under ether."

"Then you haven't mutilated young Allen?"

"No."

The legless man's eyes closed, and he smiled, and for perhaps a minute dozed. He awoke saying, "Thank God for that." A moment later, "I'm all knocked out of time—what have you done to me?"

"I took the liberty of freeing your brain from pressure—result of an old accident. It can only do you good. It was hurting your mind more and more."

"I'd like to sleep, but I have the horrors."

"What sort of horrors?"

"Remorse—remorse," said the legless man in a strong voice.

Dr. Ferris was trembling with excitement.

"But thank God my deal against Allen didn't go through. That's something saved out of the burning. Where is Rose? I want Rose."

"Rose?"

"I remember. I locked her up—in that room. The key's in the bureau—top drawer,

left. I'd like her to sit by me. I want to go to sleep. I want to forget. Time enough to remember when I'm not sick. . . . That you, Rose? Sit by me and hold my hand, there's a dear. If I need anything she'll call you, Doctor. Just leave us alone, will you?"

He clung to the hand, as a child clings to its mother's hand: and there was a tenderness and trust in the clasp that thrilled the girl to the heart.

"Say you forgive me, Rose." His voice was wheedling.

She leaned forward and kissed him.

"We got a lot to live down, Rose. Don't say we can't do it. Wait till I'm up and around, and strong."

He fell asleep, breathing quietly. Two hours later he woke. Rose had not moved.

"We'll begin," he said, "at once by getting married. I've dreamed it all out. And we'll set up home in a far place. That is, if *they'll* give me a chance. But I've never asked you—Rose, will you marry me?"

"Do you want me?" She leaned forward and rested her cheek against his.

"Do you understand?" he said. "We're beginning all over. You can't undo things that you've done; but you can start out and do the other kind of things and strike some sort of a balance—not before man maybe, but in your own conscience. That's something. I want to talk to Ferris. Call him, will you, and leave us."

"Doctor, was everything I *was* bone pressure? Ever get drunk?"

Dr. Ferris nodded gravely. "In extreme youth," he said.

The Penalty

"Well, you know how the next day you remember some of the things you did, and half remember others and have the shakes and horrors all around, and make up your mind you'll never do so and so again? That's me—at this moment. But the part I'm facing is a million times harder to face than the average spree. It covers years and years. It's black as pitch. I don't recall any white places. Everything that the law of man forbids I've done, and everything that the law of God forbids. I won't detail. It's enough that I know. Some wrongs I can put finger to and right; others have gone their way out of reach, out of recovery. Maybe I don't sound sorry enough? I tell you it takes every ounce of courage I've got to remember my past, and face it. Was it all bone-pressure? Am I really changed? Am I accountable for what I did? Was it I that did wicked things right and left, or was it somebody else that did 'em? Another thing, is the change permanent? Am I a good man now, or am I having some sort of a fit? Fetch me a hand-glass off the bureau, will you?"

Blizzard looked at himself in the mirror. "Seems to me," he said, "I've changed. Seems to me I don't look so much—like hell, as I did. What do you think?"

"I think, Blizzard," said Dr. Ferris, "that when you were run over as a child you hurt your head. I think that even if I hadn't cut off your legs you would have grown up an enemy of society. I think that up to the time of your accident and since you have come out of ether just now are the only two periods in your life when you have been sane, and accountable for your actions. Between these two periods, as I see it, you were insane—clever, shrewd—all that—but insane nevertheless. I think this—I *know* it. Even the expression of your face has changed. You look like an honest man, a man to be trusted, an able man, a kind man, the kind of man you were meant to be—a good man."

"You really think that?"

"It isn't what I think, after all; it's what *you* feel. Do you wish to be kind to people—friends with them? To do good?"

"That is the way I feel *now*. But, Doctor, will it last?"

"It's got to last, Blizzard. And you've got to stop talking."

"But will they give me a chance? Lich-

tenstein could send me to the chair if he wanted to."

"He won't do that. He will *understand*."

"I should like Miss Barbara to feel kindly toward me."

"She will. I hope that your mind has changed about her, too?"

"That," said Blizzard, "is between me and my conscience. Whatever I feel toward her will never trouble her again."

XLIX

WITH O'Hagan dead and Blizzard turned penitent, the bottom of course fell clean out of the scheme to loot Maiden Lane and the Sub-Treasury. But the work of Lichtenstein and his agents had not been in vain. Like the man in the opera Lichtenstein had a little "list." The lieutenant-governor soon retired into private life. He gave out that he wished to devote the remainder of his life to philanthropic enterprises. The police commissioner resigned, owing to ill health. Others who had counted too many unhatched chicks went into bankruptcy. Some thousands of malcontents in the West who had been promised lucrative work in New York, about January 15th, were advised to stick to their jobs, and to keep their mouths shut. The two blind cripples who had delved for so many years in Blizzard's cellars were brought up into the light and cared for. Miss Marion O'Brien went home to England with an unusually large pot of savings, and married a man who spent these and beat her until she had thoroughly paid the penalty for all her little dishonesties and treacheries. It was curious that all the little people in the plot received tangible punishments, while the big people seemed to go scot free. Blizzard, for instance.

No sooner had he recovered from the operation on the back of his head than the creature was up and doing. In straightening out his life and affairs he displayed the energy of a steam-boiler under high pressure and a colossal cheerfulness.

His first act was to marry Rose; his second to let it be known throughout the East Side that he was no longer marching in the forefront of crime. This ultimatum started a procession of wrongdoers to Marrow Lane. They came singly, in threes and fours, humble and afraid; men of substance, gunmen, the athletic, the diseased, fat crooks, thin crooks, saloon-keepers and policemen,

Italians and Slavs, short noses and long (many—many of them), two clergymen, two bankers, sharp-eyed children—and all these came trembling and with but the one thought, "Is he going to tell what he knows about us?"

He was not. Some he bullied a little, for habit is strong; some he treated with laughter and irony, some with wit, and some with kindness and deep understanding. He might have been an able shepherd going to work on a hopelessly numerous black and ramshackle flock of sheep. He couldn't expect to make model citizens out of all his old heelers; he couldn't expect to turn more than fifty per cent. of his two clergymen into the paths of righteousness. But with the young criminals he took much pains, giving money where it would do good, and advice whether it would do good or not. Among the first to come to him was Kid Shannon.

"Now look a here," said the Kid, "I bin good and bad by turns till I don't know which side is top side. But this minute I'm good—d'you get me? If you want to jail me you kin do it, nobody easier: but don't do it! You was always a bigger man than me, and when you led I followed—for a real man had rather follow a strong bad man than a good slob any day. You out of the lead, I got nothing to follow but me own wishes, and they're all to the good these days."

"A woman?" said Blizzard sternly.

"She ain't a woman yet," said the Kid, "and she ain't a kid—she's about half-past girl o'clock, and she thinks there's no better man in the United States than always truly yours, Kid Shannon. I got a good saloon business, and nothing crooked on hand but what's past and done with, and I looks to you to give a fellow a chance. Do I get it? Jail ain't goin' to help me, and it would break her. Look here, sport: I want to be good."

"Kid," said Blizzard, "no man that wants to be good need be afraid of me. You'd have been a good boy always—if it hadn't been for me. I know that as well as you. I've got the past all written down in my head. I can't rub it out. But any man that's got the nerve can put new writing across and across the old, until the old can't be read, or if it could would read like a joke. You can tell whomsoever it concerns to do well and fear nothing. At first I thought to tell Lichtenstein every first

and last thing that I know about this city, and he tried to make me tell. We had a meeting, Old Abe and I did. I was always afraid of the little Jew, Kid. Well, face to face, I wasn't. He talked, and I talked. And I was the stronger. He lets me go scot free, and I don't tell anything. If others get you for what you've done it can't be helped. But none of you'll be got through me. The past is buried; but if in the future any of you fellows start anything, and I hear of it—look out."

Kid Shannon wriggled uncomfortably. "Say," he said, "what changed you?"

"I'm not changed," said Blizzard; "according to Dr. Ferris I'm just acting natural. I was a good boy. I had a fracture of the skull. The bone pressed on my gray matter and made me a bad man. I'll tell you a funny thing: *I can't beat the box any more!* I had a go at it the other day, the missus all ready to work the pedals, and Lord help me there was no more music in my head or my fingers than there is in the liver of a frog. It was the same when I was a two-legged little kid—no music."

"Are you going to close the old diggings?"

Blizzard shook his head. "Yes and no. I'm going to pull down the old rookery; and I'm going to put up in its place a model factory."

"Hats?"

"Hats and maybe other things. I'm going to show New York how to run a sweatshop—you wait and see—the most wages and the least sweat—and the girls happier and safer than in their own homes. The missus and I were planning to bolt to a new place and begin life all over. That was foolish. I'd always feel like a coward. Don't forget that old friends meditating new crimes will be welcome at the office—advice always given away, money sometimes and sometimes help. Pass the word around—and when you and Miss Half-past Girl send out your cards don't forget me and Mrs. Blizzard in Marrow Lane."

He leaned forward, his eyes very bright and mischievous.

"Kid," he said, artistically and dramatically, "it's a pity."

"What's a pity?"

"That we didn't loot Maiden Lane before we got religion. If there was any hitch in the plan, I don't know what it was. And, Lord, I was so set on the whole thing—not because I wanted the loot, but to see if it

could be done. Some of you always said it couldn't—said there was a joker in the pack. Well, we'll never know now. And here's Mrs. O'Farrall come to pass the time of day—Good-by, Kid, so-long, pass the word around. Good luck—love and best wishes to Half-past! Mrs. O'Farrall, your kitchen extends under the sidewalk; the more negotiable of your delicatessen are cooked on city property."

"And 'twill be me ruin to have it found out. What I came for—"

"Was to find out what I'm going to do about it. Well, the law that you're breaking isn't hurting the city a bit, Mrs. O'Farrall—I wish I could say the same for your biscuits. If you're reported, come to me, and I'll see you through. How's Morgan the day?"

"The same as to-morrow, thank ye kindly—dhrunk and philanderin'."

"I'll send him a pledge to sign with my compliments, Mrs. O'Farrall, and a good job at the same time."

"He'll never sign the pledge."

"Not if I ask him to Mrs. O'Farrall, ask him on bended knee?"

Mrs. O'Farrall looked frightened, apoplectic, and confused. Blizzard lifted his heavy eyebrows, then a smile began to brighten his face.

"Mrs. O'Farrall," said he, "blessings on your old red face! For just this minute for the first time since I lost them, the fact that I have no knees to bend escaped me. Your religion teaches you that the Lord is good to the repentant sinner. Madam, he is!" And then he began to call in a loud voice:

"Rose—Rose, run down a minute. I clean forgot that I hadn't any legs."

She came, fresh, young, and lovely. What if she had played the traitor—thrown her cap over the windmills? These things are not serious matters to her sex—when the men they love are kind. And then Lichtenstein had forgiven her, and pretended to box her ears—and then she had had enough tragedy and jealousy crowded into a few months to atone for greater crimes and lapses than hers.

L

"I UNDERSTAND," said Blizzard sternly, "that when you learned I was your father, you refused to proceed further against me."

"Yes, sir," said Bubbles.

"You did wrong! Always do your duty. It was your duty to send me to the chair, if you could. A fine father I'd been to you—and to Harry—and a good honest man I was to your mother! My boy, I'm face to face with the penalty that I have to pay—you. I know all about you, Bubbles, from Lichtenstein, from Dr. Ferris, from Wilmot Allen and—others. And you're a good boy. I drove your mother crazy, I let you drift into the streets—to sink, I thought, and perish; but you're a good boy. I gave you no education, but you have picked up reading and writing and God knows what else. Once I was going to wring your neck. I didn't. That's the only favor you ever had at my hands. You'll grow up to be a good man—a fine, clever, understanding man. And it won't be because of me, it will be in spite of me. This is the hardest thing I have to face. You've come now to pay a duty call. Well, my boy, I'm obliged. But I wish to Heaven I had some hold on your affection, some way of getting a hold. Bubbles, what can I do to make you like me?"

Bubbles wriggled with awful discomfort, but said nothing.

"Is it because of your mother that you can't ever like me?"

Bubbles drew a long breath as if for a deep dive. His voice shook. "She lives in a bug-house," he said; "you drove her into it. Dr. Ferris says you were crazy yourself and nothing you ever done ought to be held against you. He says, and Miss Barbara, she says, that I ought to try to like you and feel kind to you. And—and I thought it was my duty to come and tell you that I just can't."

He was only a little boy, and the delivery of these plain truths to a man he had always held in deadly dread unmanned him. He gave one short wailing, whimpering sob, and then bit his lips until he had himself in a sort of control.

"That's all right, Bubbles," said the legless man after a pause. "It hits hard, but it's all right. And whether you said it or not, it was coming to me, and I knew it. Do you mind if I send you books and things now and then? There was a book I had when I was a boy. I'd like you to have it. Don't know what reminds me of it—unless it's you. It's the story of a Frenchman, Bayard—they called him the *chevalier*



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I suppose," said the engineer hopefully, "that you'll run out from time to time to see how things are getting on?" "Run out?" exclaimed Barbara: "we are going to live with the proposition until it goes through or under. Aren't we, Wilmo?"

The Penalty

sans peur et sans reproche. That's French. The book tells what it means. You better go now. I'm talking against time. I haven't got the same control of my nerves I used to have. I'm all broken up, my boy. But you're dead right—dead right. I say so, and I think so. You're to go to boarding-school. That's good. They won't teach *you* any evil."

He did not offer his hand, and the boy was glad.

"Well, good-by," he said uneasily, reached the door, turned, and came back a little way. "Wish you good luck," he said.

Blizzard lowered his formidable head almost reverently. "Thank you," he said.

Poor Bubbles, he began to whistle before he was out of the building; it wasn't from heartlessness, it was from pure discomfort and remorse. Anyway, his father heard the shrill piping—and he sat and looked straight ahead of him, and his face was as that of Satan fallen—fallen, and hell fires licked into the marrow of his bones.

So Rose found him, and flung herself upon his breast with a cry of yearning, and his heavy-sorrowed head nestled closer and closer to her, and he burst suddenly into a great storm of weeping.

LI

But the legless man was not one who easily or often gave way to grief. He retained all of that will-power which had made him so potent for evil, and he used it now to force cheerfulness out of discouragement and sorrow. Just what he proposed to do with his life is difficult to expose, for his plans kept changing, as almost all plans do, in the working out.

His remodeled factory will serve for an example. It began as a place in which the East Side maiden could earn enough money to keep body and soul together without scotching either. Still keeping to this idea, Blizzard kept brightening conditions, and letting in light—figuratively and actually. And he proved that short hours, high pay, and worth-while profits may be made to keep company. It all depends on how much willingness and efficiency are crowded into the short hours. Employment in Blizzard's factory became a distinction, like membership in an exclusive club, and carried with

it so many privileges of comfort and self-respect that the employees couldn't very well help being efficient.

Blizzard's office, where he held the threads of many enterprises, became a sort of clearing-house for East Side troubles. He kept free certain hours during which, sitting for all the world like a judge, he listened to private affairs, and, sympathizing, scolding, wheedling, and even bullying, he gave advice, gave money, found work, brought about reconciliations, and turned hundreds of erring feet into the straight and narrow path. He preached, and very eloquently, the gospel of common sense. For every crisis in people's lives, he seemed to remember a parallel. And his knowledge, especially of criminalities and the workings of crooked minds, seemed very marvelous to those who sought him out. And he was an easy man to speak truth to, for there were very few wicked things that he had not done himself. It is easier to confess theft to a thief than to a man of virtue, and the resulting advice may very well be just the same.

His energy and activity were endless. "It's just as hard work," he told Rose, "to do good in the world as to do evil. I haven't changed my methods, only my conditions and ideals. You've got to get the confidence of the people you're working for, and to get that you've got to know more about them than they know about themselves. To know that a man has murdered gives you power over that man; to know that another man has done something fine and manly gives you a hold on that man. Real men are ashamed of having two things found out about them—their secret bad actions, and their secret good actions. Men who do good for the sake of notoriety aren't real men."

"I know who's a real man," said Rose.

He regarded her with much tenderness and amusement. "Rose," he said, "there's one thing I'm keen to know."

"What?"

"Will you give an honest answer?"

She nodded.

"Well then, do you like me as much as you did when I used to maltreat you and bully you and threaten you? Or do you like me more, or do you like me less?"

"It's just the same," she said, "only that then I was unhappy all the time, and now all the time I'm happy."

"Were you unhappy because I wasn't kind?"

She laughed that idea to scorn. "I was unhappy because you liked somebody else more than me."

The amusement went out of Blizzard's face; the tenderness remained. There was one thing that he was determined to do with his life, and that was to make Rose a good husband. He was very fond of her, and she could make him laugh, but it wasn't going to be very easy, as long as the image of another girl persisted in haunting him.

LII

WHEN Wilmot Allen left Blizzard's house, he went direct to a barber-shop, where he remained for three hundred years. During this period, he lost his beard and thereby regained his self-respect. It took him a hundred years to reach the Grand Central, and a thousand more to get from there to Clovelly.

"I got your telegram," said Barbara.

"When?" he asked anxiously.

She broke into a sudden smile. "Oh," she said, "about fourteen hundred years ago."

"Barbara," he said, "that's a miracle! If you'd said thirteen hundred or fifteen hundred it would have been guessing, but fourteen hundred is the exact time that has passed since I telegraphed."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No," he said, "I didn't have time."

They strolled through the familiar house, talking nonsense. They were almost too glad to see each other, for there was now no longer any question of Barbara making up her mind. It had been made up for her, and Wilmot knew this somehow without being told. But when had the definite change come?—that change which made her caring for Wilmot different from all her other carings? She could not say.

He had dreaded telling her about Harry West's death. And when he had done so he watched her grave face with appealing eyes. Presently she smiled a little.

"I'm *not* heartless," she said, "but I'm going to keep on forgetting all the times when there was anybody but you. I expect most girls do a lot of shilly-shallying before they are sure of themselves."

"And you are really sure of yourself?"

"Yes, Wilmot, if I'm sure of you."

"The first thing," he said, "is to look into these mining properties we've fallen heir to. West wasn't the kind of man to be easily fooled; at the same time I myself have learned something about mines."

"For instance?" Her face was very mischievous.

"Well," he said, "for instance, I have learned that there are mines and mines. And you know, Barbs dear, I'm not eligible yet. I owe money, I haven't made good at anything, and I've got to—first of all. Haven't I?"

"Are you going to sit right there and tell me that we're not to be married until you've paid your debts and made a fortune? Where do I come in? What life have I to lead except yours? If you are in debt, so am I. If you've got to dig holes in the ground, so have I. Whatever has got to be done, we've got to do it together. So much is clear. Of course it would be *easier* for you!"

"Barbs!"

A little later he asked her what she was going to do with her head of Blizzard.

"Nothing," she said. "If it is good enough, it will survive these troubled times. If it isn't somebody will break it up."

"Are you through with art?"

"What have I to do with art?" she said.

"I'm in love. I used to think that women ought to have professions and all. But there's only one thing that a woman can do supremely well—and that's to make a home for a man. That will take all that she has in her of art and heart and ambition and delicacy. Of course if a girl is denied the opportunity of making a home, she can paint and sculp and thump the piano and get her name in the papers. What I want to know is—when do *we* start West?"

"You've offered to take me just as I am, with all my encumbrances, and to help me fight things through to a good finish. And I think that is pure folly on your part. But there's going to be no more folly on mine. I'm going to be a fool. Barbs—come here!"

He held out his arms, and she threw herself into them.

"Is to-morrow too soon, Barbs?"

"We could hardly arrange things sooner, but to my mind to-morrow is not nearly soon enough."

"What will your father say?"

"Why, if he's the father I think he is he'll bless us and wish us good luck. There'll

be an awful lot to do. Hadn't we better jump into a car, run over to Greenwich, and get married? That will be just so much off our minds."

LIII

THE young Allens began their new life by plunging themselves still deeper in debt. Their honeymoon was very short. They spent it on Long Island Sound in a yacht which Wilmot borrowed over the telephone, just before they left Clovelly to be married. On the sixth day they went West. In Salt Lake City they foregathered with a mining engineer to whom Wilmot had secured letters. This one fell in love with Barbara, closed his office, and went with them into the hills for ten days. They came out of the hills with brown faces and sparkling eyes. The engineer opened his office and dictated his report of their mines to his stenographer. During this work of enthusiasm he occasionally sighed, and the stenographer knit her brows.

"Now then," said the engineer to Wilmot and Barbara, "if my name is any good in New York, you can raise all the money you need on that document. If you can't, telegraph, and I can raise it here."

"But," said Barbara, growing very practical, "if the money can be raised here, why blow in two car-fares and a drawing-room from here to New York and back?"

"Why," the engineer stammered a little, "I thought you'd have lots and lots of friends that you'd want to let in on the ground floor. But if you haven't, and if my money is as good as another's—you see, it's a grand property, and I'm not above longing for an interest in it myself."

"I can't deny," said Wilmot, who had been worrying himself dreadfully about financing the mines, "that this looks like easy money to me."

The engineer made terms across the dinner-table, and the young Allens borrowed his money from him on their terms.

"I suppose," said the engineer hopefully, "that you'll run out from time to time to see how things are getting on?"

"Run out?" exclaimed Barbara; "we are going to live with the proposition until it goes through or under. Aren't we, Wilmot?"

"I hoped you'd feel that way about it, Barbs."

"You *knew* I would."

At first they lived in a tent, and then in a series of large wooden boxes that they called first "The House" and then "Home." Machinery began to come into the camp in the wake of long strings of mules walking two and two. Upon the report of their special consulting engineer the nearest transcontinental railroad began to lay metals across the desert, to the mines. One day came strangers with picks and shovels, and the next day came more. And these began to scratch among the sage-brush and to explode sticks of dynamite against the faces of hills. Claims were staked; shanties built, a hotel with saloon attached, all of shining tin and tar paper, arose in the night. The first thing Barbara knew Wilmot began to talk of a stretch of sage-brush as Main Street. And the same day she heard a man with a red beard speak of the little town as "Allen."

One night a man was shot dead among the sage-bushes of Main Street. Six hours later Wilmot came in on a horse covered with lather. There was a stern but not unhappy look in his eyes.

"Well?" she asked.

"He showed fight," said Wilmot; "and we had to pot him."

"Did you—"

"Would you care? We shook hands on keeping all details secret. I think the town of Allen will be run orderly in the future. And by the way, have I such a thing as a clean shirt?"

"You will have," said Barbara, "when the things dry."

"Barbara!"

"Yes, it had to come to it. There are only two women in town, and the other isn't fit to wash your shirts, dear."

"Let me see your hands."

He examined them critically, then kissed them uncritically. "They don't look like a washerwoman's hands yet," he said.

"No," she said, "not yet. But please say they look less and less like a sculptor's."

"Barbara," he said, "they look more and more like a dear's. But tell me, aren't you getting bored with it—missing New York things and all?"

"No," she said stoutly, "I'm not. I'm useful here in some ways. And I was about as useful there as—as all the other people. I'm not even worried about the mines."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Bubbles came out to them for the Christmas vacation, already stamped with the better earmarks of the great New England boarding-schools. He was quite a superior person.

"Neither am I. But development's a great deal slower than I thought. We've still plenty of money. And the moment we begin to ship ore, we'll have plenty of credit, which is just as useful. No? I'm not worried. We're going to be rich, and we're going to live in a palace."

"And then what?"

"That *is* worrying me. What do people do when the striving's over, and the sixteen-hours-a-day hard work? What *do* they do? Oh, Barbs, we know lots of such people, and we must find out exactly what they do, and—do something else. Living as we are living has its drawbacks; but it's not a place to hurry over."

"It's a good way to live," said Barbara, "if you've got sense enough to know that it's good while it's going on. People who speak of the good old days, or who are always looking forward to better days, are usually unhappy. All the time I was washing your clothes and mine this morning I kept saying, 'Now this is really *good*—this is really worth while,' and once when I got the better of an ink-spot, my heart began to beat as if I'd just finished some immortal work."

They were much amused with Bubbles, who came out to them for the Christmas vacation. The short fall term had already stamped him with the better earmarks of the great New England boarding-schools. He was quite a superior person, rather prone to quote, just as if they had been facts out of the Gospel, the sayings of Mr. This and Mr. That. And he used superior words, and spoke of various things of England as if he had always known that such persons existed. He had in addition a smattering of Latin, his pride in which he strove in vain to conceal. And most of all he considered the schoolboy captain of the football team a creature, on the whole, wiser and more knowing even than Abe Lichtenstein.

But by the time he had been a week in camp he was himself again. And by the time he returned to school he had forgotten the ablative singular of *Rosa*.

They thought best to tell him that he would have plenty of money some day. In view of this would he persist in being a secret service agent? He thought so. He wasn't sure. The service needed money often and always service. Had he seen his father? Yes, and he told them about the interviews.

"And," said Bubbles, "he sent me a box Thanksgiving. There was a cold turkey and caramels and guaver jelly and ginger-snaps, and walnut meats, and seedless raisins, and, and as Mr. Tompkins says, it doesn't do to be *too* hard on a man."

LIV

SPRING came. Their mine made its first shipments of ore and was no longer a paper success. The balance-sheet for the first month after shipments had begun made Wilmot whistle. He couldn't believe the figures, and worked till late into the night, trying to find some dreadful error. Finding none, finding that with the help of others he had really made good at last, the rough life began to lose its savor. If he still owed money it could be but for a short time. He was free as air—free to do what he pleased—almost to spend what he pleased.

"Barbs," he said, the next morning, "the mine's no good; we've got to tackle something else."

"What do you mean, no good? Why, you said—"

"I know what I said. The mine is a success. Aside from what your father has, you're a rich woman. And I'm a rich man. And that's the difficulty. There's no use working our hearts out over a thing that's a definite success—is there? No fun in it. We've got to look round for something else. Now we are always going to have money—that's certain. What are we going to do with it? Think of something hard—something worth while."

"Oh," she said, "I can't—can you?"

"No," he said almost angrily, "I can't. And that's the rotten side of money. That's the stumbling-block for everybody who succeeds in collecting a lot of it. The distribution is infinitely harder than the collecting. I think we'd better pull up stakes, go back to New York, and think hard."

"Yes. Let's."

"I'd like to have a talk with Blizzard." Barbara's eyebrows went high with surprise.

"Why not? Your father writes that the man is doing more good right in New York city where it's most needed than any six philanthropists the place ever owned. Maybe he's got something really big in view, and maybe he'll let us in on the ground floor."

"Well," said Barbara, "considering everything, I shouldn't care to have much to do with him."

Wilmot put back his head and laughed aloud. "That," said he, "is precisely the sort of advice that I used to give you."

Barbara blushed. "I'd like to forget that such a man ever came into my life in any way."

"You can't forget it, dear. You asked him in. You *would* do it. And now you can never forget. And that's one of the penalties you have to pay for going against the people who love you most."

"Well," said she, "I'm willing to keep on paying—if the right people will keep on loving. Anyway, philanthropy—good works—are none of my business. My business, sir, is to make you a home. And with the exception of one person that I know about positively, the rest of the world can go hang."

"That statement," said Wilmot, "sounds very pagan and profane to me and also very, very beautiful. But, who, may I ask, is this *other* person?" His brows gathered a little jealously.

"This other person," said Barbara quietly "is at the present moment a total stranger to us."

Then she leaned forward until her head was almost on his breast. And she gave a little sigh which was fifty per cent. comfort, and fifty per cent. courage. She could hear his heart beating like a trip-hammer. Had he burst into immortal eloquence, his words would have been of less consequence in her ear.

"And when you think," said she, "that some women spend the best years of their lives making statues!"

She gave a little sigh which was fifty per cent. comfort and fifty per cent. courage. "And when you think," said she, "that some women spend the best years of their lives making statues!"

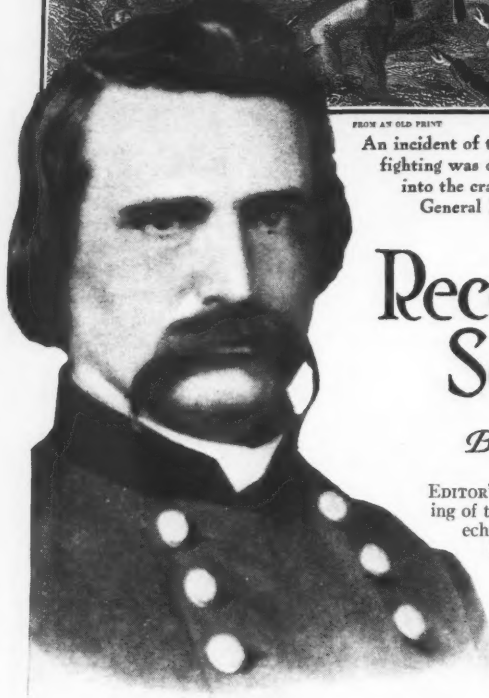
A short story by Gouverneur Morris will appear in the next issue.





FROM AN OLD PRINT

An incident of the siege of Vicksburg. Some of the most desperate fighting was done when, as pictured here, the Federals rushed into the crater of a mine they had exploded.—Portrait of General Logan taken during the Vicksburg campaign



Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

By Mrs. John A. Logan

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Sunset of July 4, 1863, saw the withering of the high hopes of the Confederacy. Hardly had the echoes died from the hills of Gettysburg when Vicksburg opened the gates which Grant must soon have battered down. But the war was not yet over. Multitudes of soldiers were opposed to fighting for the freedom of the slaves; and the Federal government was face to face with one of the most serious problems of the war. Mrs. Logan lived in a section where this feeling was most intense. It furnishes exceptionally interesting material for this chapter of her "Recollections."

IF I had known the hardships that awaited my husband on the Vicksburg campaign, my anxiety for him would have been even greater than it was when we parted at Memphis in February, 1863, he to go to Lake Providence with his division and I to return to my home in southern Illinois. Indeed, I marvel now

how I ever lived through the horrible suspense of the next two months. But we learn to endure that which we must.

The Western army was about to undergo its most trying experience of the whole war. News that my husband had survived one engagement brought only momentary relief when I knew that he might already be in

the midst of another. His conduct at Forts Henry and Donelson had taught me that, however earnest he might be in reassuring me that he would take care of himself, he would be careless about his health and in the thick of any fighting.

While he had all the details of his command to occupy his attention, I could only wait and worry. Perhaps the hardest part of the waiting was the fear that he might be wounded or ill and that the one thing needed to save his life was the care which a wife knows so well how to give. But, as the general said, I could not always remain near the front on the chance that he would require my nursing. I had an infant daughter and son to care for, and there were affairs at home that must be looked after. It was a very sad journey for me back up the Mississippi, with the consciousness that every turn of the paddle-wheels was taking me farther away from my husband; yet I would not have had him out of the army. I would not have had him anywhere but at the head of his men in action, while I prayed for his success and the success of our arms and that all the bullets would miss him.

CLOSING IN ON VICKSBURG

Once the Federals had Vicksburg, the whole length of the Mississippi would be back under the flag; the Confederacy would be cut in two. But Vicksburg was supposed to be impregnable. It was regarded as too hazardous to try to run transports past the batteries on its high bluffs which swept the river. As a part of the plan in laying siege to it as promptly as possible, General Grant moved his troops across the river on transports to Lake Providence. Then by digging canals he hoped to be able to get some kind of water-craft through to a point below Vicksburg, where he could ferry the forces across the Mississippi to Port Gibson, from which he would advance to the investment.

McPherson's and McClernand's corps now found themselves in the midst of swamps, morasses, and shallow lakes. Under the burning sun the men dug away loyally at the canal. Numbers fell ill, owing to the insalubrious surroundings. As soon as it became evident that it would be a long time before the canals were finished, General Logan urgently advocated trying to run the batteries under the cover of darkness as preferable to wallowing in the mud. This

plan was decided upon. General Logan then called for volunteers from his division to man the transports because so many of them were experienced rivermen. More than enough responded, and he selected those most fit for the service. In the dead of night, without a light, with bulwarks of cotton bales piled on the decks for protection, the transports made the passage without receiving much injury from the forts.

LOGAN DRIVES BACK THE ENEMY

General McClernand's command was already across the river and engaged with the enemy when General Logan's division began to disembark at Port Gibson on May 1st. McClernand had failed to drive the enemy back and was calling for re-enforcements. McPherson and my husband, by Grant's orders, immediately advanced with one brigade, which, under their personal leadership, got into such a position and acted with such decision that the Confederates were repulsed with heavy loss and fell back to the other side of Bayou Pierre. My husband kept right on their heels. He had the quality which so pleased Grant of always following up a success. At dusk Colonel Stolbrand fired the last shot at the Confederate rearguard as it set fire to the bridge across the north fork of Bayou Pierre.

Our men slept on their arms that night, while the general, occupied with his plans for the morrow, was too busy to sleep. His whole division was now up. On the morning of the 2d, while McClernand's troops were rebuilding the bridges over the bayou, Logan forded it with two of his brigades and marched on. Crocker's division of McPherson's corps, which had disembarked after my husband's, was ordered to take the direct road in pursuit of the enemy, while my husband was to take the Grand Gulf road. General Logan moved so rapidly that at four o'clock in the afternoon he struck the Confederates on the flank, forcing them so precipitately across the Big Black that he was able to prevent their burning the bridge. Thus on the morning of the 3d the enemy was compelled to evacuate Grand Gulf with its elaborate works and Sherman could report to Grant that the road to Vicksburg was open.

On May 12th my husband's division fought unassisted at Raymond, where he struck the enemy in a clump of timber. Grant describes this in his "Memoirs" as

"one of the hardest small battles of the war." The enemy's loss in this savage engagement was over eight hundred men. My husband had his horse shot under him while leading a bayonet charge of the 23d Indiana. On the 14th he was in the thick of the battle of Jackson. As the result of that victory it will be recalled that Grant slept in the house that had been occupied the previous night by Johnston. On the 14th came the fearfully bloody engagement of Champion Hills. Of this the Comte de Paris remarks, "It was the most complete defeat that the Confederates had sustained since the commencement of the war." My husband's division played a decisive part in the very crisis of the battle. At one time he was completely isolated, but pressed forward until he was able to get across the enemy's line of retreat. Word came to him to stop his movement for fear that he was exposing himself too far, but he was loath to obey.

"THE HILL OF DEATH"

"Logan rode up at this time," says Grant, in his report of the battle, "and told me that if Hovey could make another dash at the enemy he could come up from where he then was and capture the greater part of their force, which suggestions were acted upon and fully realized."

The dead were so thick on one of the hills that it was known as "the hill of death." The Confederates fought with grim tenacity, and the Federals fought irresistibly, for both sides knew that victory here meant that the way was clear for the final investment of Vicksburg.

On the morning of the 18th, Pemberton shut himself up inside his fortifications, and the siege had begun. On the morning of the 19th, Grant made the first general assault, which was unsuccessful except for placing our forces here and there in command of more advanced positions. Early on the 22d came the second and more determined assault, when the guns of the army, combined with mortars of Porter's mortar flotilla, made a girdle of fire around Vicksburg. The cost was 3000 casualties, and the result was a complete failure. General Logan always regarded this as the most harrowing of all his engagements. He was fully convinced that the assault could not succeed; yet, of course, he went into the action to fight as valorously as if he expected success.

Now Grant settled down to the business of starving out Pemberton. General Logan had command of McPherson's center, opposite Fort Hill. It was during the siege operations before Fort Hill that he received a wound that has never been officially recorded. He was sitting in his tent, leaning back with his foot up against the ridge-pole. A bullet struck the leg of the chair just at the top and penetrated the flesh of his thigh. He had the surgeon dig out the ball, and made him promise not to say anything about it. The surgeon kept his word, and all that anyone except him and some members of the staff knew was that the general's chair had been hit.

He was always saying that it was wrong for an officer to expose himself unnecessarily. He did not believe in foolhardy bravado. But one day when he was out on the line at Vicksburg a party of Confederates began firing at him, and instead of bolting to the rear he put spurs to his horse and kept on riding along the ridge till it dipped out of range, with the result that his saddle was chipped and his horse wounded. I asked him how he reconciled that with his promise to me that he would never be brave just for bravery's sake.

"There wasn't any bravery about it. It was horse sense," he answered. "If I had turned and ridden down the hill right away from the front, probably those sharpshooters would have bored me through half a dozen times. I gave them a moving target. After all, it is a matter of chance. A little exposure more or less does not make much difference."

THE MINING OF FORT HILL

No sooner were his troops in position for the siege than the general suggested that Fort Hill could be sapped and mined. His command had been in the lead since Lake Providence, and he was eager for it to play a leading part in the final storming of Vicksburg. After thorough investigation Grant acceded to the plan. On the afternoon of June 25th the mine was exploded. When the smoke, dust, and debris had settled, there was a crater where the fort had been. A party of Confederates who were busy working on a counter-mine at the time were tossed high in the air. Some dropped unhurt in the Union lines. Among them was a negro who almost changed complexion, he was so scared. When he was asked how



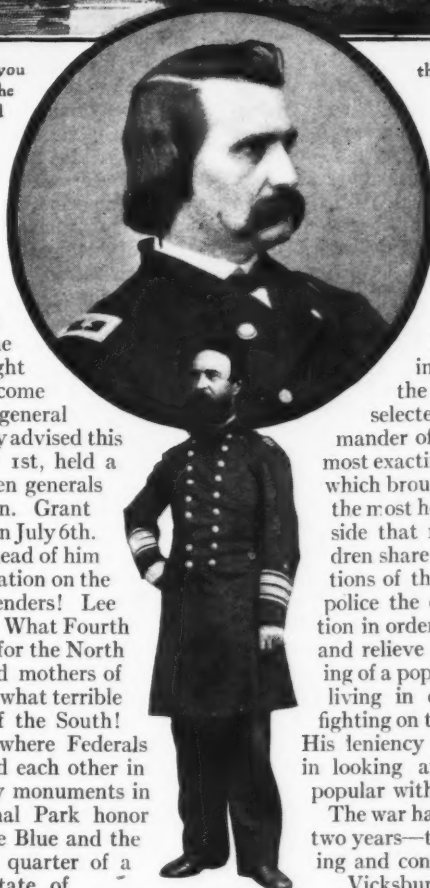
FROM AN OLD PRINT

Logan's men crossing Bayou Pierre in pursuit of the Confederates, who had fired the bridge in

their retreat toward Vicksburg, to which Grant soon laid siege.—General Logan in 1863

high he had gone he answered, " 'Bout three mile, I 'spec'."

The Thirty-first Illinois had the post of honor when the general's troops rushed into the crater after the explosion. He thought that the time had now come for an immediate general assault, and he strongly advised this when Grant, on July 1st, held a council with his thirteen generals to consider the question. Grant decided on an assault on July 6th. But Pemberton was ahead of him with an offer of capitulation on the 3d. Vicksburg surrenders! Lee beaten at Gettysburg! What Fourth of July news that was for the North and for the wives and mothers of Northern soldiers, and what terrible news for the women of the South! To-day, on the spot where Federals and Confederates faced each other in that bitter siege, many monuments in the Vicksburg National Park honor the heroism of both the Blue and the Gray. At a cost of a quarter of a million dollars the state of Illinois has built a Temple of Fame in the crater of Fort Hill; and the name of every



Admiral Porter, who with the river fleet helped to capture Vicksburg

Illinois officer and man who took part in the siege is perpetuated in bronze.

Grant now gave my husband the honor of being, with his division, the leader in the formal entry into the fallen city. He also selected him to become commander of the post. This was a most exacting and depressing task, which brought him in contact with the most horrible side of war—the side that made women and children share the dangers and privations of the fighters. He had to police the city, look after sanitation in order to avoid an epidemic, and relieve the hunger and suffering of a population which had been living in caves with starvation fighting on the side of the besiegers. His leniency and personal activity in looking after them made him popular with the people.

The war had now been in progress two years—two years of hard fighting and constant hardship. With Vicksburg captured, it was only just that as many as could be spared from the front should receive furloughs before another

active campaign began. When affairs had resumed something like a normal state under my husband's organization, he turned over his command to General Maltby, of the Forty-fifth Illinois, which had been recruited in Galena, Grant's old home, and himself started homeward with his staff on a Mississippi steamboat. Numerous men of the southern Illinois regiments on furlough had arrived ahead of him. These had spread accounts of his heroism and success as a leader; so that when he landed at Cairo it was to meet an ovation to the "conquering hero" from his partisans and admirers.

But he also had his enemies. Many of his former neighbors could not forget that he had been a Democrat before the war. Now he had turned a "black Republican," which in their bitterness they regarded as something heinous. There were threats against his life by secessionist sympathizers. Therefore some of his veterans formed themselves into a guard for his protection, and followed him in civilian clothing wherever he went. When one soldier's furlough expired, and he returned to the army, another would take his place in self-appointed devotion.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"

Colonel R. P. Towne, Major Hotaling, Major Loyd Wheaton, Major Hoover, and other members of my husband's staff were guests in our simple home in Carbondale. They were in the care-free frolicsome mood of soldiers off duty, and there were dinners, excursions, picnics, and dances. Carbondale was noted for its pretty girls, and boasted the best society in Illinois south of Springfield. From nearly every family some man had gone to the front, and every woman wanted to do her share to see that the heroes of Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg had a real holiday. When the time came for their departure, it was noticed that some of the young women wore engagement rings, which meant that there would be still more "war widows" for the general's wife to comfort when a battle was approaching and she was worried nearly out of her wits on her own husband's account.

But there was little merrymaking for the general himself. He was always on the go, making speeches for the Republican cause in the forthcoming local elections. Though the reader of history justifiably regards Gettysburg and Vicksburg as the turning-point of the Civil War, he overlooks the disturb-

ing effect at the time of the Emancipation Proclamation. Many of the soldiers were fighting solely to save the Union. They had no interest on behalf of the negroes. What they had seen of the oppressed blacks in the South had not encouraged the more cynical to think that their own lives should be sacrificed in the name of abolition. Not a few held that as the slaves were property we had no right to free them. It was confiscation.

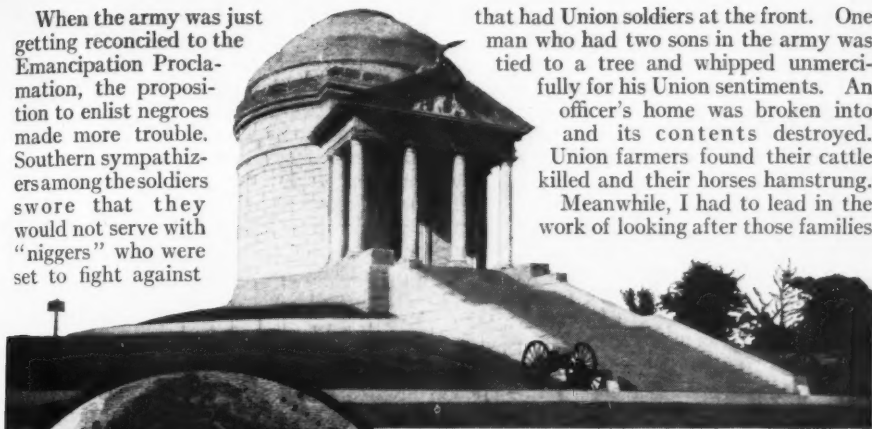
OPPOSITION TO EMANCIPATION

Such views were particularly strong in southern Illinois, where there were so many relatives of slave-holders. They had followed the general in putting down an armed rebellion against the nation and with no other idea, and they thought that the Emancipation Proclamation would only warrant the South in prolonging the war. Of course they were wrong, as we know now; but it was no easy task for the general to convince them of it. He had to bear the epithet of "negro-lover" while he stood up stoutly for the Proclamation, in whose wisdom he had thoroughly believed from the first. At many of his meetings, crowds of bullies would gather for the purpose of shouting insulting interruptions. On one occasion he threw a glass tumbler, which was on the stand before him, into the face of a tough who used language which it was not in the blood of a soldier to endure. This coward had to retreat to a drug-store, where a surgeon was required to save his face from disfigurement. Meanwhile, the general finished his speech before an orderly audience.

Many men with fine records of service at the front, thanks to the infection of resentment of the Proclamation, had failed to return to the army on the date when their furloughs expired. This made them deserters in the eyes of the law. In every community numbers of them were in hiding, with Southern sympathizers a party to their conduct. Even those who repented of their folly hesitated to report themselves because of the severe punishment which would be their portion if the articles of war were rigidly enforced. The country could not afford to pay the expense of long trials or lose the services of excellent veteran soldiers. So the President issued another proclamation, pardoning all deserters who returned to duty before a given date. There were comparatively few of the men who did not respond.

When the army was just getting reconciled to the Emancipation Proclamation, the proposition to enlist negroes made more trouble. Southern sympathizers among the soldiers swore that they would not serve with "niggers" who were set to fight against

that had Union soldiers at the front. One man who had two sons in the army was tied to a tree and whipped unmercifully for his Union sentiments. An officer's home was broken into and its contents destroyed. Union farmers found their cattle killed and their horses hamstrung. Meanwhile, I had to lead in the work of looking after those families



Temple of Fame erected by Illinois on Fort Hill, where Logan's men made a gallant assault, June 25, 1863, after exploding a mine under the Confederate works



FROM AN OLD PRINT

Blowing up Fort Hill. This was followed by a daring charge that was led by Logan's men

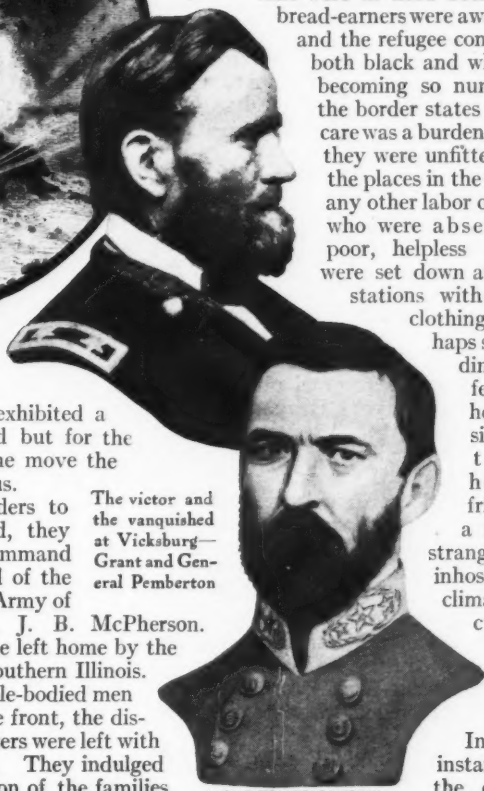
white men. Many officers exhibited a spirit of insubordination; and but for the fact that the army was on the move the results might have been serious.

When General Logan's orders to proceed to the front arrived, they brought promotion from the command of a division to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps of the Army of the Tennessee, under Gen. J. B. McPherson. He was worried at the time he left home by the critical political situation in southern Illinois. As the majority of the loyal able-bodied men of the region were away at the front, the disgruntled secessionist sympathizers were left with a free field for their activities. They indulged in petty and wicked persecution of the families

that were in need because their bread-earners were away at war; and the refugee contrabands, both black and white, were becoming so numerous in the border states that their care was a burden. Usually they were unfitted to take the places in the field or at any other labor of the men who were absent. The poor, helpless creatures were set down at railroad

stations with scanty clothing and perhaps some bedding and a few household utensils. Destitute, homeless, friendless, among strangers in an inhospitable climate, their condition was unspeakably sad.

In many instances, all the energy



The victor and the vanquished at Vicksburg—Grant and General Pemberton

PORTRAITS FROM A HERBERT COLLECTION

seemed to have been squeezed out of them by their hardships. They would sit or lie on the ground, pictures of helplessness, waiting on fate to care for them or to finish them. I recall one "po' white" family of eight whom I helped to succor. Father, mother, and six daughters were huddled together on the floor of an old freight depot. They had not a morsel to eat, and were shivering in the November cold. Of course this was a case where our aid society must use a little of the small amount of money at its disposal. I asked the mother what she desired most.

"A little terbacker, if you please!" she said. Some of the ladies of the society were so disgusted that they wanted to leave her to her own resources, but charity and good nature prevailed, and we gave her some tobacco before we turned to the problem of shelter, clothes, and food.

THE PLIGHT OF THE COLORED REFUGEES

The situation of the poor blacks was even more pitiful than that of the whites. They were timid and weak minded, and had little power of resistance. Many succumbed to pneumonia. It was hard for them to realize that they were free, and they had a frightened way of staring as if they expected at any moment to be snatched back into slavery. Those who were strong enough were quite ready to work. They were very welcome at a period when it was hard to employ help of any kind. I especially had cause to bless the coming of the contrabands. Though I was the wife of a major-general, I had been compelled, with the assistance of my companion and friend, Miss Mary E. Tuthill, to play the part both of maid and man-of-all-work, feeding and caring for the animals in the barnyard, currying, harnessing, and driving the horses, washing the buggy, milking the cow, with all my spare time occupied in relief work.

How hard the secessionist sympathizers made the position of the negroes and the people who employed them, a story in which I myself played a part will well illustrate. As Miss Tuthill and I were driving one day, we passed a colored man sitting beside the road. He was utterly forlorn, a vagabond in a strange country. He said that his name was Albert. When I asked him what he was doing there and where he was going, he said fearfully:

"I ain't doin' nothin', miss, an' God knows I doan' know whar to go. Bless de

Lord, I would be glad for sumfin to do an' be 'lowed jest ter stay somewhar."

No human being could have appeared more helpless or appealing or ingratiating.

"I need help," I said. "If you will come and work for me, I will build you a little house in my yard and make you very comfortable. If you do as I tell you and look after the cow and the horse and the garden, I will pay you fifteen dollars a month and board to start with and more as soon as I see that you are worth it."

"Bless you, missy!" he answered. "I'd jest be glad to min' you an' work drefle hard ef de udder white folks 'roun' here dat doan' like us black folks 'd let me."

By this he referred to the "copperhead" element. Some of them had declared that they would drive every contraband negro into the Ohio River. I told him that I would see that he was protected. Indeed, I would see that he learned how to protect himself.

"Well, missy," he said, "I done leave it all to you an' pray de Lord to take care of us both."

I directed him to my home, telling him to wait there until I came, and continued on my errand. When I returned home, I found Albert sitting on the wood-pile, his face shining like the setting sun. It was evident that he had taken a survey of the premises and highly approved of them.

"I done reach de promis' lan' at last!" he declared.

THREATS FOR BEFRIENDING A NEGRO

It was not long before it was noised about that "John Logan's wife had hired a nigger to work for her, and he is on the place to stay." The offense to the Knights of the Golden Circle was the worse, owing to my husband's importance as a Union leader. I learned through various hints that were passed that if I did not send Albert away he would be visited in the night, and that if I interfered to protect him I should get a thrashing myself.

A member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which made so much trouble for every Unionist had been a lifelong friend of mine; while he was intensely secessionist he was the soul of honor and loyalty to his friends. He knew that I would try to protect the colored man if they attacked him, and he could not bear the thought of any harm coming to me. So he came to me,

begging that I send the darky away, and warning me that there would be trouble if I persisted in keeping him, because they were "not going to let the country be filled up with niggers."

DEFYING THE GOLDEN CIRCLE

I told him that, while I appreciated beyond expression his friendship and warning, I must be frank enough to tell him that I intended to protect Albert to the best of my ability; also that if he would trust me still further by telling me who was going to take part in the dastardly deed of maltreating an inoffensive creature who had never harmed them, I would, under no circumstances, betray him, but would make the men who proposed to do the job afraid to come on my premises or to harm the negro. After some hesitancy he told me their names. He went away feeling much distressed and quite sure that I would have a serious experience. I waited patiently that day for one of these men, whom I knew must pass my house going into and out of town. As soon as I spied him coming down the road I walked out to my front gate and called to him, asking if he would not come in for a moment, as I desired to see him on a matter of business. He was much embarrassed, but consented. I told him that I had been informed by a member of the Circle of the proposed attack upon the colored man in my employ. I was particularly grieved to hear that he was one of the most active movers in the matter, as I had a vivid recollection of having accommodated him in many ways, especially by loaning him my horses, farming tools, and wagons. Moreover, I should be sorry to cause his arrest and imprisonment; but, nevertheless, I had made up my mind to single him out as the one person whom I should hold responsible for Albert's safety. Finally, he was told that if Albert was molested in any way I would cause his arrest and I thought that I could prove that he had made threats of violence not only to Albert but also to me, personally, if I tried to protect Albert. Nor did I fail to remind him that Miss Tuthill, Albert, and myself were excellent shots, that we practised shooting daily, and had a sort of arsenal for our protection. Consequently, the slightest intrusion on the premises would be greeted with a volley both from the house and from Albert's quarters. The frequent change of color in my visitor's face betrayed

his guilt; though of course he protested that he had no knowledge of any plans of the kind and avowed his willingness to protect the "nigger" for me.

My friend Durham reported to me afterward that at the next meeting of the Circle the fellow said that it would never do to trouble that "nigger at John Logan's house," because he had found out that Mrs. Logan had heard about what they had talked of doing; that all their names were now in the hands of officers, and if anything were to happen to the "nigger" he was certain that they would all be arrested and soldiers would be stationed to protect Logan's family.

Albert was still with us when General Logan returned from the war and remained until he set out for the South to hunt up his family. When we paid him off, he had three or four hundred dollars as the result of his labor and a partnership which he and I had had in a little cotton crop we had raised together, at a time when cotton brought tremendous prices. As he drove away from the door on the town express-wagon with a big trunk full of clothes, well dressed himself, and his money in his pocket, he felt as happy as if he had been a millionaire. I confess that I, too, felt glad that I had saved at least one poor creature from being maltreated. We had taught him to read and write and had trained him to be a good and useful citizen; and he had royally earned every cent of his little fortune.

A GLIMPSE OF WAR'S PATHOS

Again, as characteristic of war days in southern Illinois, I recall how, one dreary November afternoon, just as the sun was setting, I went with two other ladies to assist a grandfather to bury his small grandchild, the daughter of a soldier absent at the front. When we reached the cemetery, there was no one at hand to help him to lower the little body into the grave. So we took hold of the ropes that supported the coffin, and after it was in the grave we helped the old man to fill in the earth and fashion the mound over it. We returned from this task to find that the child's mother was dying, and soon we had to prepare her body for the casket, unassisted by any undertaker. Certainly, the women of southern Illinois had their trials no less than their husbands and sons on the battlefield, and did their no small part in saving the Union.

The next instalment of "*Recollections of a Soldier's Wife*" will appear in the May issue.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

Are you a business man? Married? Any boys? Do you want them to "follow in father's footsteps"—make a life-work of the same business? A problem, isn't it?—and you're honest. Wallingford just doubles it—he's a crook. He can take a thousand from the pocket of the first "easy mark" he meets—and smile all the way. But the question of changing the shape of Young Jimmy's ear-lobes is a different proposition. It has him guessing. Fact is, these same ear-lobes remind him of his own. What if—but let's leave it to Mr. Chester, past-master at making stories come out right. Meanwhile, the adventures of "Young Jimmy" and his kid pal—"so freckled that he looks like a section of ripening squash"—certainly add to the gaiety of the most popular series of stories we have printed in many a long moon. In this story Blackie and the kids help Wallingford form a "buttermilk trust," guaranteeing long life—and profits

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

THE long, blue traction car ran on to the siding at Stop 37, and came to rest with a jerk and a screech. Two boys shot themselves off the back platform before the jerk was over, and raced across the track to a warped little cross-roads grocery-store, on the front of which was displayed a blacking-brush sign, "Fresh buttermilk."

"Two buttermilks," ordered the square-built boy, who was so freckled that he looked like a section of ripening squash, and, in the same breath, he reached down and pulled playfully the tail of a big gray cat.

The paler boy, who was more slenderly built, but still healthily rounded, sat on one of the well-whittled high stools at the long board counter, and took a curious survey of the fly-inhabited store; while old Curt Purty, with his gingham shirt open at the neck, produced the buttermilk from a carpet-covered tub.

Old Curt was about to make a sweeping statement in regard to the quality of the buttermilk, when four new customers poured in—two ladies and two gentlemen, all of them dressed as extravagantly as comfortable traveling would allow.

"Great buttermilk, Daddy Jim!" hailed the freckle-faced boy, making another grab for the cat.

The extremely broad-breasted man who seemed to be the leader of the party, smiled with that peculiar gratification which belongs to all lovers of good things. "Four bottles," he promptly ordered. "If you're afraid of it, Vi, I'll drink yours."

The plump lady in the obtrusive tan traveling-coat with violet facings, powdered her nose reflectively. "I'll break my diet for buttermilk any day," she decided. "Why is it, Fannie, that everything I like makes me fat?"

"I think it's because you like everything good," smiled the slender lady, who was more quietly attired.

The tall, thin gentleman of the party, who wore an intensely black and sharply waxed mustache, now leaned over the counter between the two boys, who both looked up at him and grinned. "Is your buttermilk pasteurized?" he anxiously inquired.

Curt Purty blinked at him. "It's mighty fresh and good," he earnestly declared, his wispy little sandy-gray goatee quivering with the firmness of his belief.

"Is it bacillated?" the thin one persisted, still with that anxious gravity.

Curt Purty leaned his brown hands on the counter. "It's churned fresh every morning by Bill Macken's folks, and it's bottled right across the track with five thousand dollars' worth of machinery."

"Then I'll take a chance," hesitantly decided the particular customer, wrapping his flexible legs around one of the tall stools. "I've been warned to drink buttermilk only from dun cows, and even then it should be pasteurized, bacillized, peptonized, and," here his roving glance fell on his plump wife, "and Bonnieized."

The plump lady punched him in the back with a highly manicured finger. "You're the limit, Blackie," she laughingly declared,

clambering onto the stool beside him with surprising agility. "Toad Jessop, if you don't let that cat alone, I'll murder you!"

The freckle-faced boy looked up at her with a friendly grin, and reached across Blackie to pat her on the wrist. "I'll stop, Mammy Vi," he promised, being quite through with the cat, which was, at that moment, trying to get Toad's chewing-gum off its foot.

Curt Purty paused on his way to kick the cat behind the opposite counter, and, as he set down the four bottles of buttermilk, his brow wore signs of profound thought. "What was all that you said about the buttermilk?" he inquired of Blackie.

Blackie, by this time worrying about the saxophone he had left alone in the trolley-car, nevertheless obligingly scraped his memory, and repeated the requirements of properly prepared buttermilk. "The great trick is to have it Bonnie-ized," he explained; "the process was invented by, and named after, the charming wife on my left, Violet Bonnie Daw. The business manager of the tremendous secret process is the handsome gentleman on the extreme right, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford."

Curt Purty smoothed his wispy goatee from the under side with the back of his hand. "I've heard of Bulgarian buttermilk," he observed. "It's supposed to make you live a long time."

"Yes; but you don't enjoy life when you're old," argued Blackie. "Bonnieized butter-

milk makes you stay young," and, with a sudden inspiration, he reached his long fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and dropped a white pellet into his glass.

"Was that some of it?" the interested Purty wanted to know.

"It's the chief ingredient; concentrated bonnie-clabber," gravely stated Blackie, twirling his glass slowly, and sipping at it.

The carelessly jointed conductor of the traction car came in to buy a package of tobacco, which Curt Purty had hurried up to hand to him.

Toad Jessop leaned over, and whispered, "Lemme taste it, Daddy Blackie."

Grinning down at him in comradeship, Blackie passed over his glass, and

Toad took a healthy sip.

"Gee, taste it, Jimmy!" enthusiastically recommended Toad, passing the glass to the more silent, but more observant, other boy. "Say, Blackie, give us a mint for ours."

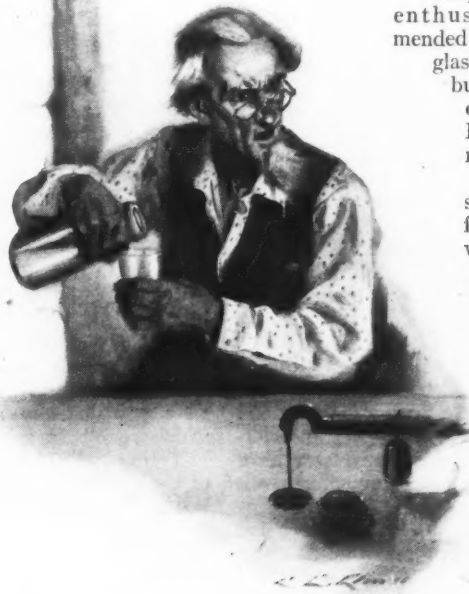
Curt Purty came slowly back from the front of the store, with the lines of intense thought still puckered on his brow. This time, however, he addressed the large business manager. "You look like you got a good business," he speculated, noting not so much the big diamond in Wallingford's cravat, nor the one on his finger, but the

well-fed pinkness of Wallingford's huge, round countenance.

"Pretty fair," acknowledged Wallingford, finishing his drink, and shoving forward his glass for more.

"I suppose your factory's in a good dairy country?" ventured Curt.

"Certainly," acquiesced Wallingford, with a sidelong glare at the grinning Blackie.



Curt Purty blinked at Blackie. "This buttermilk's mighty fresh and good," he earnestly declared

The New Adventures of Wallingford

"I reckon this is the finest dairy country in the United States," Curt Purty next informed him. "They're all rich farmers around here. We had a big dairy here once, and the farmers all stocked up with cows, but the Lignum brothers joined the dairy trust and moved away; and now the bottom's kind o' dropped out of things. Bill Macken took the dairy—it's right across the track there—on a two-thousand-dollar mortgage note. Now Bill uses all that machinery just to bottle my buttermilk. Last fall—"

"There's the whistle," interrupted Jimmy, and a second later the two boys were wedging out through the door.

II

JIM WALLINGFORD, sitting on the bank of a stream which was guaranteed in the prospectus never to cease purling, and watching a gaily colored cork in the water with minute attention, suddenly lost his temper. "Will you quit that infernal noise!" he yelled. "The fish won't bite with all that racket."

Blackie Daw, sitting flat on the bank at the curve of the pool, lowered his saxophone from his lips, and looked at his friend reproachfully. "Say not so, Jim," he protested. "You little know the lure of a lulling lilt," and he glanced pleasantly at his string of fish.

He sat on the end of his pole, with the middle of it supported between the crossed toes of his shoes. He wore a gaily striped sweater and a disreputable-looking fisherman's hat, in the band of which was a circle of brightly colored trout-flies, these latter of no more use here than his saxophone; but contentment sat in every line of him.

"I don't know how you do it," complained Wallingford. "They won't even eat my bait, and I tried that spot before you did."

"It's the attitude of your soul, Jim," explained Blackie with a grin, winding in his line and adjusting the frog-leg on his hook. "Your mind is in the busy marts of men," and he made a beautiful cast.

"Maybe," admitted Wallingford with a grunt. "One week of this bum old Crystal Creek Hotel is enough for a white man."

"You were the fall guy for the pretty pictures in the folder," Blackie reminded him. "Now stay out your time, and fish.

Did you ever hear me spiel 'The Maiden's Prayer'?"

He had played about four bars of that well-known and justly famous composition, when he quietly laid down his saxophone and reached forward, his hand hovering close to his reel. A two-pound rock-bass, having carefully inspected the tempting frog-leg from half a dozen angles, had seized it, and darted a hundred feet up the stream, where it hid under a shelving stone and proceeded to enjoy a little appetizer. At exactly the moment in which it discovered that the frog-leg had a mighty crooked bone, Blackie gave his line an expert jerk, and the fight began.

Wallingford weighted his own rod with a stone, and hurried over to give Blackie his excited advice. "Give him more line now," he urged. "Tighten your reel a little, and let it run out slow. There he goes! Reel in!"

Blackie, spraddled like the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot against a log and one against a stone in the bank, paid no attention to these well-meant directions, but continued his earnest guess as to whether that stout and lively rock-bass would foul his line, or disgorge his hook, or come ashore like a nice little fish; but he did spare attention enough to notice Jim's pole.

"Quick!" he ordered. "You have a bite!"

Big Jim Wallingford waddled hastily over, and grabbed his pole just in time to keep it from going into the stream. Both men were enjoying the supreme moment for which rock-bass fishers vegetate through half a day, when suddenly, around the bend of the stream, came the two boys on bony horses, dashing straight down the middle!

"Get out, you kids!" yelled the agonized Blackie, giving a fatal jerk upward.

That jerk was badly timed, for, just then, the frantic bass had darted under the sharp corner of a rock, and the jerk first wedged the line and then broke it; whereupon Blackie's foot slipped off the stone, and he tumbled down into the water, with a dive like a clothes-horse!

"Tough luck, Blackie," chuckled the less expert Wallingford. "I got mine!" and, in response to his pull, a round, black disk flopped out of the water at the end of his line. It was a mud-turtle about the size of a pie-plate, and Wallingford, looking at it in profound disgust for a moment, drew



Wallingford weighted his own rod with a stone, and hurried over to give Blackie his excited advice.

"Give him more line now," he urged. "Tighten your reel a little, and let it run out slow.

There he goes! Reel in!"

out his knife and cut the line. "That settles it!" he hotly declared. "Back to civilization for mine! Come in off those horses," he ordered. "Where have you been all day?"

"Drinking milk," answered Toad cheerfully, as the boys headed for the low spot in the bank. "I didn't know there was so much milk in the world."

"It's a shame the way they waste it," said Jimmy. "They feed it to the hogs out here."

Blackie Daw, now seated on the bank, and placidly removing his trousers to hang on the big birch-tree, looked up with a wistful light in his eye.

"Been down to Stop 37 again?"

"Yep," replied Toad, swinging from his horse, and stooping over the bank to admire Blackie's string of fish.

"Helping Bill Macken's hired-hand bottle buttermilk?" Blackie asked, still wistful.

"He's a dandy!" Jimmy declared, bend-

ing over by Toad. "Mr. Macken is an old snoozer, but Jake's our friend. He let us work the big bottle-washer to-day."

"And what did Jake do?"

"Oh, Jake smoked," responded Toad. "He's about the best smoker I ever saw! Say, Daddy Jim! Everybody down that way is talking about that Bonnieized buttermilk Blackie sprung at the store!"

"Yes; Jake and Mr. Purty both asked us about it to-day," corroborated young Jimmy.

"I shouldn't wonder," chuckled Wallingford. "What did you tell them?"

"Oh, we strung them," reported Jimmy, without a smile.

Both Wallingford and Blackie laughed, and then looked at each other with a half-guilty question in their eyes.

"What did you say?" asked Wallingford, glancing at Toad.

"Jimmy did most of it!" boasted Toad. "Say, you ought to hear that kid hand it

out! I'd give my new shotgun if I could lie like Jimmy!"

"There was nothing else to do," stated Jimmy. "They asked me questions, and I wasn't going to give you away; so I made up answers. They asked me what it tasted like, and I said it had a mint flavor. That was true, wasn't it? They asked me if there was money in the business, and I said we were all pretty rich."

Wallingford chuckled, then he stopped, and chuckled again. "Serves them right," he said to Blackie. "They have no business to try to pump kids."

"I don't think they meant any harm," considered Jimmy. "They want to make money off their milk, like we do."

"There must be a lot of money in that rich grazing country," mused Wallingford.

III

"THE only thing which worries me is whether you can furnish us enough buttermilk," pondered Wallingford, looking speculatively across at the big frame building, on the gable front of which was painted, in huge black figures, "Lignum's Separator Dairy."

"I don't know where you'd get more," protested Bill Macken. "I think there's more good milch-cows to the acre in this section than anywhere else on earth."

"What we want, however, is buttermilk," argued Wallingford, with the worried brow of a careful business man. "I'm told that your butter production has dropped off to almost nothing."

"That's because our market was torn up," explained Bill Macken. "We sold individually, until the Lignums came here and built this dairy. After that, we quit butter-making and brought our milk to him. He kept the traction company's freight-cars busy here all the time, till he sold out to the trust."

"I see," commiserated Wallingford. "Now you're trying to get back your old market, and it's slow work."

"We'd rather sell to a jobber again, that's a fact," admitted Macken, his hard eye roving across the beautiful green fields and back to Wallingford. That wide-breasted gentleman, dressed now in a neat gray business suit and a white waistcoat, was most reassuring. "Why don't you make your own buttermilk, Mr. Walling-

ford? You've all the machinery in there to do it, and one man can market the total output of butter to better advantage than fifty individual producers."

Mr. Wallingford turned on Mr. Macken a frowning eye, and expanded his chest. "I am a business man, Mr. Macken," he stated; "and, as such, I know better than to mix two distinct lines of business. My occupation is to market a medicinal beverage, and I know that thoroughly."

Bill Macken, who had a two-thousand-dollar investment at stake, drew out his pocket-knife and carved a thick splinter out of Curt Purty's weather-boarding. "You can buy up a lot of buttermilk around here," he desperately urged.

"Not enough," briskly decided Wallingford. "It's a shame, too, with all that fine bottling-machinery," and he walked across the track to the barn-like building, the broad doors of which stood blackly open. He entered the big, dim place, and inspected the machinery with the well-assumed eye of a connoisseur. "It's too bad," he regretted to Bill Macken, who had followed him with hard footsteps.

"That machinery's as good as new," persisted Macken. "It's just right for you."

"Nothing doing," decided Wallingford, and started to walk out of the place. At the door, he stopped. "By George, I know what we can do!" he exclaimed. "Funny I didn't think of it before. If you make the price right, I'll buy this plant, and take all the milk that's brought to me. You farmers can organize a stock company, and put in a good man to run the butter business. It won't cost any of you much."

When Wallingford had boarded the trolley for the Crystal Creek Hotel, at Stop 39, Bill Macken walked jubilantly into Curt Purty's.

"There's what I call a good business man," he told Curt. "He don't tangle himself up with but one line. Anything that fellow tackles is bound to be a success."

"How much did you get for the plant?" inquired Curt, his eyes narrowing down to little blue points.

Bill Macken chuckled. "Four thousand five hundred," he confided in a hoarse whisper.

"Huh!" commented old Curt. "I don't call that such a slick business man."

IV

THERE was joy in the entire Crystal Creek Valley. Even the big-eyed cows seemed to munch the long, sweet grass more contentedly, as if they felt that they had a mission in life. The "separator dairy" was again in operation, and, once more, long strings of trolley freight-cars bumped and rattled onto the dairy siding, and wheezed heavily off again. Processions of farm wagons unloaded rich yellow milk at the rear door of the big dairy building.

Only one worry followed the big business manager, from morning until night. "More milk!" he pleaded in the very first week of their operations. "I thought you fellows could give me twice as much as this."

"Can't be done!" protested Bill Macken, putting contentedly in his pocket the money which Wallingford had just given him; for this dairy ran on a spot-cash basis. "Every cow in the county looks tired."

"It's a shame to waste capacity," fretted Wallingford, plucking at his mustache in aggravation.

"I thought you was making money?" speculated Macken.

"Well, I'm not saying about that," evaded Wallingford with a telltale smile. "But if you'll give me the milk, I can make twice as much. There's no end to the market for Bonnieized Clabbermilk! Look at that loading-shoot!"

Boxes like beer-cases, each one containing three dozen bottles of the wonderful medicated beverage, were sliding down

the roller-way to the loading-platform in an endless procession, and the foreman of the works, in a blue jumper and overalls, was riding on the last one, with the grin of a boy under his pointed black mustache.

"Do you know what I want?" went on Wallingford, turning earnestly to Bill Macken. "I want enough milk to supply the world with our Bonnieized product!"

A trolley stopped with a jerk. A moment later, Toad Jessop and young Jimmy Wallingford came bumping in, scrambling for the privilege of carrying a letter.

"Just a moment, until I open this, please," begged Wallingford, with a glance at the corner of the envelope, which bore the dignified card of W. O. Jones, 257 Parkley Building, New York. Suppressing a grin, Wallingford tore open the letter, and read:



Stepping over to his desk, Wallingford wrote to W. O. Jones as follows: "Drink it, you boob, or dump it in the sewer; but, whatever you do, wire for more!"

Why don't you wise me up when you are going to hand me a jolt like this? What am I to do with these carloads of goo you're shipping into my office?"

ONTON.

Stepping over to his desk, Wallingford wrote to W. O. Jones as follows:

"Drink it, you boob, or dump it in the sewer; but, whatever you do, wire for more!"

"Yes, sir," said Wallingford, handing the letter to the boys to get away on the same car, and returning to Bill Macken, "I want enough milk to supply the world with Bonnieized Clabbermilk! It's a boon to humanity, and there's a profit of a dollar a case in it. Get me more milk!"

"Well, I'll see what I can do," seriously reflected Macken. "There's a good cow country up beyond Stop 40, but there's a big dairy there."

"Get me that milk!" ordered Wallingford. "We'll pay transportation, and a one-fourth increase over the dairy's price."

"Gosh!" said Bill Macken, and he walked thoughtfully out and took the trolley for Stop 40.

On the car he found Luke Whittaker, who, by virtue of having worked for the Lignum establishment, was head of the butter department for the new Farmers' Butter Company.

"How's the butter business, Luke?" asked Macken.

"Mighty good, considering," reported Luke. "Of course, dumping such a lot of butter into the commission houses cuts the price a little, along at first; but that'll soon get squared around, because it's danged good butter, even if I do say it myself."

"You put it up right nice," admitted Macken, who was ordinarily a hard man to please.

"Yes," agreed Luke, and then he struggled with himself. He was a well-weathered fat man with a pompous eye. "Mr. Wallingford got up that butter package; made a drawing of the label, too. I saw him do it."

Bill Macken thumped a hard fist on the arm of his seat. "That Wallingford's the smartest business man I ever saw!" he declared. "Say, Luke, has he got a market for all that medicine buttermilk?"

"There ain't a bottle stays in the place over night," Luke informed him. "It's all billed out at two-forty a case; and Mr. Daw is plumb broke up because there ain't any more to ship. He's so sad, he sets in the corner, a half hour every day, and plays

that danged crooked horn! Honest, Bill, it's the mournfullest thing I ever heard!"

Bill Macken leaned a little closer. "Say, Luke, how do they make the stuff?" he asked.

"Dad-burned if I don't wish I knew," puzzled Luke, flapping up the rim of his little yellow panama. "I've snuck around trying to find out. I know everything that goes in it but one thing; and Mr. Daw brings that over in his pocket, in a bag without any label on it. It's a white powder without any taste to it; but I reckon it must be what does the work."

Bill Macken sighed. "There's a mint of money in that business," he enviously decided. "I guess these two fellows must be rich as blazes!"

V

In the second week, the milk began to come over from Stop 40, and the plant doubled its output. In that week, also, Wallingford, who had found time for correspondence, began to receive remittances from the only four customers whom he could possibly supply. All he did with these checks, which were from W. O. Jones in New York, Timothy Measen in Philadelphia, W. W. Williams and Company in Boston, and Paul Pollet in Chicago, was to leave them on his desk for Luke Whittaker to see. After that, he tore them up; but Curt Purty knew the amounts of all four checks, to the penny!

In that week, too, telegrams began to pour in on Wallingford, imploring for more Bonnieized Clabbermilk. Even when Wallingford doubled the shipments they asked for more; as they still did, when, after securing milk from as far down the line as Stop 15, Wallingford tripled his output!

"By George, this won't do!" declared Wallingford. "We'll have to turn this building over to the butter-machinery and put up a new one for the bottling-works."

"I'm glad of it," announced Bill Macken, looking longingly at the scene of intense activity. "At first all you wanted was just to run to capacity, but now that ain't enough."

"Certainly not," assented Wallingford briskly. "As I told you, I want to supply the world with Bonnieized Clabbermilk. We want more milk!"

The tall foreman of the works came over, in a sulky mood. "I want to talk business with you," he bluntly told Wallingford, and



DRAWN BY CHARLES S. CHAMBERS

There are some quarrels which can never be smoothed over; and the quarrel of Jim Wallingford and Blackie Daw was one of these. It grew in intensity every day, until finally the ragged breach came, in which the two were, with difficulty, restrained from flying at each other's throats

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he twisted the two points of his black mustache so that they stuck forward ferociously.

"I'll see you a little later, Mr. Daw," said Wallingford, with an apologetic glance at Bill Macken.

"You'll talk with me right now!" insisted Blackie, pasting his mustache back flat against his cheeks. "I told you I wanted to see you at eleven o'clock; and now it's eleven!"

"You make me tired!" snapped Wallingford, himself becoming intensely angry. "Come over to the desk, and I'll talk with you. You'll excuse us, please, Mr. Macken."

Bill Macken looked after the two in regret, and he watched for five minutes, while the partners quarreled violently. Blackie Daw was particularly excitable. Sometimes his mustaches pointed straight up and sometimes straight down; and sometimes one up and one down!

"That's the way with these fellows," observed Macken to Luke Whittaker. "They can't stand prosperity!"

"They'd ought to be friendly, the way they're making money," wistfully remarked Luke. "I never saw the like of it!"

"How's the butter business?" inquired Macken, with his daily formula.

"Good enough," responded Luke; "but land o' Goshen, Bill, it ain't a patchin' to the medicine buttermilk!"

There are some quarrels which can never be smoothed over; and the quarrel of Jim Wallingford and Blackie Daw was one of these. It grew in intensity every day, until finally the ragged breach came, in which the two were, with difficulty, restrained from flying at each other's throats! Their exertions to get at each other were so vigorous that, after they had been held apart long enough to secure their promise of peace, Wallingford sat down, white and trembling.

"Well, it's all over," he breathlessly declared. "I wouldn't stay in business with you another minute! I'll buy you out."

"You'll sell, you big jimperumpus!" swore Blackie, glaring down at him with his arms majestically folded. "I wouldn't put my formula in the hands of a big ossulwoopus like you for any money! I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars if you'll get out!"

Bill Macken, in the inner circle of the crowd of workmen, turned to Luke Whit-

taker. "It's worth every cent of it," he estimated.

"Not on your life!" refused Wallingford. "I'll give you a hundred and twenty-five thousand for your secret and your interest in this factory."

"That's still more money," said Bill Macken to Luke Whittaker.

"Well, it's worth it," considered Luke. "You see, the secret's everything."

The partners nearly fought again, over that stage of the proceedings, and Blackie did, in fact, swing one blow dangerously close to his partner's head.

"Well, what price will you take?" Wallingford finally asked, standing behind his chair, to protect himself against Blackie's possible over-enthusiasm.

"Nothing, you big jibber-whillicus!" yelled Blackie. "I'd give it to anybody rather than sell it to you!"

Wallingford was silent for a moment. The thing began to look serious. They might lose their jobs, and the section its prosperity!

"There's only one way out of it," announced Wallingford sorrowfully after a while. "We'll simply have to both sell out to some third party, and divide the proceeds. Will you do that?"

"Yes!" hissed Blackie.

"There's your chance, Mr. Macken," suggested Wallingford. "Your butter company might consider an offer, and, if they don't want it, we'll close down the factory until we find a buyer."

The light of a great opportunity came to Bill Macken, who had long cast an envious eye at the daily growing profits of the Bonnieized Clabbermilk Company.

"I'll call a meeting for to-night," he said, and started for the telephone.

VI

"We'll be down in five minutes," promised Wallingford to the quartet of plump and rosy-cheeked ladies and boys in the touring-car, as they stopped in front of the Parkley Building, in New York City.

"If you make it longer than that I'll die!" threatened Violet Bonnie Daw. "I have to get these tight clothes off or bust!"

"Eighty-five thousand wasn't so bad," Wallingford estimated, as they stepped in the elevator.

"I don't know," speculated Blackie. "We spent twenty thousand, and we'll have



Onion Jones looked at them blankly, and then he gasped. "I hope you simps didn't sell out that business!" he almost begged of them

to hand about five thousand apiece to the four boys."

"Swell work on their part," commended Wallingford. "Did you notice how their letters thickened with enthusiasm, right up to the last?"

"They over-played it," criticized Blackie. "Some of those letters were so confidentially worded we couldn't use them."

"That was a kid," laughed Wallingford. "I suppose they got our instructions to taper off the orders. We can't afford to spend over five thousand more on Bonnieized Clabbermilk."

They stopped in astonishment before the door of 257. Over his name, W. O. Jones had caused to be lettered, in a semi-circle, "Bonnieized Clabbermilk," and, in the circle, was the picture of a creamy-complexioned milkmaid!

"That's putting too many ruffles on a graft," frowned Wallingford, and opened the door.

At the desk, and quite busy, sat a rejuvenated Onion Jones, and he was dictating to a stenographer. In front of him was a small display ice-chest, filled with the

familiar little bottles, and, on the wall, was a big lithograph of the creamy-complexioned milkmaid!

"Well, hello, boys!" exclaimed Onion Jones, jumping up from his desk. "You certainly put over a hot one this time!"

"Oh, not so very," said Wallingford with a glance at the stenographer. "We cleaned up less than twenty-five thousand apiece, after pinching out you fellows' bits."

Onion mopped his totally bald head in perplexity. "I don't get you," he puzzled. "You certainly don't owe me any bit! I got my bank-book back to-day, and you haven't even cashed the checks I sent you."

"I didn't want to get pinched," chuckled Wallingford. "I tore up your phony checks like I did your phony letters, just as soon as we unloaded."

Onion Jones looked at them blankly, and then he gasped. "I hope you simps didn't sell out that business!" he almost begged of them. "Why, Bonnieized Clabbermilk has hit this town like a hail-storm! Broadway's drinking nothing else! They've quit booze for it! Have a bottle?"

They looked at him sadly. "No," they said.

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the May issue.

Divorced

By

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Drawings by J. Patrick Nelson



Thinking of one thing all day long, at night
I fall asleep, brain weary and heart sore;
But only for a little while. At three,
Sometimes at two o'clock, I wake and lie,
Staring out into darkness; while my thoughts
Begin the weary treadmill-toil again,
From that white marriage morning of our youth
Down to this dreadful hour:

I see your face
Lit with the lovelight of the honeymoon;
I hear your voice, that lingered on my name
As if it loved each letter; and I feel
The clinging of your arms about my form,
Your kisses on my cheek—and long to break
The anguish of such memories with tears,
But cannot weep; the fountain has run dry.

We were so young, so happy, and so full
Of keen sweet joy of life. I had no wish
Outside your pleasure; and you loved me so
That when I sometimes felt a woman's need
For more serene expression of man's love
(The need of rest in calm affection's bay
And not sail ever on the stormy main),
Yet would I rouse myself to your desire;
Meet ardent kiss with kisses just as warm;
So nothing I could give should be denied.

And then our children came. Deep in my soul,
From the first hour of conscious motherhood,
I knew I should conserve myself for this
Most holy office; knew God meant it so.
Yet even then, I held your wishes first;
And by my double duties lost the bloom
And freshness of my beauty; and beheld
A look of disapproval in your eyes.

But with the coming of our precious child,
The lover's smile, tinged with the father's pride,
Returned again; and helped to make me strong;
And life was very sweet for both of us.

Another, and another birth, and twice
The little white hearse paused beside our door
And took away some portion of my youth
With my sweet babies. At the first you seemed
To suffer with me, standing very near;
But when I wept too long, you turned away.
And I was hurt, not realizing then
My grief was selfish. I could see the change
Which motherhood and sorrow made in me;
And when I saw the change that came to you,
Saw how your eyes looked past me when you talked,
And when I missed the love tone from your voice,
I did that foolish thing weak women do,
Complained and cried, accused you of neglect,
And made myself obnoxious in your sight.
And often, after you had left my side,
Alone I stood before my mirror, mad
With anger at my pallid cheeks, my dull
Unlighted eyes, my shrunken mother-breasts,
And wept, and wept, and faded more and more.
How could I hope to win back wandering love,
And make new flames in dying embers leap,
By such ungracious means?

And then She came,
Firm bosomed, round of cheek, with such young eyes,
And all the ways of youth. I who had died
A thousand deaths, in waiting the return
Of that old love look to your face once more,
Died yet again and went straight into hell
When I beheld it come at her approach.

My God, my God, how have I borne it all!
Yet since she had the power to make that look—
The power to sweep the ashes from your heart
Of burned-out love of me, and light new fires,
One thing remained for me—to let you go.
I had no wish to keep the empty frame
From which the priceless picture had been wrenched.
Nor do I blame you; it was not your fault:
You gave me all that most men can give—love
Of youth, of beauty, and of passion; and
I gave you full return; my womanhood
Matched well your manhood. Yet had you grown ill,
Or old, and unattractive from some cause,
(Less close than was my service unto you)
I should have clung the tighter to you, dear;
And loved you, loved you, loved you more and
more.

I grow so weary thinking of these things;
Day in, day out; and half the awful nights.



Mrs. Fiske—Artiste

By Alan Dale

WE hear so much about "dual personality" nowadays that, looking about for an example of it, I can't help pointing to the careers of Minnie Maddern and Mrs. Fiske. Minnie Maddern was extinguished when Mrs. Fiske arose, but in the work of Mrs. Fiske flashes of Minnie Maddern are very frequently noted, and quite recently, in some of Mrs. Fiske's plays, the lighter and less meditative trend of Miss Maddern is apparent.

However, it is the second personality of this very interesting little woman that modern theatergoers know. Minnie Maddern is a relic of the past. Those who remember her think of her in connection with Lotta, and Maggie Mitchell, and others now relegated to dusty reminiscence. The "old fogies" recall Minnie Maddern. As Mrs. Fiske, the actress came forward with a new line of work, new ideas, new ambitions, and—if I may say so—no apparent recollection of the doings of little, volatile Miss Minnie Maddern.

Doesn't it seem like "dual personality"?

Very seldom is it that an actress insists upon using her married name to the exclusion of the other. If they all did this, there would be complete confusion. For instance, it would not have been an easy matter to keep "tab" on the career of Miss Lillian Russell if she had insisted upon changing her name

with each husband. As so many stage ladies are "full of temperament" their domestic relations could not conceivably have influenced their careers. They have invariably maintained the names by which the public first knew them.

So it is all the more remarkable to realize that when Miss Maddern married Harrison Grey Fiske, she billed herself as Mrs. Fiske, insisted upon that title, and has retained it exclusively, and with honor to herself. It was the incentive for a new line of work.

No sooner had Mrs. Fiske emancipated herself from the light and airy



Mrs. Fiske,
now playing in
"The High Road,"
by Edward Sheldon

shackles of little Miss Maddern than—behold her making for a brand-new goal! From such effervescent little plays as "Featherbrain" and "Caprice" she opened, one brave night, in a tangled web of Gallic situation called "Césarine." And that was the start of Mrs. Fiske! She received no encouragement from the critics. "Césa-

rine" really was quite dreadful. One might have accepted it from an importation—one accepts anything from that source—but from the little lady who was once Minnie Maddern—never! Mrs. Fiske, who seemed anxious to forget Minnie Maddern, kept bravely ahead. She gave us "Marie Deloche," and the fate of that play was as gloomy as its predecessor. We were all rather hurt about it. It seemed like madness.

Mrs. Fiske became irrevocably—Mrs. Fiske—when she produced "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." From that day, she has held her own in spite of many "ups and downs" and the usual hectic vicissitudes. I shall never forget the first night of "Tess." The audience really did not know that it was a great success until they read the criticisms in the newspapers. They couldn't realize it!

The play was so pe-heroine so extraordinary, and the first-nighters were non-committal. Or they were agnostic. It was quite droll. It illustrates what I always think—that criticism is absolutely necessary, if only to tell people who have seen the play whether they liked it, or whether they didn't.

"Tess" made Mrs. Fiske, and she has never done anything else as beautiful. After that, she was regarded as "great" and expected to do "great" things. She took herself even more



"Minnie Maddern is a relic of the past. Those who remember her think of her in connection with Lotta, and Maggie Mitchell, and others now relegated to dusty reminiscence. As Mrs. Fiske, the actress came forward with a new line of work, new ideas, new ambitions"

seriously than the public took her. She began to impersonate all those dreadful heroines who look upon sex as life. She did "Hedda Gabler" and "Rosmersholm" and "Magda." No ambitious actress ever escapes "Magda." They get "Magda" as children get measles and mumps. It is better out of their systems than in it! Then she did "Becky Sharp" and "Miranda of the Balcony" and "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" and "Mary of Magdala" and "The Pillars of Society" and "Leah Kleschna."

As I said, the second personality flashed out occasionally, just as we had forgotten it. Mrs. Fiske gave us comedy, and we were enthusiastic! How could an actress who had attempted such rôles make for comedy and with success? You see, we had quite forgotten Minnie Maddern. So we saw her in "Divorçons" and "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" and other light plays, and were charmed.

But Mrs. Fiske's long suit has been the art

Mrs. Fiske—Artiste



of keeping her off-stage personality from the public. Far be it from me—from ME—to suggest that an actress should not be interviewed. On the contrary, I think that she should be, for her own sake. The interview was the finest thing ever invented to advertise the actress—and interest the public. But as a pose, the anti-interview attitude is a good one. Mrs. Fiske adopted it, as Eleonora Duse and Maude Adams have done. It is a self-sacrificing attitude, but once announced, there can be no hedging. Very few actresses can afford it, and very few would be foolish enough to try. Mrs. Fiske doesn't care to talk, and the abashed interviewer of course hedges her in with a mystery that is probably non-existent. She certainly sees a lot of drivel that is issued in the form of "interview," and she desires to keep clear of it. Still, if Sarah Bernhardt had maintained that idea where would she have been to-day? Her accessibility, her good fellowship, and her ready wit have placed her where she is, and where she has been for so long, almost as much as her genius has done. And I make that audacious statement without hesitation. Moreover, Bernhardt might conceivably admit it.

Mrs. Fiske has "read papers"—which isn't

a bad advertising idea—and she has taken the position of "elevating" the stage—not blatantly or inartistically, but sedately and cleverly. She has given performances for charity, and

very admirably and unobtrusively, and we have heard a lot about her love of dumb animals. Without actually talking, she has nevertheless managed to emerge a little. This she has done intelligently, and without the press-agent. If she has ever owned a press-agent, he has had an easy time of it, for his work has

never been perceived. It is Mr. Fiske who has helped Mrs. Fiske to hold her head on high. His good judgment has been unailing, and his sphinx-like silence marvelous.

Most wonderful still, Mrs. Fiske has never replied to criticism—and praise doesn't seem to have pleased her any more than censure has seemed to displease her. Unostentatiously she has kept the "even tenor of her

"Mrs. Fiske has never replied to criticism—and praise doesn't seem to have pleased her any more than censure has seemed to displease her. Unostentatiously she has kept the 'even tenor of her way'"

way." It must have been awfully hard at times, but we can only imagine that.

The object of Mrs. Fiske's career seems to have been to keep us guessing, and you must admit that this is something of a novelty. Of most theatrical careers one is tolerably certain.

Laurette o' My Heart

A TRIPLE HIT—actress, theater, and play—resolves itself into one individual triumph, and lo! Broadway has a new star. Her name is Laurette Taylor.

In that darkest theatrical fortnight, just before the dawn of the New Year, the opening of the Cort Theater added another playhouse to New York's already bewildering list. The première of a light but fine-textured comedy entitled "Peg o' My Heart," written by Mr. J. Hartley Manners as a stellar vehicle (recalling Emerson's advice to "hitch your wagon to a star") for a peculiarly promising little leading lady, was the housewarming on this occasion. It was a flying start, and the threefold attraction bids to be a long time running.

Now that we look back over the last two seasons preceding this one, it suddenly occurs to us that no uncanny gift of prophecy ought to have been needed to discern brilliant possibilities in the petite heroine of "The Great John Ganton," Mici of the flashing smile in "Seven Sisters," the dainty sea-going Wall Street girl in "The Ringmaster," sweet Rose Lane in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and the strange Hawaiian maiden of tropical tenderness and passion in "The Bird of Paradise."

Such vivid recollections of one young actress

in so short a period meant an individual talent with intelligent purpose behind it, and fettered with few limitations.

"Laughter is not dead... in this house," is one of her happy lines. There are many kinds of laughter, and what or whom we laugh at is the surest test of our sanity and good taste and good heart.

In the case of Laurette Taylor



Laurette Taylor, who opened the Cort Theater in New York with "Peg o' My Heart," which was an immediate success

Laurette o' My Heart



in "Peg o' My Heart" it is the laughter blown in upon the same gust that brings tears, of which it charms away the bitterness.

"I grew up rather tomboyish, on the Jersey coast," Peg tells us—for Peg is more of a real than a fictitious character, and all the Irish of it except the red hair was born in her. "I went on the stage quite young"—she must have, for



she is yet—"and my professional breaking-in was accomplished in the Far West, principally Seattle. I was in the 'ten-twenty-third' there, and had a miscellaneous assortment of parts. I must have been pretty raw in the legitimate; but in queer, out-of-the-way parts, that other actresses could do nothing with, I made a hit with the Seattle public, and that settled me in the conviction that my best chance was in original character work, where I could be free to act out my own ideas, or, rather, my natural impulses. For, after all, acting is more psychological than physiological, isn't it?"

Sure, it is—it's got to be, if Laurette Taylor says so.

"Honestly, it seems to me now, and it did on the opening night of 'Peg,' that I am doing just the same sort of work, no better and no worse, that I used to do out in Seattle. I get more encouragement and happiness out of it here, though."

Naturally. Miss Taylor seems to have made the same sort of hit with the author of the play that she has with theater-loving Broadway; and in Christmas week announcement was made of the marriage of the bright little star to Mr. Manners. We wish them joy.

She is like Irish music—one minute lovely and forlorn, or darkly melancholy; the next minute radiant and dewy-sweet as a May morning, while she quizzes the bronze statuette of Cupid with her roguish smile, and exclaims,

"Ah, 'tis you that causes all the mischief in the worruld—you divil!"



"She is like Irish music—one minute lovely and forlorn, or darkly melancholy; the next minute radiant and dewy-sweet as a May morning"



A Romantic Realist

IT would be easy and obvious to impressionize Jane Cowl as a beauty, of varied aspects and charms—but let the pictures do that. What is more to the purpose, and of an interest that also has the lure of expectancy, is the fact that Miss Cowl is about the most conspicuous example of the earnest and progressive school of our younger American actresses. Others are abreast of her in certain specialized lines; but for eager, all-around, comprehensive ambition, directed by intelligence, vitalized by temperament, and reenforced by exceptional physical endowment, this young artiste deserves her unique distinction.

"I don't want to take any chances of being thought a one-part actress, or identified with any special line of work, or regarded as a person, no

matter in how complimentary a way—I want to be the artiste who makes the play, or the character, unforgettable—not herself."

So she declared early in the present season, as soon as Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," in which Miss Cowl impersonates the shop-girl heroine turned avenging angel of the underworld, settled down for a big metropolitan run.

In her enthusiasm for study and fresh creative work, this actress of vivid picture-beauty and dynamic thrills sincerely thought that she could after a few weeks turn

Jane Cowl, who plays the part of Mary Turner in "Within the Law," one of the strongest plays of the year



over the pulsating rôle of Mary Turner to some one else, and go ahead with creations new and entirely different. Oh, yes! she actually had a contract providing for her appearing in no less than four plays before the merry month of May next.

But, circumstances alter cases—especially favorable circumstances—and she is still Mary Turner. Jane

Cowl was fortunate at the very outset of her stage career, which was no longer



ago than Belasco's "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," in which comedy she walked on in a thinking part for her début. Charles Klein, who had a hand in the adaptation of that piece from the English novel, must also have seen something unusual in the débutante, even as Mr. Belasco did. As a proof and justification of this faith in the essential genius of an untried actress, we have "The Gamblers," of last

season—a typical Klein drama of wicked Wall Street, in which

thing the reverse—perhaps one might call it sophistication. Anyway, it makes for frankness, and for truth. That is why there are more fine plays in Europe than there are here, I suppose—and I know it is on account of their frankness that these plays as a rule are not done here, or else they are 'done' out of all recognition by the over-squeamish adapter, in deference to what some call American taste, others Anglo-Saxon modesty."

"Romance is not dead," continued the actress—and her own looks are constantly saying it for her, as she is of the raven-haired and poetic-contoured type that would-be romantic novelists are always writing about. "And if romance is one of the primary colors in every human soul, as I have heard and believe—why, then, the more truthful the drama is to real life the more truly romantic it will be, don't you think?"

Not a bad characterization of such latter-day dramas as "The Gamblers" and "Within the Law"—nor of the strikingly impressive actress who has so bravely figured in them.

Miss Cowl's embodiment of Catherine Darwin, the wife of a wildcat financier, first revealed her to New-Yorkers in her full stature as an artiste, and opened the way for her supreme opportunity this year in "Within the Law."

"It seems to me that romance is not the keynote of the drama of to-day," Miss Cowl says, "but some-

"It seems to me that romance is not the keynote of the drama of to-day, but something the reverse—perhaps one might call it sophistication"



The Finest Land

About seven years ago Bruno Lessing began to write little Ghetto "classics." He made friends on New York's big East Side, studied the people, their points of view, the humor—pathos—near-tragedy stories of their every-day lives—and put them on paper for Cosmopolitan. Some one called him the other day the "Kipling of the Ghetto." In any case he is the recognized "Story-Laureate"—Chronicler-in-chief—of the strange, swarming horde whose lives, half romance, half privation and struggle, make one of the most interesting and fascinating story-records we know of. Here he tells what happened to the father of the two Schmidt boys, who relayed into the race a lap behind

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by S. J. Woolf

"The brightest sky of Spring is not without its clouds in Germany and the German heart is never happy without some sadness."

THE two Schmidt boys were doing so well that they sent for their father in Germany to come to New York and live with them.

When he arrived they said to him:

"Now father, all you have to do is to kill time and enjoy yourself. We are both very busy. If you want anything let us know, and we will get it for you."

That perhaps, is not exactly the way they said it, but it is exactly what they meant. The Schmidt boys were fond of their father in the same way in which we are all fond of our fathers, but they had their own way to make in the world, and their hands were pretty full. They were in some branch of the electric tool business, and were trying to invent something that would make their fortune. It takes a lot of time and energy to make a fortune and leaves very little scope for indulging in filial attention. They had planned for many years to bring their father to their new home, but when, finally, he came, it all seemed no more than a delightful incident to the sons. There was an evening's jubilation and a couple of days' sight-seeing, and then the incident passed into the natural order of things. To Otto Schmidt, the father, however, it was an event—a great event. For he was nearly sixty years old, and the roots of his life had become planted so deep in the valley of the Mosel that their transplantation meant almost an upheaval of the order of the universe. He was a rugged, cheerful person, and did his best to accommodate himself to his new surroundings. It was a

number of years, however, ere he ceased to regard his immigration as a tremendous event.

The Schmidts lived on Avenue A in the heart of quite an extensive German community. During the day, while his sons were at work, the old man wandered aimlessly about this neighborhood, walking many blocks, usually circling in such a way as to take in the greatest amount of territory and, at the same time, pass a certain German café in which he had found the beer to be tolerably good. Here he would stop for a few minutes' chat with the proprietor before going home.

As the days went by and the new scenes became more familiar to him his circle of wandering grew smaller and smaller, and his visits to the German café became more prolonged. He became acquainted with several of the habitués of the place—Germans of his own age and station in life, who would sit for hours playing pinochle and sipping a glass, perhaps two glasses, of beer during the whole of an afternoon. Schmidt fell into the habit of watching them at play and, after a couple of months increased the sum total of his wisdom by two acquisitions—a smattering of English and a knowledge of pinochle. His sons were delighted when they found that he was learning to speak English, and when he told them that he had played a game of pinochle they looked at each other and burst into laughter.

"You'll be a thorough American soon," they said.

But their father vigorously shook his head. "Never! I will always belong to the Fatherland."

The Finest Land

Then the sons would plunge into a discussion of their new invention and the capital it would require to market it, and the father, after glancing at the clock, would put on his coat and hat and go to the German café. And it was not long before he, too, became a habitué of the place with his own favorite chair, his own pipe that always hung under the portrait of Bismarck on the wall, and his own account, which the waiter would chalk on a slate behind the bar.

The favorite topic of conversation among these German pinochle-players was the unquestionable superiority of all things German to all things American. The conversation was usually carried on in that strange mixture of both languages that you still hear in that neighborhood, and as Schmidt grew to know how vastly better everything was in the old country than here he also increased his English vocabulary, and it was not long before his German lost all its purity and he was talking the jargon of the others. Inasmuch as these men represented the dialects of Bavaria, Württemberg, Prussia, and Saxony and even included a few who spoke Plattdeutsch, it would be impossible to render their conversation phonetically, and I shall not attempt it.

"What they lack here most of all," a Bavarian would say, "is the *Gemütllichkeit*—the genial life that we have in the old country."

"Yes," the Prussian would chime in, "they live only for money in America. They do not know anything outside of money."

"Yes," Schmidt would add, "that is true. I have noticed it. Even at meal-times my sons are always talking about their business. It is not like that in the old country."

One old German there was—Diefenbach by name—who had traveled all over the United States and spoke with greater authority than the rest. "The greatest thing in this country is humbug," he would always say. "There is nothing solid. Education in the schools is all humbug. The newspapers are all humbug. All the food and drink you get, everywhere you go in this country, is humbug. This is no country for a German."

Small wonder then, that Schmidt, after a year of such discussion, and finding that all his own observations were promptly absorbed in the general fund, came to accept

the observations of his cronies and fell into their way of looking at all things American.

"It is much better to live in Germany," he told his sons, one night. "I do not care much for America. Here you do nothing but make money and talk of money and think of money. In Germany we used to talk about books and paintings and the great men and what the Kaiser was doing and—and big things like that. Here everything is humbug."

"You'll like it better after you get to know the life here better," his sons replied. But their father only shook his head and told them of the wonders of the Mosel country and how beautifully the sun shone on Ehrenbreitstein and how delightful it was to live in Koblenz. His sons remembered all these things and made a grimace. They were young and full of ambition when they left Germany, and all their active, hopeful life was bound up in the new country. They had no desire to go back unless, perhaps, some day on a visit, as wealthy tourists.

On his way to the German café a few days later Schmidt was accosted by a bright-faced young man who asked to be directed to Stanton Street.

"Come mit me und I show you," said Schmidt.

"Oh, you are German?" asked the young man in delighted surprise. "*Sie sind Deutsch, nicht war?*"

Schmidt looked at him in astonishment. "You don't mean to say you are a German, do you?" he asked in the language of the Fatherland.

"No, I'm an American," replied the young man, in tolerably good German. "But I studied at Heidelberg."

Schmidt was so delighted that he insisted upon shaking hands with the young man, and declared he would walk all the way to Stanton Street with him. They fell into conversation, and the young man began to describe a wonderful duel that he had fought in Heidelberg.

"It was like this that I killed my man," he said, placing Schmidt against a lamp-post. "He held his right arm up like this." He placed Schmidt's arm in the proper position. In the course of his description he managed to lay hands upon the unsuspecting German a dozen times. It was fully half an hour after they had parted that Schmidt discovered he had been relieved

of his gold watch and chain, his pocket-book, his scarf-pin, a medal that he had won at a schuetzen-fest, and all his loose change.

The feeling of rage that filled him upon this discovery was not long lived. It soon gave way to that sensation of deep satisfaction that we all feel when one of our pet theories has been demonstrated beyond controversy. If anything had been needed to convince Schmidt of the hopeless depravity and fraud of this country it had now been supplied. That same

afternoon, while playing cards with his friends, one of the players asked him what was trumps. Without a smile Schmidt replied,

"In dis country humbug iss always trumps!" The saying passed into the annals of that coterie.

From that time on Schmidt became leader in all discussions upon the supremacy of Germany. Nothing gave him greater delight than to read in the newspapers about some act of fraud or wickedness that he could

adduce as proof of the inferiority of this country. And when he had finished, there was always some one in the group to close the discussion by saying:

"Yes, Schmidt, you got right. In dis country humbug iss trumps!"

Do not imagine from all this that Schmidt was in the least degree unhappy. On the contrary, there is nothing that makes a German quite so contented as to have a well-founded grievance.

It was a bright, spring morning, nearly two years after Schmidt's arrival in this country, that his two sons, instead of going to work as had been their custom, asked their father to accompany them up-town. They took him, without a word of explanation, to a beautiful house on a side street near Central Park. In front of the house stood a small automobile whose neat-looking chauffeur saluted Schmidt's sons.

They took their father into the house, which seemed deserted, and showed him room after room furnished upon what seemed to Schmidt's admiring eyes a scale of unparalleled luxury.

"Who belongs it to?" Schmidt finally asked.

"To us!" said his sons in chorus. Then, amid much laughter and perhaps a few tears, they explained to him that their invention had been a great success and that they had parted with a share in it for a large sum of money, with part of which they had bought and furnished this house in order to

surprise him.

The automobile at the door was to be his own exclusive property.

"And now, father, all you have to do is to kill time and enjoy yourself. We are both very busy. If you want anything let us know, and we will get it for you."

This, perhaps, is not exactly the way they said it, but it is exactly what they meant. You see, they were fond of their father, but having begun to make a fortune they were bound to keep at it, and had very little time for filial attention. As a matter of fact, even before they had shown their father



The young man began to describe a wonderful duel that he had fought in Heidelberg. "It was like this that I killed my man," he said, placing Schmidt against a lamp-post

everything in the house, they looked at their watches and found it imperative to return to their work.

"The servants will be here this afternoon," they said. "Here is a key to the front door. The chauffeur is waiting for instructions for you. We now have to leave you."

It was a very bewildered German whom they left in that beautifully furnished house. For a while he wandered aimlessly from room to room, but finally he sank into a chair and tried to gather his wits.

A simple man with simple tastes, neither the possession nor the lack of money had ever played a great part in his life. Now he was rich; and he hardly knew what it meant. Had it happened in Germany he would probably have left all his money in a bank and continued to live as before. But in this country of humbugs what could a man do with money? He must warn his sons first of all to trust no one, as the country was filled with criminals. Then he thought of the automobile at the door. He would ride down to his German café and take his cronies for a ride. He left the house and seated himself beside the chauffeur.

"To Avenue A," he said. The chauffeur turned out to be an amiable young man from the Middle West, and before they reached the café the two of them were upon excellent terms. The chugging of an automobile in front of his café brought the proprietor to the door.

"*Ach du lieber!*" he cried aloud. "Schmidt comes in a auto!"

The pinochle-players, cards in their hand, flocked around the car before Schmidt had alighted. He explained to them proudly that the car belonged to him, that his sons were now wealthy, and that he lived up-town, but assured them that he would continue to come down-town every day as usual.

"In der auto, I subbose!" said one with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Sure, in der auto," said Schmidt. "Vot else I got it for?"

But he suddenly found himself feeling embarrassed. One by one the players returned to the café until Schmidt alone remained outside. He hesitated a moment and then followed them inside. For a while he watched a group of players, and then he invited them to take a ride with him. There was a long silence. Then,

"It's too cold," said one.

"I much rather play pinochle," said another.

"Nefer in der old country," said Diefenbach, "did I in a auto ride. So I guess vot's good enough over dere iss chust as good here."

"Automobiles iss all humbugs!" said another. And Schmidt felt thoroughly uncomfortable. Finally, he rose and said somewhat weakly,

"I don't care about der auto, but it's a present from my boys, so I guess maybe I go for a ride."

The players did not look up from their cards as he left, and Schmidt had the guilty feeling of one who has been found recreant to a cause. It was not until they had left the jolting stones of Avenue A and were running upon smooth asphalt that the feeling of depression began to leave him and the exhilaration of the swift motion began to have its effect.

"Where shall I go to?" asked the chauffeur.

"I don't know," said Schmidt. "Anyvares you like. I nefer was in vun before."

They rode through Central Park and up Riverside Drive, and the chauffeur pointed out to Schmidt the beauties of the scenery. Then, turning eastward, they came to a thickly settled section where there were as many houses as on Avenue A.

"Vot city iss it?" asked Schmidt.

"New York," said the chauffeur. "This is the beginning of the Bronx."

"New York?" asked Schmidt. "Iss it so big?"

The chauffeur looked at him in surprise. "Big? Why it's the second city of the world. It's bigger than any city in Germany."

Schmidt's eyes opened wide. "Bigger as Berlin?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh, only about twice as big," said the chauffeur. And then, with that feeling of pride that a resident of a city feels when he shows a stranger its wonders, he took Schmidt to the northernmost limit of the city and then back, through Brooklyn to Coney Island and then to Rockaway, and when, at dinner-time, they returned to Schmidt's new home, the chauffeur said, "And you haven't seen one quarter of it yet."

For the remainder of the week Schmidt did not appear at the German café. He



DRAWN BY S. J. WOOLF

"Baseball is humbug!" said Diefenbach. Schmidt laid down his cards and glared at the speaker. "Whoever says baseball is a humbug," he declared very slowly, "is a ignoramus"

was busy exploring the extent of New York City. Then, one morning, he rode down-town and joined his former companions in a game of pinochle. No one asked him why he had been away so long, and no questions were asked about the automobile.

"Yes," said Diefenbach, resuming the conversation where it had been left off the day before, "in dis country humbug iss always trumps!"

"But you haf no idea," said Schmidt, "vot a big city iss New York. I nefer would haf believed it."

The Prussian snorted. "Ven you talk uf big cities you should see Berlin."

"Berlin?" said Schmidt with a laugh. "V'y, ve got twice as much peoples here as you haf in Berlin got! Even Brooklyn iss nearly so big as Berlin."

"Berlin," said Diefenbach, with an air of finality, "iss a city. New York iss a humbug."

Schmidt felt annoyed, and left the game earlier than usual. This time he did not invite anyone to ride with him in the automobile.

"Vare shall ve go?" he asked the chauffeur.

"Let's go to the baseball game," suggested the chauffeur.

"Baseball? I don't know vot iss it about," said Schmidt.

"Oh, you'll learn all about it in ten minutes. I used to play on a team, and I'll explain it to you."

It happened to be a crisis in the season's games, and there were more than thirty thousand people present. The spectacle of that sea of human beings eagerly watching each movement of the game, now in breathless silence and now bursting into a thunderous roar of approval or disapproval,

made Schmidt gasp. He had never seen anything like it before. The chauffeur explained the game to him, and the German was quick to learn. They went again the next day and the next and the next. Before the end of the week Schmidt bought his own score-card and kept track of the game. Within two weeks you might have seen him springing to his feet with twenty thousand others and crying out his protest against the umpire's decision. Schmidt had become a "fan."

The democracy of baseball is infectious. And it is impossible to follow the American national game closely and become one of its devotees without absorbing some of the national American spirit. When

the season came to an end, Schmidt journeyed down-town one day to play pinochle with his former cronies.

He told them of the great times he had enjoyed watching the baseball games, and urged



"My fellow citizens," said Schmidt, "I want you to remember when you vote that you are not Germans and not German-Americans, but true citizens of this, the greatest and the finest land on the face of the earth"

them all to do the same the following season.

"Baseball is humbug!" said Diefenbach.

Schmidt laid down his cards and glared at the speaker. "Whoever says baseball is a humbug," he declared very slowly, "is an ignoramus. Chust because I was born a Dutchman und didn't haf der advantage of baseball ven I was a boy is not der reason v'y I should t'row mud on vot I don't know not'ing about!"

A "Dutchman"! And from the lips of a German! The coterie felt their senses reeling. It was Diefenbach who recovered first.

"Maybe next you got somet'ings to say against der Kaiser!" he said.

"No, sir," said Schmidt. "Der Kaiser is all right. But der Bresident of der United States is all right, too. He pitched der ball ven der game was in Washington!" And, with a snort of anger, Schmidt rose and left the place.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur.

"I don't care. Anyvares."

"Let's go to a show. There's a matinee to-day of 'A Daughter of the Revolution,'" suggested the chauffeur.

To the matinee they went, and long before it was over Schmidt, with tears rolling down his cheeks, was hoping fervently that the American patriots would throw off the cruel yoke of Great Britain and that the tyrannical English governor would meet with some terrible punishment.

The stages by which Schmidt became interested in politics were slow and almost imperceptible. It began with his attending a big mass-meeting to kill time. The climax came when he announced to his sons that he intended to apply for naturalization papers and become a citizen. And one day, several years later, a poster announcing a meeting of the German-American Democratic Club of the Sixteenth Assembly District on a certain night bore

the name of Otto Schmidt as one of the speakers.

"My fellow citizens," said Schmidt that night, "I want you to remember when you vote that you are not Germans and not German-Americans, but true citizens of this, the greatest and the finest land on the face of the earth."

Thus Otto Schmidt became an American in, perhaps, the truest sense of the word, renouncing all his former prejudices, believing firmly in the superiority of the great republic over all the empires of the world, and adopting, as his own selection, its creed of liberty and equality.

His new life kept him exceedingly busy. His circle of friends and acquaintances grew to be very wide, and there were many demands upon his time. When a man is continuously occupied, he rarely finds time to decide whether he is thoroughly happy or not. It takes leisure to analyze and weigh the pleasures and the sorrows of life.

The season of leisure—the last season—came to Otto Schmidt. For a brief while, in the afternoon, when the sun was shining, they took him for a ride in the park, but the greater part of each day he spent beside the fire watching the wonderful pictures in the flames and crackling embers. Several times the glowing outline of a crack in one of the burning logs took the exact form of the Mosel where it flows into the Rhine. And when the flames were brightest they always looked to him like the sun shining upon the heights of Ehrenbreitstein. Then, for many hours, he would think of the vineyards of his native land and of the birds that sang in the bright valley where he was born.

The end came quietly and not unexpectedly. His sons were beside him, each holding one of his hands and weeping silently. But the old man seemed content. His eyes opened, and a faint smile flickered over his face.

"Home is best!" he whispered.

ANOTHER FISHER SUCCESS

This month's cover is a "stunner." The artist has named it the "Honeymoon," but without the title the picture tells its own story. None of Mr. Fisher's previous successes has given promise of greater popularity than does this one. We will send you a copy, printed without any lettering whatsoever on a deluxe grade of pebbled paper, size 14x11 inches, for fifteen cents. In order that disappointed subscribers may complete their sets we have printed small editions of the March and August, 1912, covers—"Babette" and "Diana." With the reissuing of these two favorites we can now supply the complete set of Fisher masterpieces, eleven in all. Price of single prints, 15c. Any four for 50c. The complete set of eleven pictures, \$1.35. Send cash or stamps at our risk. Address:

FISHER PICTURES, COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



The Serpent, operating in the guise of a Lover in a Serge Suit, had lured, cajoled, wheedled, and finessed until the poor trembling Child, only twenty-four years of Age, was alone with him in what the Landscaper had worked off on her Papa as a Formal Garden. They stood clinched there in the dull Sunset Glow with a Pergola for a Background

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The New Fable of What Transpires After the Wind-up

ONCE upon a time Ferdinand breathed right into Adele's translucent Listener those three Words which hold all Records as monosyllabic Trouble-Makers.

They have a harmless look on the Printed Page, but when pulled at the Psychological turn of the Road, they become the Funeral Knell of Bachelor Freedom and a Prelude to cutting the String on whatever has been put by.

The Serpent, operating in the guise of a Lover in a Serge Suit, had lured, cajoled, wheedled, and finessed until the poor trembling Child, only twenty-four years of Age, was alone with him in what the Landscaper had worked off on her Papa as a Formal Garden.

They stood clinched there in the dull Sunset Glow, with a Pergola for a Back-ground. It was all very Belasco and in strict compliance with the League Rules laid down by W. Somerset Maugham.

According to the \$2 Drama and every bright red Volume selling for \$1.18 at a Department Store, this was—

THE END

The Curtain began to descend very slowly, with Ferdinand and Adele holding the Picture.

It seems, however, that they had not come to the real, sure-enough Finis. The Terminus was some distance down the Line.

The Curtain refused to fall.

"What is the idea?" asked Adele, somewhat perturbed. "We have hit the logical Climax of our Romance. As I understand it, we are now supposed to ascend in a Cloud and float through Ethereal Bliss for an indefinite Period."

"Right-o!" said Fiancé. "According to all the approved Dope, we are booked to live happily ever after."

Just then Her Best Friend came rapidly down the Gravel Walk with Anxiety stenciled on her Features.

The accepted Swain seemed to hear a low rumbling Wagnerian Effect from out the

Clear Sky. In Music-Drama it is known as the Hammer Theme.

It is included in the Curriculum at every Fem Sem.

Ferdinand had a Hunch that somebody was getting ready to drop Cyanide of Potassium into his Cup of Joy.

"Oh, Adele!" said the Friend, just like that. "Oh, Adele, may I speak to you for a Mo-munt?"

Ferdinand made his Exit, much peeved, and the Friend expressed a Hope that she had arrived in time to throw the Switch and avert the Wrecking of a Life.

Far be it from her to Snitch, but it was her Duty to put Adele hep to what everyone was whispering Under Cover.

She had no absolute Proof that he had carried on with a Front Row Floss in New Haven, but it was Common Talk that one of his Uncles had been a Regular at a Retreat where the Doctor shoots a Precious Metal into the Arm.

It would be terrible to marry some one and then find out that he Drank, the same as all the other Married Men.

Leaving Adele in a Deep Swoon, the true Friend hurried to the nearest Public 'Phone to spread the dismal Tidings.

In the meantime the elated Lover had loped all the way to the University Club to spring it on the Navajos and receive their Felicitations.

His Rapture had rendered him fairly incoherent, and he was gurgling like an after-dinner Percolator; but he finally made it evident that he had been Hooked.

A deep Silence ensued, most of those present looking out the Window at the passing Traffic.

Finally a Shell-Back, who had been leading a Life of Single Torment ever since Sumter was fired upon, asked in a sepulchral Tone and without looking up from his Hand, "Has the Date been set?"

Ferdinand tried to tell them that he was going to the Altar and not to the Electric Chair, but he couldn't get a single Slap on the Back.

New Fables in Slang

The only one evincing Interest was a He-Hen named Herbert, who took him into the Cloak-Room to plant a few Canadian Thistles in the Garden of Love.

Herb said he had always liked the Girl, even if she had given a couple of his Best Pals the Whillykathrow.

His Advice was to up and marry her before she had time to pull one of her temper-

leading mostly to Reno, Nevada, and the Article commonly known as Love was merely a disinclination to continue eating Breakfast alone.

He said a Good Woman was a Jewel, but if one of them got a fair Run and Jump at a Check-Book she could put the National City Bank on the Hummer.

Probably it was all right to go ahead and



The Course of True Love ran smooth for a couple of Days

amental Stunts and hand out the Rinkaboo.

Possibly if she could be weaned away from her eccentric Relations and governed with a Firm Hand she would turn out O. K.

Still, it was a tall Gamble. Under the Circumstances, he didn't see that there was anything for Ferdinand to do except mop up a few Drinks and hope for the Best.

When Ferdy looked at himself in the Mirror at Midnight, he didn't know whether he was Engaged or merely operating under a Suspended Sentence.

Next morning he had to bare his Soul to the Head of the Firm. This revered Fluff should have been known as Mr. Yes-But.

He was strong for the Married State, but it was highly advisable to have the Girl analyzed by a Chemist and passed upon by a Board of Experts before a Bid was submitted.

The Sunflower Paths of Dalliance were

take the High Hurdle, but the Percentage was against the Candidate, and the Cost of Living was never so altitudinous.

Ferdinand retired from the Royal Presence feeling that he had been duly authorized to walk a Tight Rope over Niagara Falls.

As soon as the Bride-Elect had taken enough Headache Powders to prepare her for the Ordeal, she sent for the Suspect to come up to the House and outline his Defense.

They put in a humid Evening. When the falling Tears had made the Drawing-Room too soppy for further use, they moved into the Hallway and he continued to think up Alibis.

At 11 P.M. he had explained Everything, repudiated many lifelong Friendships, deodorized his College Career, flouted the Demon Rum, and resigned from all Clubs.



Just then a Dress-Maker swooped down and stole away the Light of his Life. Every time he went up to scratch on the Door and beg for a Kiss, a Strange Lady with Pins in her Mouth would come out and shoo him away, explaining that the Pearl of Womanhood was laid out in the Operating Room, being measured for something additional



The Rehearsals somewhat resembled the Moving Pictures of the Durbar at Delhi

The Birds were singing up and down the Main Stairway and Grandfather's Clock played nothing but Mendelssohn.

She lay damply pillowed on his Bosom. He was intensely relieved and yet vaguely conscious of the Fact that she had beat him to it. There had been a General Settlement, and he had figured merely as Supreme Goat.

fast would be served in the Morning and the Night Shift abolished.

When Ferdinand got back to his Room and counted up, he had to admit that Father was the only Outsider who seemed to be plugging for the Alliance.

But all petty Suspicions and unworthy Doubts flickered and disappeared when Nightfall came and Queenie was once more



As a final Preparation for the stupendous Pageant, the Groom sat up all night in the Chamber of Horrors, watching the Head-Liners of the Blue Book demolish Glassware

In his anxiety to get the Kinks out of his own Record he had failed to hold her up for anything except a Pardon.

Before terminating the Peace Conference, it was suggested that inasmuch as everyone else in the World had been notified, probably it would be just as well to let her Male Parent in on the Secret. Not that Father is regarded as a Principal in the up-to-date Household. Still, he is useful as a Super.

The old Gentleman was so soft that he nearly tipped his Hand. He gave Ferdinand a regular Cigar and then stalled for about 30 Seconds before indicating a Willingness to sign any form of Contract.

He pulled the Old One to the effect that the House would not seem the same after Addie had gone away, meaning that Break-

cuddled within the strong right Fin, naming over some of the Men that he mustn't speak to any more.

The Course of True Love ran smooth for a couple of Days, and then came a Letter from His People, expressing the hope that he had picked out a devout Unitarian. Otherwise the Progeny would start off under a terrible Handicap.

He knew that Adele favored the Suffrage Thing and that she had read a Book on how to recover from a Dance by lying down and giving a Recitation, but he never had suspected her of any real Religious Scruples.

Before he could tell her how the Little Ones had been predestined, she notified him that her Kinsmen had been peering into the Future and that all the problematical



The Ambulance bore his Remains to the Church. A few faithful Hang-Overs lifted him through the Portals, with his Toes dragging somewhat in the Rear



He did not hear any of the Service, but those who were more fortunate told him afterward that it was a very Pretty Wedding, and that the Presents they got were Simply Great

Offspring had been put on the Waiting List at the First Baptist Church.

Here was a grand Opening for Ferdinand. He resolved to make a Stand and issue a ringing Ultimatum. He might as well tip it off to her and the whole Tribe that he was to be Caesar in his own Shack.

So he went up to her House ready to die in the Last Ditch rather than yield to the advocates of Immersion. After viewing the Problem in all its Aspects, he and Honey compromised by deciding that the Bairns were to be orthodox Baptists.

Having sponged every Blot from the Escutcheon and laid out the Labels for all Generations yet unborn, the incipient Benedick thought there would be nothing more to it except Holding Hands and watching the Calendar.

Just then a Dress-Maker swooped down and stole away the Light of his Life.

Every time he went up to scratch on the Door and beg for a Kiss, a Strange Lady with Pins in her Mouth would come out and shoo him away, explaining that the Pearl of Womanhood was laid out in the Operating Room, being measured for something additional.

Occasionally he saw her at one of the many Dinners decreed by Custom. They had to sit Miles apart, with Mountains of unseemly Victuals stacked between them, while some moss-grown Offshoot of the Family Tree rose and conquered his Asthma long enough to propose a Toast to the Bride.

What they really craved was a Dim Corner and a box of Candied Cherries.

The only Speeches they wished to hear could have been constructed out of the 40 words of standard Baby Talk, comprising what is known as the Mush Vocabulary.

Yet they had to muster the same old property Smile every time that Charley Bromide or old Mr. Platitude lifted a shell of sparkling Vinegar and fervently exclaimed, "Thuh Bride!"

Even after the Menu had been wrecked and the satiated Revelers had laboriously pried themselves away from the decorated Board, there was no Escape.

The Women Folks led Adele away to some remote Apartment to sound a Few Warnings, while the Men sat around in the Blue Smoke and joshed Ferdinand to a fare-ye-well.

Each morning he found in his Mail a few Sealed Orders from Headquarters and

about as many Stage Directions as would be required for putting on the Annual Show at the Hippodrome.

When he was not begging some one to come and Ush for him, he was either checking over the Glove List with a terrified Best Man or getting measured for a full lay-out of dark Livery that made him look like a refined Floor-Walker.

It seemed that Adele had a Step-Mother who had been crouched for Years waiting for a chance to bust into the Papers. Nothing would do her but a regular Madison Square Phantasmagoria, with two Rings and an elevated Platform.

She wanted Ribbons down the Aisle and little Girls sprinkling Posies, a Concert Orchestra buried under the Palms, and a few extra Ministers of the Gospel just to dress the Pulpit.

Every superfluous Accessory devised by the Nerve Specialist and approved by the Court of Bankruptcy was woven into the Nuptial Circus when Ferdinand and Adele were made one and Unhookable.

The Rehearsals somewhat resembled the Moving Pictures of the Durbar at Delhi.

As a final Preparation for the stupendous Pageant, the Groom sat up all night in the Chamber of Horrors, watching the Head-Liners of the Blue Book demolish Glass-ware.

According to the dictates of Fashion, one who is about to assume the solemn Responsibilities of Matrimony should abstain from Slumber for a week, devoting the time thus saved to a full consideration of Food and Drink.

The Ambulance bore his Remains to the Church. A few faithful Hang-Overs lifted him through the Portals, with his Toes dragging somewhat in the Rear.

They propped him against a Pilaster and told him his Name and begged him not to weaken, no matter what the Preacher might put up to him.

Soon after, he saw a Haggard Creature all fluffed about with White advancing unsteadily toward him. With the Make-Up, she did not look a Day over 47.

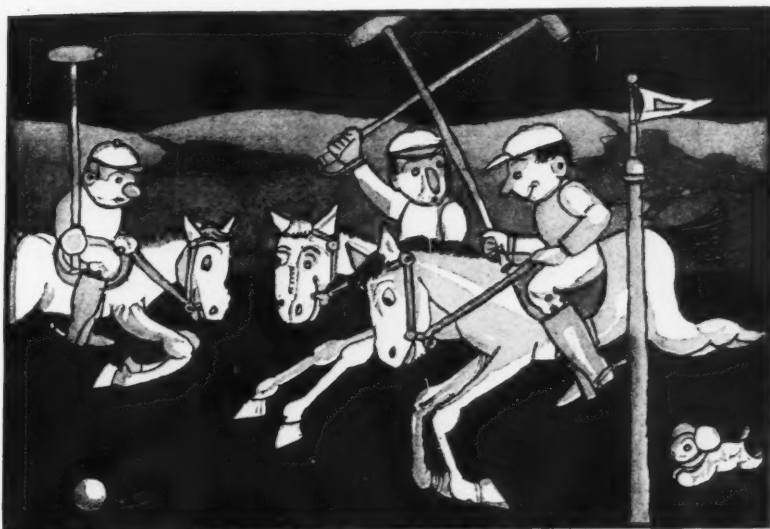
He did not hear any of the Service, but those who were more fortunate told him afterward that it was a very Pretty Wedding, and that the Presents they got were Simply Great.

Moral: Too many Trained Nurses discommode Cupid.

The next instalment of the "*New Fables in Slang*" will appear in the May issue.

A Regular Daredevil

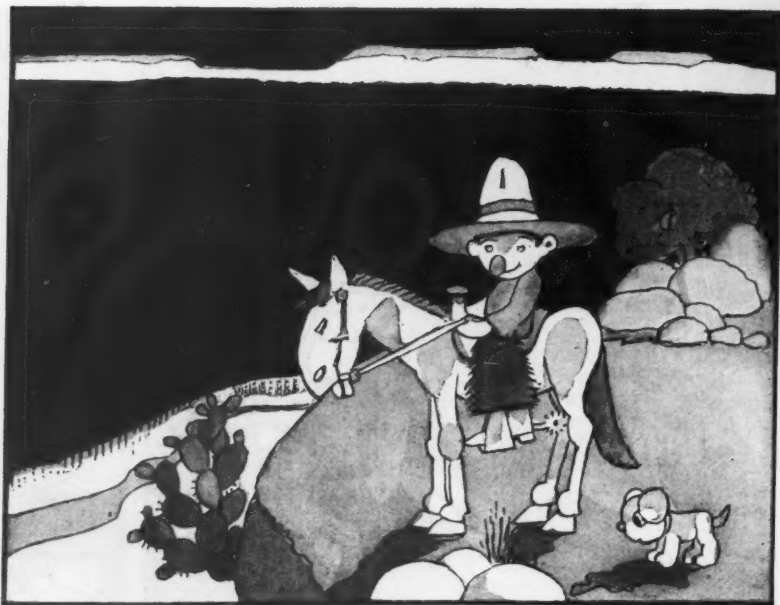
By Childe Harold



Though I've played a lot of polo and have hunted since my teens,
Though I've fished the Irawadi as becomes a man of means.



Though I've stalked the strip-ed tiger from Mombasa to the Niger,
And have trapped the wary wart-hog in the fevered Philippines—



Down by the Rio Grande, where the soil is sort of sandy,
And where life is on the level, though the ground it sort of slopes.



There I spend each melon season for the good and simple reason
That the sport I like the best of all is catching canteloupes.

